SAINT

BERNARD

HIS

MEDITATIONS:

OR

Sighes, Sobbes, and Teares, vpon our Sauiours PASSION,

In Memoriall of his Death.

ALSO

His Motiues to Mortification,

with other Meditations.

The fourth Edition, much amended:

By *W. P.* Mr. of Arts in *Cambridge.*

1 COR. 2. 2.

I esteeme not to know any thing amongst you, saue Iesus Christ, and him crucified.

LONDON,

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TO THE RIGHT Worshipfull, Mr. IOHN BVLLOCKE, of the Inner Temple, ESQVIRE.

SIR, it was my purpose when I first vnder-tooke to translate these diuine and comfortable Meditations on the Lords Passion, and Motiues to Mortification; (selected out of the workes of S. *Bernard*, and other ancient Writers, not verbally turned into English, but augmented with such

other Meditations, as it pleased God to infuse into my minde) to haue dedicated them vnto your worthy Father, who (both in respect of his neere alliance, and other reasons of moment) might by his owne right haue challenged that duty at my hands.

But since it seemed good vnto the diuine Maiesty, to remoue him from earth, out of the societie of mortall men, to liue for euer in the cõpany of the blessed Angels in Heauen, before I could attaine to the accomplishmẽt of my wished desires; I could finde none more neere and deare vnto me then your selfe, who might vouchsafe to giue the first kinde entertainement to my well-intended labours, when they should come forth into the light. For as the Lord hath blessed you with a peaceable fruition of your Fathers possessions: so no doubt

doubt you are alſo a true heire of his commendable Vertues.

My deſire is to profit all, yet I am obliged by many priuate reſpects, to commend my labours, (ſuch as they are) in a more ſpeciall manner vnto your ſelfe, that thereby I might ſeale vnto you, a true aſſurance of my gratefull affection towards you. For farre be it from my thought, that eyther I ſhould forget your kind ſpeeches, or bury your good deed in the darke graue of Obliuion, expreſſed to mee, and extended towards mee at my laſt conference with you.

I know you cannot but kindly accept my ſmall mite, if you ballance it with the wilingneſſe of my minde: and I am aſſured you wil not miſlike it, in regard of the matter, though haply you may finde ſome diſtaſte in reſpect of the ſtile. For what can be more fit

for theſe times, then Motiues to Mortification? or more comfortable to the ſoule of a ſorrowful ſinner, then a ſerious Meditation of the bitter Paſſion of our Crucified Redeemer, *who being God, became man for our ſakes: ſuffered a moſt cruell death on the Croſſe for our ſinnes: and being buried, roſe againe for our iuſtification?*

But it is not my purpoſe heere to relate what ſweet ſtreames doe flow from this chriſtall and pure Fountaine, what wholeſome fruits may be gathered from this fruitfull Tree, or what rich Treaſure may be found in this golden Myne. I deſire to containe my lines within the bounds of Mediocritie: eſpecially when the Current of my words turneth towards One whom God hath bleſſed with capacitie, able to conceiue the great commodities which do proceed from ſuch

ſuch Chriſtian exerciſes: Yet before I make a full period, giue mee leaue (I pray you) to let you vnderſtand, that I haue much endeauoured, ſo to expreſſe the grieuous Paſſion of our gracious Redeemer, as if it were now in preſent action before our eyes, that I might the better ſtirre vp feruent motions of Pietie in the mind, and kindle the ſparkes of true deuotion in the heart of the Reader. For indeed, the full ſcope of my deſire is to glorfie God, and benefit my brethren. And that your owne ſoule, (as alſo the ſoule of euery religious Reader,) may be the more neerely and deepely touched, and wounded with a feeling conſideration of our Sauiours death, I ſuppoſe it the beſt way, after a due preparation thereunto by prayer (without which nothing can be ſanctified vnto vs,) to beginne at

the first Meditation, and so taking the History of his Passion before you, to proceed vntill you come vnto the yeelding vp of his Ghost vpon the Crosse.

In the progresse whereof, it may please God so to touch your heart with sorrow, that your eyes, (with those in the Gospell, who came to see his death, *Luke* 24.28.) may gush forth teares for griefe, that so innocent a Lambe should be so despightfully and cruelly tortured, tormented and crucified. Where also you (in whose person I speake vnto all) may iustly conceiue a double griefe.

First, that *Iesus Christ* (the Righteous,) was killed for sinne.

Secondly, that hee was killed for our sinne.

The consideration whereof, should moue all, with weeping *Peter*, Luke 22.62. to shed salt and

and briniſh teares of contri-tion, in remembrance of our offences, that being therewith pricked at the heart, Chriſt Ieſus may ſay vnto our ſorrow-full ſoules, as ſometimes he did vnto the Iſraelites, *I haue heard your groaning, and will haue compaſſion on you*, Iudg. 2. 18. And may alſo thereunto adde, *Sonne, be of good cheare, thy ſinnes are forgiuen thee*, Math. 9 2. *Come hither and taſte how ſweet I thy Lord am: with mee there is plenteous redemption.*

And as in matter of ſorrow, it more deepely pierceth the ſoule of the hearer with griefe or in matter of delight, more affecteth the minde with ioy, to heare the particular relation of ſome Tragical euent, or the parts and particles of ſome delightfull accidēt reported then onely to heare a bare narration of either in groſſe, without expreſſing the parts thereof: ſo

likewiſe it cannot chuſe, but more deepely wound the ſoule of euery Chriſtian, to heare, or read the ſpeciall and ſeuerall ſufferings of Chriſt in his Paſſion, then if it were onely ſayd thus, *Chriſt died for vs.*

But leſt I draw my lines beyond the limits of due meaſure, I heere conclude: deſiring the Lord to bleſſe you, and the reſt of your Fathers iſſue, with many happy dayes vpon earth, and when they are ended heere in peace, to receiue you all into his heauenly Kingdome of euerlaſting Glory.

Yours ready at

command,

W.P.

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MOST

MOST DEVOVT Meditations, vpon the most holy & bitter Passion of our Lord Iesus Christ.

MED. I.

A Meditation of the comming of the Lord Iesus into Hierusalem, riding vpon an Asse, and the bringing in of him into the Citie, with Songs and Praises, and of his returne into Bethany the same day.

Into *Hierusalem our Saviour rides* — Mat. 21. 5.
Vpon an Asse, (a simple harmlesse beast:) — Mat. 21. 7.
The people spread their clothes and boughes besides, — Mat. 21. 8.
Crying Hosanna, *Thou in Heauen highest.* — Mat. 21. 9.

THe time approaching, which the Diuine prouidence had from eternity prefixed, in which my most kinde and louing Iesus should come to

to his preordained Passion, and cruell death of the Crosse, which he willingly came to vndergoe, being the onely begotten of God, incarnated in the wombe of the Virgin, as through the whole course of his life he shewed exceeding great humility, so toward the houre of his Passion, comming to the place where hee should endure the torments of a most shamefull and cruell death, he tooke his entrance from humility, when riding meekly vpon an Asse, he came to the Citie, where hee should sustaine the vndeserued punishment of the Crosse.

Therefore when the Lord Iesus, sixe dayes before the Passeouer, had made his Supper with his Disciples in *Bethanie*, the towne of *Marie* and *Martha*, in the house of *Simon* the *Leper*, which was a friend to the said *Mary* and *Mar-*

Martha, (where *Mary* also had powred an Alabaster boxe of precious oyntment vpon his head) the morning following very earely, most kinde Iesus calling two of his Disciples, said, *Goe into the towne which is over against you, where you shall find a she-Asse tied and her Colt, loose them and bring them vnto me: And if any man shall say any thing against you, say that the Lord hath needs of them, and strait-way they will let them goe.* The lowly, and louing Disciples obeying the commandement of their Master, licence being freely graunted to them by the Lord of all creatures, they presented the shee-Asse and her Colt, to their beloued Redeemer. Then Iesus riding vpon the Asse, directeth his iourney towards *Hierusalem*: And when hee came to the going downe of the mount *Olivet*, many people which

which were come thither, hauing heard of the ſtrange miracle of *Lazarus*, whom Ieſus rayſed out of his graue, went forth to meete him: And that they might doe him the greater honour, ſome ſpred their garments vpō the ground, others cut down boughs from the Trees and ſtrewed them vpon the earth, and all of them, ſome going before, and ſome comming behinde, cried, *Hoſanna to the Sonne of Dauid, bleſſed is hee which commeth in the name of the Lord.* And with theſe praiſes and Iubilies, they brought louing Ieſus, euen to the Gates of *Hieruſalem*, following after him with his Diſciples.

And after Ieſus beheld the Citie, he now fore-knowing the deſtruction of it to come (moued with compaſſion) powred forth teares ouer it: but the *Phariſes* and *Scribes* enſla-

enflamed with the fire of enuie, ſeeing Ieſus to be extolled with admiration and honour, rebuked him, willing him that hee ſhould chide his Diſciples that praiſed him. To whom kinde Ieſus anſwered, *Verily I ſay vnto you, if they ſhall hold their peace, the ſtones will crie.*

Then the Lord entering into the Citie, all the people flocked together, and ſo being brought in of the people, hee went ſtrait into the Temple, where he caſt out the money-changers, and the greedy buyers and ſellers, where alſo many ſicke folke being healed by him in the Temple, as the blinde, lame, and many other diſeaſed people, the Children crying out, *Hoſanna to the Sonne of Danid:* The Scribes and Phariſes pining with enuie, and parched with anger, compaſſed him round about,

about, and ſhewing the indignation of their heart, they heard how they were reproued by the praiſe of the children, according to the word of the Prophet; and againe, taking it diſdainefully that Chriſt ſhould expell thoſe things out of the Temple which they had allowed, they demanded of Ieſus, by what authoritie hee did that thing: who anſwered them fully to their needleſſe queſtion.

Thus the Lord Ieſus, our bleſſed Sauiour, diſputing all the day with them, that hee might conuert them, & doing many Diuine miracles before their eyes, that hee might winne them, and drawing a multitude of the *Gentiles* vnto him, turning his ſpeech from the diſcourſe which he made vnto them, concerning the manifeſtation of his heauenly Father, fore-telling them (as the

the *Euangeliſt Iohn* doth de clare) the manner of his Paſſion, and the wonderfull fruit of the ſame, continued his preaching euen vnto the euening: when as hauing looked about him, vpon them all, as expecting if any one would kindely inuite him home, and giue him ſome entertainement; and finding not any that would ſcant afford him a good looke, much leſſe any kinde acceptance in that vngracious and vngratefull Citie, hee returned meekely from thence faſting and hungrie, with his Diſciples (who a little before was brought into the ſame with ſuch and ſo great glory) to *Bethanie*, from whence hee had departed in the morning. And there as *Matthew* declareth, hee taught the aſſembly of the faithfull, concerning the Kingdome of God.

Alas, my poore polluted ſoule,

ſoule, how vnfit are thy impure thoughts to entertaine any worthy meditation concerning the admirable Paſſion of thy ſweet Sauiour, who powring forth ſtreames of his precious blood, paide the price of thy ranſome, conquered thy olde and cruell enemie, and deliuered thee from euerlaſting captiuitie? yet let the greatneſſe of his exceeding loue, enduce thee to admire his infinite goodneſſe, and let the memorie of his bitter pangs, patiently endured by him for thy ſinnes, moue thee to enter into thy ſelfe, and into thy moſt inward cogitations, to meditate with true deuotion, vpon the moſt ſacred Paſſion of thy moſt ſweet Ieſus, thy beloued Sauiour. Expell all other cares, driue away all other thoughts which may trouble thy minde, confound thy vnderſtanding, or

or withdraw the affections of thy heart from this heauenly Meditation: imploy all thy ſences, and encline al thy faculties to meditate vpon the Paſſion of thy Lord. And if thou deſireſt to raigne with him glorioufly in heauē, ſuffer thou alſo with him willingly here vpon earth: ruminate ſeriouſly, ſearth out diligently, and call to minde particularly, all the actions of thy moſt louing Ieſus; for by ſuch deuout Meditation, many things ſhall be offered vnto thee, whereby thou maiſt be incited to hate the World, loue thy Chriſt, and to ſuffer here with him vpon earth for a moment, that heereafter thou maiſt be glorified with him in heaueu for euer.

Now, oh my ſoule, in the entrance of his moſt bleſſed paſſion, becauſe he is receiued with ſongs and praiſes, let vs alſo

alſo come before his ſight with the voyce of melodie and exultation: let our mouthes be filled with the multitude of his mercies: let our tongues ſound forth the worthineſſe of his infinite merits, and let vs day and night magnifie his vnſpeakeable goodneſſe. Let vs goe forth ioyfully to meete our moſt wiſe, moſt meeke, and beſt-beloued Ieſus; let vs open the dores of our hearts to entertaine the King of glory, who to day commeth like a meeke Lambe to the place of ſlaughter: and let vs ſay, *Behold the Lambe of God, behold the lambe of God, which taketh away the ſinnes of the world. Reioyce, oh daughter of Sion, be glad, oh daughter of Hieruſalem, Behold, our God ſhall come, and ſhall ſaue vs.* Conſider, oh my ſoule, what this moſt meek Lambe did at his comming towards the City, and let his admirable

humi-

litie be the ſubiect of thy firſt Meditation!

He thirſted not for worldly honour, he ſought not the applauſe of the people, hereby intimating how fondly we deſire, and fooliſhly couet to aſcend to the higheſt ſtep of worldly honor, being then indeed moſt ſubiect to fall, when wee ſuppoſe we ſtand moſt ſure: ſeeing in a moment, our greateſt ſolace is changed into grieuous ſorrow; our ſweeteſt pleaſure into bitter paine; and our chiefeſt felicitie into extreme miſery. Art not thou, oh my louing Sauiour, King of Kings? is not thy Royall Throne in Heauen? and is the whole Earth any more but thy foot-ſtoole? is not the brightneſſe of thy glory vnſpeakeable? and the dignity of thy Maieſty incomprehenſible? yet for all that, when thou di dſt enter into *Hieruſa-*

lem thy owne Clty, many Nobles, decked in rich attyre, did not attend thee, onely a ſmall number of thy Diſciples, homely attired, did follow thee, ſelected out of the meaneſt of the people.

Are not all things contained in heauen aboue, and all liuing creatures walking here vpon the face of the earth beneath, all and euery one at thy beck? yet thou wouldeſt not ride into the Citie, mounted vpon thy ſtately Courſer, adorned with ſumptuous Furniture, to moue the mindes of the vnconſtant people to doe thee greater honor, who haue their eyes euermore gazing on outward glory, hunting after ſhadowes, while they forgoe the ſubſtance. But among all the beaſts which are ready at thy commaund, and alwayes obedient to thy will, thou didſt chooſe a ſilly Aſſe

to,

to carry thee into the Citie, which is a poore Beaſt, more ſubiect to labour and blowes; more diſdained, and more contemptible then any other. Oh my ſweet IESVS, how great is thy Humilitie! how admirable is thy Meekenes! For thou being King of Kings, Prince of Princes, and Lord of Lords, wert not aſhamed to ſit vpon the backe of ſo baſe, ſo meane, ſo contemptible a Beaſt, as could be found out amongſt thoſe innumerable multitudes, which thy mighty hand hath created, who are, and ſhall euermore be ſubiect to thy command. Inſpire thou my minde, oh my moſt merciſull Redeemer, with a ſerious and continuall Meditation of thy gracious humility: Let thy lowly meeknes humble mine ambitious thoughts, and caſt downe my loftie lookes: Let my feete treade in thy ſteps,

and teach mee to walke in thy paths : Leuell my actions by the Rule of ſober moderation: keep my heart from preſumptuous thoughts,and bridle my tongue from proud words: Let not the vaine allurements of worldly honour, nor the greedy deſire of deceitfull riches, withdraw my minde from a ſerious conſideration of thy loue: Let it alwaies admire thy infinite Maieſtie: let it alwaies meditate,that it may likewiſe imitate thy admirable humilitie. And now behold, O my Soule, thy Bridegroome commeth! let vs goe forth to meet him, let vs ſtrew the ground with branches, and couer the way with flowers, before Chriſt our heauenly King and loning Sauiour: Let vs goe forth adorned with the ornaments of good workes, glorioufly triumphing ouer murthering vices,

ces, bearing in our hands the ſweet Violet of Humilitie, the beautifull Lilly of vnſpotted Chaſtity, and the louely Roſe of long-ſuffring Charitie: for our louing Lord and beſt-beloued, doth require to be refreſhed with theſe flowers, ſaying: *Stay mee vp with flowers, comfort me with Apples, becauſe I faint, and am ſicke with loue:* Let vs goe forth to meete him without the gate, let vs goe out to him without the tents, that wee may be partners with him of his humilitie, and patiently beare a ſhare of his vndeſerued reproches here vpon earth, if we deſire to be made partakers with him of his euerlaſting glory in Heauen.

But now paſſe thou, Oh my ſoule, from the ſweet Meditation of his rare Humilitie, more ſweet then the fragrant odour of a bed of Roſes: for

hee left the higheſt Heauens, and ſocietie of the Angels, to conuerſe here vpon the baſe earth, in the company of wicked men: hee being chiefe Commander of the Heauens, and Gouernour of the whole earth, *Tooke vpon him the forme of a ſeruant, ſuffered innocently for our tranſgreſſions, dyed a curſed death on the Croſſe, and not with corruptible ſiluer and gold, but with his moſt precious bloud paid the deare price of our Redemption.*

Oh let vs imitate the mildneſſe of his words, and make the meekeneſſe of his deeds the patterne of our actions: let his humilitie euermore dwell in our hearts: let it neuer depart out of our mindes: and let it not grieue thee, oh my ſoule, let it not be tedious vnto thee, let it rather be thy chiefeſt delight and onely ſolace, to meditate vpon thoſe things which hapned at the won-

wonderfull comming of the Lord Iesus to that vngratefull Citie: and weigh euery circumstance with serious deuotion. For all the actions of thy most sweet Iesus, are worthy of thy zealous Meditation: and although they are not all fit for thy imitation, yet none of them are vnfit, but all of them may serue for thy instruction.

Now so soone as he entred into the Citie, he first visited the Temple, and did driue the Buyers and Sellers out of it: hereby manifesting the abundance of his exceeding goodnesse; for hee went not to the Princes Palace, to his royall Throne or seate of Iudgement, to execute vengeance vpō his sacrilegious murtherers, who already had slaine him in their hearts, & killed him by their resolute & wicked determination, but he went to the Tēple, where most kindely he made

the blinde to ſee, the lame to walke, and healed many afflicted with diuers infirmities.

And here let vs pawſe a while, to wonder at his exceeding might and admirable power, who alone vnarmed without any weapon, expelled thoſe ſacrilegious wretches out of the ſacred Temple, the holy Sanctuary of the Lord, and houſe of prayer, ſo powerfully, that none of them was found ſo audacious, (although all of them were impudent in their boldneſſe) as to make any reſiſtance. For ſome fiery and gliſtering beames of Maieſty (as *Hierome* ſaith) comming from his glorious face, dazeled their eyes, and daunted their courage.

Oh horrible impietie, that Couetouſneſſe ſhould enter into the holy Temple! *that the houſe of prayer ſhould become a denne of Theeues*! and the San-

Sanctuarie of the Lord, a Market-place for buying and selling, chopping and changing!

Purifie our hearts, oh Lord, cleanse our mindes, and driue out the venemous swarmes of euill cogitations, that thy holy Spirit may vouchsafe to dwell in our earthly Temples.

Behold thou also, thy louing Lord Iesus weeping, (oh my sorrowfull soule) for seeing the desolatiō of that vnthankfull Citie, and lamenting with teares, the vtter ruine and destruction of that graceless people, who knew not the day of their visitation, who could not, nor would not shed one teare, to wash away the spots of their sinnes, or seeke by true repentance to saue their soules.

What did moue thee to weepe, Oh my milde and mercifull Iesus, but the greatnes of thy exceeding loue? what

did moue thee to ſhead teares, but the bowels of thy tender compaſſion? when thou didſt fore-ſee the heapes of lamentable woes, that ſhould ſodainely fall vpon the head of that hard-hearted Nation, and fore-know the ſtreames of violent miſeries, that ſhould drowne and ouerwhelme that careleſſe people, who liued in ſecuritie, without any feare of perill, and ſpent their pleaſant daies, dreading no danger; thou, oh my ſweet Sauiour, ſtill offering, and they wilfully refuſing celeſtiall Manna to feede their ſoules.

Alas for me poore wretch, that I cannot weepe, and that my cheekes are not bedewed with briniſh teares, becauſe hardnes of my heart hath dryed vp the fountaine of my loue! I finde, oh ſweet Ieſus, that thou hadſt much matter to make thee often to weepe, but

but no occaſion at all, ſo much as once to make thee to laugh: Thou didſt weepe for the death of *Lazarus*, thou weptſt at thy paſſion, thou diddeſt weepe being an infant laid in a manger. Oh kinde teares full of compaſſion, ſure tokens of true Loue! for it is manifeſt that thon diddeſt vouchſafe *Mary* to taſte the ſweet fruit of thy perfect loue, becauſe ſhee kindely waſhed thy feete with her vnfained teares, and vſed the haires of her head, for a Towell to dry them: and becauſe ſhe ſtood weeping at thy graue for the death of her louing Lord, whoſe gracious preſence ſhee accounted her chiefeſt pleaſure.

Haue mercy vpon mee, moſt ſweet Ieſus; graunt that my teares may be my bread in the day, and nouriſh mee in the night: Let teares be my continuall meate: let teares be my

my vſuall drinke.

Moreouer, let vs take a view of the extreme pouertie, and wonderfull patience of our louing Lord Ieſus: for although in the morning hee was receiued with great honour by the multitude, entertained with great applauſe of the people, and had laboured all day for them, expecting no reward of them for all his paines: yet ſo great was their vile ingratitude, and ſo baſe was the account which they made of him, that there was not one found among ſo many, that was ſo kinde, as to offer him a cup of cold water, but he returned hungry with his Diſciples into *Bethanie*, from whence he came in the morning.

Oh monſtrous ingratitude, toward ſo bountifull a Sauiour! Oh vnworthy people of the preſence of ſo gracious a

Prince

Prince, that would make no prouision to welcome so kinde a Guest, who desired not varietie of dishes to delight his pallate, or store of pleasant wines to please his taste? for if we looke on his diet, his fare was but homely, neyther was his Table furnished with store of meates: for commonly a piece of broyled fish was his chiefest foode, vnlesse he were inuited (which hapned seldome) to better cheare: for we know, the number was very small that did entertaine him with a courteous welcome home to their houses, or that did kindely bid him welcome to their table.

Oh how great is thy meeknes! how miraculous is thy patience! how vnspeakable is thy pouertie! how grieuous and miserable is thy necessitie, my most deare and louing Sauiour! The Foxes haue holes,

holes, birds of the aire their neſts, yet thou oh my ſweet Sauiour, haddeſt not where to reſt thy weary head.

Learne here-hence, oh my ſoule, to abide with patience, and to endure with conſtant perſeuerance, hunger, thirſt, cold, pinching pouertie, baniſhment, or any other grieuous neceſſitie, by the example of thy beloued Ieſus. Oh that my head were a fountaine of water, that mine eyes might guſh forth riuers of teares, to bewaile and lament my horrible ſinnes, that compelled my gracious Lord to deſcend downe from Heauen (the ſure Hauen of true felicitie) to conuerſe here vpon earth; nothing elſe indeede, but a very troubleſome Sea of continuall miſery.

Thou ſeeſt, oh my Soule, what great pouertie hee meekely endured for thy ſake; what

what extreme ſorrow he patiently ſuſtained for thy ſinnes, what ſcornefull indignities were proffered to him by vngratefull men, when as in ſo large a Citie, ſtored with riches and great abundance of all things, either commodious to ſupply want, or delightfull to procure pleaſure, none, no not one amongſt ſo many, was found ſo kinde as to inuite him to ſupper, had it beene neuer ſo meane; or that would offer him any lodging, had it beene neuer ſo homely: but hee was conſtrained to returne to a little village, where kind *Lazarus* dwelt, who was alwayes willing to bid him welcome.

Hereby thou maiſt ſee, that thy kinde Sauiour, whilſt hee liued amongſt ſinfull men, had many deadly foes, few faithfull friends: a cold welcome, worſe acceptance: much

much hatred, and little loue.

Why was not I there then, my louing Sauiour, which poſſeſſe a little Cottage, wherin I might haue entertained thee? Peraduenture thou wouldeſt not haue diſdayned to haue entred into the houſe of mee a poore Publican, and a grieuous ſinner: thou wouldeſt haue ſaid to me (my moſt louing Lord) *I muſt tarry to day in thy houſe: and ſaluation is come to this houſe.* But alas for mee poore wretch, doe I not ſee thee daily preſented vnto mee in thy bleſſed Sacraments and holy Word? Therefore I may yet receiue thee into my houſe: but I am afraid (my ſweet Ieſus) when thou ſhalt finde my houſe to be ſluttiſh, vncleane, and polluted with noyſome filthineſſe, that thou wilt refuſe to enter, and wilt not come neere mine vnwholſome dwelling. But haue mercie

cie vpon mee, (oh gracious Lord) reſpect me a poore miſerable ſinner, with thy wonted pittie: turne away thy face from mine iniquities; waſh away the ſpots and ſtaines of my vgly ſins, with the plentifull ſtreames of thy mercy: for thou (O Lord) art onely able, and when thou art heartily deſired, art alwayes willing to ſcowre away the filth of our diſeaſed reynes, and to purge the corruption of our polluted hearts, that they may be fit to receiue thee. *For that houſe is alwayes bleſſed for euer, into which ſo worthy a Gueſt doth vouchſafe to enter.* Therefore (oh my moſt kinde and mercifull Sauiour) turne thou thine eyes of tender compaſſion towards mee thine vnworthy Seruant; let the bright beames of thy mercy, pierce into the darke corners of mine obſcure vnderſtanding,

ſtanding, that I may ſee to imi-
tate the ſteps of thy humilitie,
and to follow thee as my per-
fect guide, in the ſafe and ſure
paths of a lowly minde: for
thou being a Prince of infinite
Maieſtie, and a Lord of eter-
nall honour, didſt vouchſafe
to ſhew thy ſelfe milde in
words, and more humble in
deedes, towards thoſe who
neuer ceaſed to reuile thee
with their back-biting toungs,
and to raile vpon thee with
ignominious reproaches. Let
the eyes of my ſoule often
looke into the meeke courſe
of thy lowly life, being in-
deed a true Chriſtall glaſſe,
wherein it may ſee the cheere-
full countenance of thy gra-
cious humilitie, and view a
perfect patterne of thy gentle
patience in thy extremeſt
aduerſitie.

Teach mee, my louing Lord
Ieſus, by thy example to paſſe
through

through the tedious iourney of my earthly Pilgrimage, with meekeneſſe; and to arme my ſelfe with patience againſt the ſodaine aſſaults of worldly aduerſitie: alſo to imbrace any affliction or miſery, and to be willing to forgoe all earthly pleaſure, and to renounce all worldly honour, that I may be accepted as worthy of thy loue, who diddeſt vouchſafe to deſcend from thy Palace of euerlaſting pleaſure, into a very priſon of comfortleſſe miſery, to ſet vs poore condemned ſoules at free libertie, yea, to ſeale vs a free Pardon, with thy precious bloud, of all our hainous Treaſons committed againſt thy heauenly Father, and by thy infinite mercy to reſtore vs againe to the ioyes of euerlaſting life, who by the iuſt ſentence of his moſt righteous iudgement, were all worthily condemned to abide the

the horrible paines of eternall death. Oh let the ſweetneſſe of this thy vnutterable mercy be the onely ſolace of my repentant ſoule, and the continuall meditation of my ioyfull heart! Open my lips, that they may ſhew forth thy moſt worthy prayſes: vntie the ſtrings of my tongue, that it may euermore ſing ioyfull ſongs of this our great and miraculous deliuerance. It is thy vnſpeakable mercy, it is thy *incomparable goodneſſe that wee are not vtterly conſumed*, our moſt mercifull Redeemer, when as the neereſt and deareſt of thy Brethern, cannot pleade any merit to deſerue at thy bountifull hands, no, not ſo much as a Cup of cold water.

A Meditation concerning the returning of the Lord Iesus into Hierusalem after *Palme-sunday*, and concerning his frequent preaching in the Temple, & also of the Councell held by the Iewes, how they might put him to death: and lastly, of the offer made by *Iudas* to betray him into their hands.

MED. II.

At Table as our Saviour Christ did sit, Math. 26.7.

A woman powred Oyle upon his head: Iohn. 11.2.

Iudas *the Traitor much repines at it.* Iohn. 12.4.

And sels for money, the eternall Bread. Mat. 26. 14, 15. Iohn. 6. 48, 51.

BLessed Christ Iesus that immaculate Lambe, knowing that the day of his painfull death, whereby he should restore mankinde to eternall life, was neere at hand, determined from euerlasting by Gods secret counsell, although

though it was his daily care, and greateſt delight to accompliſh the wonderfull worke of our ſaluation: yet in the laſt weeke, hee imployed his chiefeſt endeuour, and ſhewed moſt manifeſt tokens of his ardent deſire, to declare the fruits of his exceeding loue, and to performe the will of his heauenly Father: when very early in the morning, returning into the Temple in Hieruſalem, where the day before he had beene receiued with ſuch great ioy of the multitude, and applauſe of the people; hee buſied himſelfe the whole day in preaching, in beſtowing many benefits, in working ſtrange Miracles, and in expounding the holy Scriptures: which did teſtifie, that hee was the true Meſſias, promiſed from the beginning, and the very Sonne of God euerlaſting. Hee heard the Sophiſticall

phiſticall and ſubtle queſtions of the Scribes and Phariſes, and taught them to ſee their errors, but they were wilfully blinde, and reiected his wholeſome doctrine : and leſt hee ſhould ſeeme vnto them to checke them in a fit of his fury, and to reprehend them in the heat of his choller, hee confuted their groſſe infidelitie and venemous malice, with great lenitie & much patience, vttering many Parables vnto them, and making many heauenly exhortations to his choſen Diſciples, and to the people that came to heare him: whereby that ſaying of the Prophet *Daniel* was fulfilled in that weeke, when as hee ſaid, *Hee conſummated and performed the Couenant to many in one weeke.* Verily the couenant which hee made with vs was performed, when he tooke vnto him our nature, and became

came our whole and ſole redemption, to deliuer vs out of the bondage of eternall death, and from the intolerable paines of euerlaſting damnation, to be made coheires with him of a moſt bleſſed life in the Kingdome of Heauen.

Learne therefore (oh my ſoule) to imitate thy bleſſed Sauiour, who abſtained from meate, to doe the will of his heauenly Father, by ſeeking by all meanes to winne their ſoules, who being void of all humanitie, ſent him faſting out of their Citie. Oh hard-hearted Iewes, to giue ſuch vnkinde entertainment to my bountifull Lord and louing Ieſus! But be thou kinde (oh my ſoule) like *Lazarus*, and ready like *Mary* and *Martha*, to receiue thy Sauiour, that hee may giue thee *euerlaſting bread for thy foode*, and *water of eternall life for thy drinke*. Come and

and ſuppe with mee(my ſweet Sauiour,) vouchſafe to enter into my ſimple cottage ; I confeſſe, I am vnworthy that thou ſhouldeſt come vnder my roofe, yet I know that thou art alwayes willing to come, where thou art kindly and friendly inuited. Open thou the dore of my heart, that thou maiſt enter and dwell with mee for euer : then *ſaluation ſhall come to my whole houſe*, then I ſhall lie downe to ſleepe in peace, and riſe againe without any dread of danger : for I ſhall be ſafely couered vnder the ſhadow of thy wings, and remaine in peaceable ſecuritie vnder thy mightie protection.

Conſider (Oh my Soule,) and meditate often in thine inward thoughts, of the ſtrange ingratitude of the ſtony-hearted Iewes, toward thy Sauiour IESVS, who

would not afford him ſo muc
as a meales meate at nigh
for his great paines hee took
with them all the day; but he
was conſtrained to return
hungry with his Diſciples,
from ſo oppulent and popu-
lous a Citie, to *Bethanie*, a
poore and ſmall village, there
to refreſh his weary and
weake body: where hee made
ſo ſmall a ſupper, that he re-
turned hungry to *Hieruſalem*
the next morning, and ſpying
a Figge-tree which had one-
ly faire leaues, but no fruit to
ſlake his hunger, or to afford
him any refreſhing in his iour-
ney, he was ſo highly diſplea-
ſed, that it made ſo faire a
ſhew, and bare no fruit, that
he *curſed it*, and ſo it *withered*,
and became *barren for euer*.

Wert thou (oh my gracious
Lord) ſo highly diſpleaſed
with this fruitleſſe Tree, and
wert thou not grieuouſly of-
fended

fended with the vnthankfull Iewes? No doubt but thou hadst iust occasion to haue cursed that vngratefull Nation, whose hearts were so barren, that they did beare no fruit, and their mindes so deuoid of all common humanitie, that although they euer stood in neede, yet they did neuer deserue any drop of thy sweet and comfortable mercie.

Oh Lord, who can worthily laud the immeasurable largenesse of thy infinite mercie? who can throughly taste the sweetnesse of thy most excellent bountie? It was thy desire to haue wonne them by mildnes: it had beene thy delight to haue conuerted them by kindenesse: thou diddest curse that barren tree which had store of leaues, but no profitable fruit: to teach that graceleſſe Nation what thou

didſt expect at their hands, and what thou mightſt haue iuſtly inflicted vpon them, for the hardnes of their harts, whoſe mouthes were often filled with religious words, their hearts and hands being euermore emptie of charitable works.

Be thou wiſe therefore (oh my ſoule) thinke not that thou haſt done enough, if thou vtterly condemne thoſe inhumane and hard-hearted *Iewes*, who had not ſo much kindnes, as to offer thy Sauiour a crum of bread, or a cup of cold water, vnleſſe thou thy ſelfe make ſome profeſſion to entertaine thy louing Ieſus, whenſoeuer hee ſhall vouchſafe to come into thy Cottage, to viſit thee in kindneſſe: Oh how haphie ſhalt thou be, if thou art prouided to welcome ſo good a Gueſt, whoſe acceptance ſhall bring thee eternall

eternall blessednesse, and who is so kinde, that he will dwell with thee for euer: and where he remaineth, their store is alwaies increased, their riches are multiplyed in abundance: he cannot, he will not be chargeable vnto thee, if thou wilt shew him infallible tokens of thy true loue, and make any prouision, be it neuer so meane, to receiue him with cheerefulnesse: he expecteth no sumptuous preparation, hee longeth for no daintie cates, hee regardeth no magnificent pompe, hee hateth vaine ostentation and outward glorie, he can neuer abide to make any abode in that house which is not furnished with true humility. Oh happie is that soule that is not *vnprouided at his comming*, but *standeth alwayes ready at the doore to open vnto him, whensoeuer hee knocketh, and is willing*

to enter.

Consider also, O my soule, the great paines and diligent labours of thy industrious Saviour, who continued the day time in the Temple, preaching, and teaching the people; and in the night, praying, or instructing his Disciples: therefore if thou wilt shew thy selfe a faithfull seruant to so good a Lord, and a louing Disciple to so kinde a Master, set him alwayes before thine eyes, as a perfect patterne and liuely example, to imitate him in the carefull execution of thy lawfull calling.

Weare not out the moment of thy poasting life in carnall delights, fulfilling the lewd desires of the wanton flesh, accounting worldly pleasure thy chiefest treasure, and making thy belly thy God, *for the end of such is eternall damnation.*

God

God hath giuen man an vpright countenance, that hee ſhould lift vp his head, and looke towards Heauen, therefore derogate not ſo much from thy dignity, as to haue thine eyes, and thy thoughts, ſtill fixed vpon the earth, like vnto the bruit beaſts, neuer well pleaſed, but when (like a Mole) thou art turning ouer thy ſiluer and golden heapes.

Thou ſeeſt (oh my ſoule) that thy louing Sauiour Ieſus did ſeeke by all meanes to venefit the *Iewes*, his vnnaturall Country-men, and to do them all good, but they were alwaies ſo froward, that they were euermore forward to doe him nothing but miſchiefe and hurt, who hauing exiled tender pittie from their eyes, and all humane compaſſion from their hearts, had not onely ſo much kindenes, as to offer him a morſell of meat to re-

freſh his weary body at night; when he had laboured all day to feed their ſoules with ſpirituall bread: but moſt vnkindely their chiefe rulers and the Scribes *held a Counceil againſt him, complotted many ſtrange inuentions, forged many odious calumniations, and imagined many falſe crimes, cruelly to depriue him of his harmeleſſe life, and to accelerate his ſpeedy death:* becauſe the good deeds which Chriſt did daily to the people, were vnwelcome newes to their eares, and bred nothing elſe, but ſorrow in their enuious mindes.

Therefore they raged with fury, and conſpired in bitterneſſe of their malice, how they might *entrap Chriſt Ieſus by craft and ſubtiltie*, and ſo like an *innocent Lambe, lead him away to the ſlaughter*: for ſo fell was their hatred to the life of our Sauiour, and ſo greedie were they

they to hasten his death; that had they not feared that the people would haue hindred their wicked purposes, interrupting the course of their malicious practice, they would haue vented their swelling spite, and disgorged their full stomackes, surcharged with malice against him, on the feast-day: but they suspected their cruell deede, at that time, would haue stirred vp greater tumults amongst the *people, which did reuerence Iesus as a Prophet:* for if they might haue had their owne will, and satisfied the longing of their enuious humour, they would haue spared no day, nor regarded any place, so they might haue spilt his innocent bloud.

Oh with what damnable counsell and diuelliſh deuices, doe I heare thy furious enemies consulting against thee, my innocent Iesus, thou Lord

of eternall glorie?

What falſe imaginations, what monſtrous inuentions, what helliſh ſtratagems, what forged accuſations, did they coyne againſt thee, their hearts burning, and their hands itching, to cut off thy bleſſed life, to ſtaine the earth with thy precious bloud, and to worke (as they wickedly wiſhed) thy finall deſtruction?

How cruelly doe theſe faithleſſe Iewes conſpire againſt thee? thoſe impious wretches ſaid within themſelues (carried away with the violent current of their irefull imaginations) *Let vs oppreſſe that righteous man, let vs ſwallow him vp in our rage, let vs ſodainely deuoure him in our madnes, let vs ſet traps to take him, and lay ſnares to entangle him: let vs roote him out from the land of the liuing, that his name may neuer*

be

e remembred any more, becauſe he is obſtinate in contradicting our words, and peremptory in carping at our workes. Wee cannot, wee may not tolerate his arrogancie, wee will not brooke his oppoſitions.

Hee layeth open our ſinnes, to increaſe our ſhame, he profeſſeth that hee hath the knowledge of God, and nameth himſelfe the Sonne of God: He diſcloſeth our ſecret thoughts, hee is loathſome to our eyes, wee cannot abide him in our ſight, the courſe of his life is oppoſite to our Lawes, he is an open aduerſary to our Decrees, hee abſtaineth from our wayes, as though they were wicked, defiled with vncleanneſſe, and polluted with vices.

We are reputed of him as men of no worth, hee ſtandeth not in awe of our authoritie hee

hee eſteemeth our threatnings of no moment, and he arrogantly boaſteth, that he hath God for his Father.

Let vs ſee if his proteſtations be faithfull, and if his ſpeeches be true: and let vs aſſay and make tryall what things will happen vnto him.

If he be the true Sonne of God, hee will receiue him into his protection, deliuer him out of the hands of his foes, and keepe him ſafe from danger: Let vs examine him churliſhly, and torment him cruelly, to make triall of his meekneſſe; let vs condemne him to a moſt ſhamefull death, that we may proue his patience.

Such were the bitter words of the cruell Iewes, who ſate in counſell to kill my Sauiour Ieſus, the true Lord of life, whoſe good deedes were ſo odious to their vicious ſight, and his ſweet breath ſo noy-

ſome

ſome vnto their ſtinking noſe-thrils, that they would not ſuffer him to liue any longer.

Oh that helliſh enuie ſhould ſo peruert the vnderſtanding, and enrage the mindes of men to doe ſuch miſchiefe!

Why did the Iewes ſo furiouſly rage together? why did they imagine a vaine thing againſt the Lord and his Anointed? ſaying, *Let vs breake their bonds aſunder, and caſt away their cords from vs:* But; *the Lord had them in deriſion: he ſpake vnto them in his wrath, and vexed them in his ſore diſpleaſure, and placed his King vpon his holy hill of Sion for euer.*

Now, although the bloudy-minded Iewes longed for the death of my innocent Ieſus, yet they were loth hee ſhould ſuffer on the day of their Feaſt, not for any fauour they bare vnto him, but *for feare of the people.*

But

But thou my louing Lord, didſt make choiſe of that time to offer vp thy ſelfe a Sacrifice for our ſakes, that thou mighteſt receiue greater reproach, and that thy death might be acted with more ſhame, ſuffered onely for our ſins.

Thy righteous life being not onely alwayes free from any euill action, but euermore ſo pure, that it neuer was tainted with euill cogitation. And alſo that thy death might be knowne vnto many (although lamented of few which did behold thee) the concourſe of people being great, that flocked from many bordering townes and villages to *Hieruſalem*, at the day of that great ſolemnitie: who ſeeing with their eies, had not Grace beene wanting, might haue vnderſtood in their hearts, that thou wert the true ſubſtance, whereof the Paſchall

Paſchall Lambe was but a figure.

Oh Lambe of God, which takeſt away the ſinnes of the world, ſprinkle my ſoule with ſome drops of thy precious bloud, that although it haue lien long buried in the graue of ſinfull iniquitie, yet at laſt it may be reuiued and liue againe by vertue of thy quickning mercy.

Now the bloody Iewes holding a wicked conſultation, how they might depriue my beloued Sauiour of his life, euen then came curſed *Iudas*, and offered them (for money) to betray his louing Maſter to death: ſaying, *What will yee giue me, and I will deliuer him vnto you?*

Nor was hee a more greedie Traytor, to ſet his kinde Maſters bloud to ſale, then they readie chapmen to entertaine ſo bloudy an offer, ſeeing one of his owne familie ſo forward

ward to deliuer him vp into their hands, whom they had already murthered in their hearts: So they proffered him thirtie pieces of ſiluer. Oh curſed *Iudas*, to make ſuch an offer! Oh execrable Iewes, to accept it! But moſt damned *Iudas* to performe it.

Had Malice (oh yee bloudie Iewes) ſo hardened your hearts? had Fury ſo blinded your eyes? had Enuie ſo fired your grudging affections, that contrarie to the law of God and Nature, you ſhould animate ſuch a damnable Traitor to perpetrate ſo horrible a treaſon, againſt your *Meſſias*, your Maſter?

For what could be more hatefull to God, more odious to good Men? what more oppoſite to Nature? what more contrary to good Nurture, then that one of a mans owne houſhold ſhould proue ſo vnfaithfull,

faithfull, as to sell at so vilde a price the deareſt bloud of his louing Lord? or that any men ſhould be found ſo monſtrous, as to allow and like of ſuch a damnable offer? Oh thou moſt wicked traitor! oh thou moſt ingratefull and graceleſſe Seruant! Oh yee generation of Vipers, curſed Iewes, damned *Iudas!* Oh thou diſſembling Diſciple by name, but indeede a moſt bloudie enemie! are theſe the thankes thou doſt giue to thy Maſter for his kindeneſſe? is this the requitall of his loue? are theſe the moſt worthy rewards that thou canſt ſpare him for his liberall bountie? are theſe the beſt arguments of thy gratuitie, for all his benefits beſtowed vpon thee? Oh thou *Sonne of perdition*, execrable Traitor, and damnable Merchant, to ſell the ſacred bloud of thy faithfull Maſter! Had my

my kinde *Iesus* committed any offence against thee? or had hee discontented thy minde, and vexed thy heart, that thou shouldst treacherously betray him into the hands of his foes, to be tortured and put to a most cruell and shamefull death? nay rather, what large liberalitie had he not vsed towards thee? what store of benefits had hee not heaped vpon thee? Oh thou vngratefull wretch! Oh thou hatefull traitor! my louing Iesus made thee one of the little number of his Disciples: admitted thee into the blessed societie of his elected, and made thee Steward of his familie, *to keepe the bag*, and *bestow the money* which was giuen to him and his Disciples: and dost thou in requitall of his fauourable loue, and in recompence of his extraordinary kindenesse, poast to

to the cruell Iewes, whom thou, thou, I say, knewest, did alwayes prosecute him with deadly hate, (& eagerly sought his innocent life) to offer them open sale of the bloud of thy louing Master, allured with the vnsatiable desire of money, (a pleasant baite to take a couetous minde) bewitched with Satans enticements, and instigated with the vnquenchable thirst of damnable lucre, that distempered thy vnderstanding, and cleane put out the eye of thy naturall reason?

Oh how doth couetous lust tyrannize ouer our soules, and captiuate our senses, if it once seyze vpon our hearts, and take possession in our brests! It maketh vs violate our Faith towards God, our Fidelitie towards Men: it maketh parents vnkinde to their Children, and Children vndutifull towards their Parents:

rents: it armeth the wicked to commit bloudie murther: it maketh Subiects disloyall to their Prince, it eggeth and edgeth them to attempt the vtter ruine of their Country: it kindeleth the fire of ciuill and inteſtine Seditions: it bloweth vp the ſparkles of horrible Treaſon: it excludeth kinde Hoſpitalitie: it is the Cut-throate of Chriſtian Charitie: it pampereth all vices: it ſtarueth all vertues. What is it but a Helliſh Furie, the author and actor of humane miſerie? Oh how happie is the heart that is not affected to it! Oh how peaceable is the conſcience that is not infected with it! Tell me, thou bloudie Traytor *Iudas*, diddeſt thou not ſee many wonderfull Miracles done by thy louing Maſter before thine eyes? diddeſt thou not heare many diuine ſpeeches vttered by

by his blessed mouth? didst not thou attend vpon him preaching in the day? didst thou not accompanie him praying in the night? hadst thou so soone forgot his blessed Sermons? went all in at one eare, and out at the other? didst thou remember no better his heauenly Exhortations? hadst thou quite raced out of thy memorie his generall compassion towards all, and his particular goodnesse towards thee? why was thy soule starued for want of food in the middest of plentie? why were thy spirits dryed vp with thirst, being so neere a pure Fountaine? It was because thou haddest no grace to taste of that sweet cœlestiall *Manna*, or to drinke of that rocke of liuing water. Couldest thou esteeme so rare a Iewell, as my Sauiour Iesus, at so base a rate? wouldest thou

thou ſell his precious bloud at ſo low a price, that was ſufficient to pay the greateſt *price of our Redemption*? What baſe opinion mighteſt thou thinke the high Prieſt might haue of thee, prouing ſo vilde a Traytor, (although to ſerue their owne turnes they allowed thy Treaſon?) Didſt thou not thinke the whole World would daily hate thee, when being a Diſciple, thou hadſt ſo vildely betraied thy louing Maſter, and craftily plotted the death of thy gracious Benefactor? But woe be vnto thee, and to all of thy condition: it had beene better for thee thou haddeſt neuer beene, then being, to haue beene an inſtrument of ſuch haynous, ſuch deteſtable, ſuch horrible Treaſon: Keepe my ſoule (oh Lord) ſet a Watch before the dore of my heart, that no couetous deſire may haue paſſage

passage into my bowels, or enter into my breſt, to get dominion ouer my reaſon, to wound my conſcience, to inflict my minde with noyſome luſts, and to confound my vnderſtanding with greedy deſires. Let the memory of this ſorrowfull day, wherein thy couetous and damnable diſciple *Iudas* ſold thee, my innocent and louing Sauiour Ieſus, vnto the murmuring and murthering Iewes, draw out floods of teares from mine eyes, and fetch out ſorrowfull ſobs and deepe ſighes from my repenting heart, to bewaile the horrour of my tranſgreſſions, and to lament the innumerable multitude of my many moſt monſtrous iniquities, which brought thy moſt ſacred bodie to the market, there to bee ſold, and from thence to be led to the ſlaughter, cruelly to be ſlaine; that with

with thy moſt precious bloud thou mighteſt pay the price of my Redemption, which am a moſt wretched and ſinfull creature: yet let the ſweet recordation of thy immutable loue, and the ioyfull remembrance of thy immeaſurable mercy, ſo comfort mee in the midſt of my miſerie, that alrhough I finde much matter in my ſelfe to make mee feare, yet that I may neuer deſpaire, knowing that thou art alwaies willing to apply a *ſoueraigne ſalue* to a *wounded ſoule*, and *ſweet conſolation* to a *wofull conſcience*, whenſoeuer (oh bleſſed Sauiour) we acknowledge our *maladie*, and faithfully deſire thy ſauing helpe iu our miſerie.

Of

Of the Preparation of Chriſts laſt Supper by the Diſciples on Thurſday. of the waſhing of the Diſciples feete, performed by Ieſus himſelfe: and of many exemplary actions of Ieſus at the Supper.

MED. III.

Chriſt Ieſus waſhed his Diſciples feete; Iohn. 13.5.

They loath, refuſe; but he enforceth it: Iohn. 13.8.

For Supper done, to Symon *thus ſaid hee,* Iohn. 13.2.

Vnleſſe I doo't, thou haſt no part with me. Iohn. 13.8.

THe *firſt day of the ſweet bread*, that is to ſay, the fift day of the week, in the euening of which day the Paſchall Lamb was ſlaine, and ſweet bread was eaten, according to the cuſtome of the Iewes, the Diſciples came to Ieſus, ſeeing it was the time

of the Feaſt, and that th
Maſter had no *reſting place*
his owne, where he mig
lay his head, and ſaid vnto hi
Where wilt thou that wee prep
for thee to eate the Paſch
Lambe? Teach mee here (
ſweet Sauiour, by thy exa
ple) ſo to liue in the wor
that I may be prepared eu
day to leaue the world, eſte
ming my ſelfe as a Pilgrim
ſtill trauelling. and euery d
remouing, and not to bui
my Palace of pleaſure hee
in this tranſitorie wor
where all things are vnce
taine, ſubiect euery mome
to miſerie, changes and m
tabilitie.

Let neyther the pleaſa
baites of proſperitie, nor th
bitter brunts of aduerſitie
hinder me in my iourne
whileſt I trauaile toward th
heauenly *Ieruſalem.*

Let thy humilitie be m
grea

greateſt honour in time of proſperitie; let thy pouertie be my chiefeſt riches in time of aduerſitie; and let thy patience be my onely comfort in the ſorrowfull day of affliction: let thy quiet contentment calme the tumults of my grudging minde, and barre out all repining thoughts, ſeeing thou the Lord of all, hadſt not ſo much as a Cottage to couer thy head from the *dew of heauen*, or to *ſhadow thy face* from *the beames of the Sunne*. But my ſweet Sauiour, although thou wert poore in reſpect of thy *Humanitie*, that thy *pouertie* might be our conſolation in time of our diſtreſſes, and to teach vs to beare with patience the heauie burden of our afflictions, yet thou didſt ſhew the bright beames of thy *Diuinitie* to thy Diſciples, when they ſaw that performed indeed, which

thou haddeſt told them in word, when they met with the man in the Citie, a meere ſtranger vnto them, whoſe heart thou haddeſt prepared to make proniſion for thee and thy Diſciples, to celebrate the Feaſt of the Paſchall Lambe.

Oh happie man (whom thou didſt vouchſafe to chooſe for thy Hoſte! Oh bleſſed houſe prepared to receiue ſuch a Gueſt! Send thy holy Spirit (my louing Sauiour) as a Harbinger, to prepare a lodging for thee in my heart, and ſo furniſh my minde with thy heauenly graces, that I may be able to giue thee ſuch entertainment, that thou maieſt like and loue to dwell with mee for euer. Now, when the Table was prepared, the Paſchall Lambe made readie (with other neceſſaries) at euening, Ieſus came thither

hither with his Disciples, and when the houre was come, he sate downe to the Table. Oh happy feast! Blessed are they (my louing Sauiour) which sit downe to meate at thy Supper. Most happie and blessed are they (oh most mercifull IESVS,) who are so dearely beloued of thee, and so highly honoured by thee, as to be made worthy to sit at thy Table.

Thou wilt giue them euerlasting food for their meate, and water of life for their drinke; so that after thy bountifull Feast, they shall neuer know any hunger, nor feele any thirst.

Graunt mee (Oh bountifull Lord) to taste of that heauenly food, and to drinke my fill of that Cœlestiall water, so that my body may be thy holy Temple, and my soule thine euerlasting habitation. Behold (oh my soule) how thy louing

IESVS ſitteth amongſt his Diſciples; a meeke Lambe among meeke ſheepe, except cruell *Iudas*, who although hee were a deuouring Wolfe, ſate downe to the Table in their holy ſocietie. Oh moſt holy ſocietie of thee, and thy faithfull Diſciples! Oh moſt glorious companie of all but one, who had a Diuell!

Theſe thy children, my moſt louing Ieſus, did *ſit like Oliue branches round about thy Table:* They ſate downe with thee lincked together with the bond of perfect loue, the mindes of all them being faithfull vnto thee, and all their affections longing after thee, onely *Iudas* was an odious Traytor, and thou knewest well enough that he ſhould betray thee.

They all ate with thee the meat ſet before them, and they ate the pure Paſchall Lambe, after

after the manner of the Iewes.

Oh bleſſed houſe, oh happie ſupping-parlour, worthy of great honour, in which my gracious Lord vouchſafed to make his bleſſed Supper!

Wherefore was not I there then, my ſweet Sauiour, to attend vpon thee, and thy faithfull Diſciples? I would haue eſteemed it as my greateſt honour, to haue done thee any ſeruice. Certainely, I would haue gathered vp ſome of the crummes which fell from the Table of my Lord.

Oh how ioyfull would it haue beene to my haert! Oh how would it haue pleaſed mine eyes, to haue had but a view of thy amiable countenance! I would haue fallen downe flat at thy feete, and with *Mary Magdalen*, I would haue waſhed them with my teares. And thou, oh my moſt mercifull Lord, which didſt

not *deſpiſe the teares of a ſinfull nd a ſorrowfull Woman*, wouldſt not haue reiected mee, *a poore Publican*, and grieuous ſinner: and as thou wert compaſſionate towards her, ſo thou wouldſt alſo haue beene mercifull to me.

Oh how comfortable would thy moſt pleaſant ſpeeches (my ſweet Sauiour) haue beene to my ſorrowfull ſoule? how quickly would thy moſt wholſome words wherwith thou didſt refreſh thy louing Diſciples, haue healed *the wounds of my grieued conſcience?* What did my Lord begin to ſpeake? what were thy firſt words, when thou wert ſet at the Table? Thou ſaiſt, *I haue earneſtly deſired to eate this Paſſouer with you before I ſuffer*: Oh how great is thy Charitie? how immeaſurable is thy loue, my louing Ieſus? Thou didſt earneſtly deſire to eate with thy Diſciples,

ples, but it was not to ſlake thy hunger, or to refreſh thy feeble nature: thou hadſt no ſuch neede of corporall food: but it was *thy meate to doe the will of thy Father:* Thou wert deſirous to leaue ſome tokès of thy exceeding loue, with thy louing Diſciples, before thy departure, and to ſeale them an *euer laſting aſſurance* of thy *continuall prouidence* ouer them.

Vouchſafe, my louing Sauiour, to be preſent, and Preſident at our Feaſts, ſanctifie our friendly meetings, let malice finde no harbour in our mindes, let hate be exiled from our ſocietie, let perfect loue bee our pleaſant mirth, let all things be done to thy glory: if any *Iudas* ſit downe at our Table, diſcouer the ſecret malice of his heart, ſo that thy Children may be free from his miſchieuous intentions.

Was it not a true ſigne of

thy ſincere loue, and an euident argument of thy extraordinarie kindneſſe, that thou being ſo great a Lord, ſhouldeſt vouchſafe thy ſeruant to *ſit downe with thee at thy Table?* yet ſo gracious was thy humilitie, and ſo great was thy loue, that thou didſt not *diſdaine* to be their *ſeruant*, and to *waſh their feet:* when *Peter* was loth, that Thou, beeing his Maſter, ſhould doe him any ſuch ſeruice, when gentle entreatie would not ſerue, thou didſt vſe threatnings to moue him, telling him, that *hee ſhould haue no part with thee, vnleſſe thou didſt waſh his feete:* who then being terrified with thy threatning words, and alſo loth to loſe the ſeruice of ſo gracious a Lord: he cryed out, *Waſh not onely my feet, oh Lord, but my hands alſo, and my head.* And as *Peter* cryed then, ſo I crie now, *VVaſh my heart,* oh

oh Lord, that it may be no more *corrupted* with *euill cogitations: waſh my hands*, that they may be no more *ſtained* with *wicked workes: Waſh my tongue*, that it be no more *polluted* with *vngodly words: waſh and cleare* mine *eyes*: that they be no longer *blinded with worldly vanitie: waſh and purge mine eares*, that they may no longer *liſten* to the voyce of *iniquitie*: Waſh me (oh Lord) and make me cleane, for from the crown of my head, to the ſole of my foot, all and euery part of mee is infected with *horrible corruption*: and indeede there is nothing to be found in mee, but *loathſome pollution*: yet *if thou wilt* (oh Lord) *thou canſt make me cleane*, ſo that I may appeare in thy ſight with confidence, and *approach vnto thy glorious preſence with boldneſſe*.

Oh let thy will worke with thy power! for thee to will, is to

to worke that my ſoule being cleanſed from her ſinnes, I may enter into thy *Sanctuary*, and dwell for euer with thee, *in thine euerlaſting Tabernacle.*

The more I meditate, the more I maruaile, Oh my ſweet Sauiour, at the excellencie of thy *humilitie*: my thoughts cannot meaſure the greatnes of thy loue, which thou didſt beare to thy faithfull Diſciples: thy loue is not ſubiect to mutabilitie, it is grounded vpon a Rocke, no Tempeſt can ſhake the foundation: thy mercy is without meane towards thy brethren, thy bountie is without meaſure towards them that loue thee.

What ſhall I doe poore wretch, to ſhew my ſelfe thankefull vnto thee?

Behold (oh my gracious Lord) thou haſt giuen an example to thy Diſciples, and to mee, which ſhall be alſo thy Diſci-

Diſciple, if I ſhall keepe thy commandements, if I ſhall abide in thy loue: thou haſt giuen an Example, that euen *as thou haſt done, ſo I ſhould doe.*

What then haſt thou done, my moſt louing and deare Lord? thou haſt loued mee with exceeding loue: moſt wretched I, if I loue not thee againe.

Therefore by thine example, oh moſt ſweet Ieſus, my gracious Redeemer, I will waſh thy feete, I will caſt my ſelfe downe at thy feete with *Mary Magdalene*, I will waſh them with my teares, as tokens of my ſorrow, and ſignes of my loue.

I will alſo waſh the feet of my diſciples, that is, the ſtaines of my corrupted ſenſes, the deformities of my vnbrideled appetites, and the blots of my rebellious affections: they verily haue beene my Diſciples, they

they haue kept my carnall commandements, they haue fulfilled the lusts of my miserable flesh, they haue satisfied her wanton desires: Therefore I will wash these my senses with streames of teares flowing from the fountaine of a true repenting heart, that as heretofore they haue *serued the flesh*, so now they may *learne to obey the Spirit*.

I confesse, oh my powerfull Sauiour, mine owne weakneſſe, I acknowledge the disabilitie of my nature, I can thinke no *good thought without thee*: I am not able to performe any *decent action*, but onely *by thee*: let thy mercie succour my miserie; let thy might subdue my malice, that my heart being mollified by thy supplying Grace, it may receiue a deepe impreſſion of thy loue. Teach me, my Sauiour, to follow thee in the steps of

of thy sincere humilitie; leade mee in the paths of thy perfect sinceritie.

Graunt me not onely a will, to meditate often vpon thy Passion, but also a feruent desire to suffer any affliction for thy sake, and thy loue, who wert willing to *lay downe thy life* for me, and all other grieuous sinners, to deliuer vs from the *paines of eternall death*: And so vnite and combine all my affections vnto thee, that I may desire nothing but thee, nor esteeme of any thing but thy loue: so that my minde may be wholly affixed to thee, and the cogitations of my hart euermore fastned vpon thee, and let the meditation of thy bitter Passion be as a glasse alwaies set before mine eyes, that taking a daily view of the misere which thou didst suffer in thy humanitie, for the transgressions of mine in-

iniquitie, I may truely ſorrow for my ſinnes, & may be loth, and euermore lothe to offend ſo louing a Sauiour, ſo that hauing *finiſhed* the *ſhort race* of my *mortall life*, in this *tranſitory world*, where I can expect nothing but miſery, I may receiue a *crowne of eternall glory*, laid vp for all thoſe that conſtantly loue thee, where is nothing elſe but endleſſe felicitie.

A

A Meditatiou concerning the inſtitution of the bleſſed Sacrament of the body and bloud of our Lord Ieſus, after hee had waſhed his Diſciples feet, and of the worthineſſe of it.

MED. IIII.

The time neere come that Chriſt ſhould be betrayed,
The Paſchall Lambe prepar'd where he thought fit,
Vnto the Twelue our Sauiour Chriſt thus ſaid,
This Cup my bloud containes, drinke all of it.

Luke. 22.21

Math. 26.18.

Math. 26.20, &27.

I Lift mine eies vnto thee which dwelleſt in Heauen. Behold, I come vnto thee with an humble minde and lowly heart, oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus, and falling downe before thy Throne, I adore thy Maieſty: haue mercie vpon me, my moſt merciful LORD, let

let the precious balme of thy ſoueraigne mercie, heale the deepe and deadly wounds of mine iniquitie: Oh my God, open thy *pittifull eares* to heare my *petition*, anſwere me *graciouſly*, and deſpiſe not my prayer.

Command my wandring heart to come out of the broad way that leadeth to *Hell* and *damnation*, and to returne into the *narrow path*, which conducteth to *heauen* and *euerlaſting ſalnation*: ſo that being once againe returned into it, it may neuer hereafter wander out of it.

Shut all worldly cares and wicked cogitations out of my heart, that neither the heauie burthen of them may ſo depreſſe my minde, that the *deuotion* of my *Prayer* cannot *aſcend* vp vnto thee, nor ſo ſtop the *paſſage* of my ſoule, that the *comfort* of thy *grace* cannot

cannot *deſcend* downe vpon me.

Draw mee vnto thee, my moſt louing Ieſus, thou which art mine *aſſured ſaluation*, in the day of my greateſt miſery, and my onely comfort and conſolation in the laſt and lateſt houre of my deadly agonie: for I am wounded, and my heart is *conſumed*, becauſe I haue forgotten to eate my bread, which ſhould haue nouriſhed me to euerlaſting life.

Indeed, I haue beene altogether forgetfull of thee, my beloued Ieſus, for I haue not called to my minde thy moſt holy Paſſion, with any zealous or ſerious meditation: I haue had no delight to thinke vpon thy precious *wounds*, which thou didſt ſuffer to *heale my ſores*: neither haue I found any comfort in thepure ſtreames *of thy innocent bloud, powred out*

to wash away my sinnes, and to purge my corrupted soule: I haue not *looked after my beloued in the day*, I haue not longed for my Bridegroome in the night.

I confesse, my gracious Lord, I haue not beene mindefull of thee, my thoughts haue beene wandring abroad, my minde hath not beene exercised with any sweet meditation of thy mercie: my spirit hath not beene troubled with sorrow for my sinnes, mine eyes haue shed no teares, nor my heart sent forth any sighs for my manifold transgressions. Therefore what shall I doe? I will returne to the Lord my God, and I will call vpon him, I will not cease to reiterate the most holy Name of Iesus, vntill thy voice sound in mine eares, There, there. Come therefore (oh good Iesus) and haue mercie

cie vpon me. Heare, oh ſweet Ieſus (the prayer of thy ſeruant: infuſe and dip my heart in thy bloud, and diffuſe thy grace into my ſoule, oh moſt mercifull Ieſus: let my heart, oh moſt louing Ieſus) be like waxe melted in the middeſt of thy bloudy ſide. Cloath my minde with the mourning garment of thy Paſſion, and let my zealous affections burne like fire in my ſerious meditation.

Leade me (oh my moſt milde and kinde Ieſus) to thy moſt holy Supper, where I may heare thee ſpeaking to thy Diſciples, ſitting at thy Table, after thou hadſt waſhed their feete.

Tell mee (oh my ſoule) if thou haſt read what the Lord my Ieſus did when he ſate downe againe to the Table, after the waſhing of his Diſciples feete. Verily, while they

they were yet eating, Ieſus tooke bread, and giuing thanks, he bleſſed it, brake it, and gaue it to his Diſciples, and ſaid: *Take and eate, this is my body which is giuen for you, doe this in remembrance of mee.* And when hee had giuen euery one a morſell, he tooke the cup, and powring wine into it, giuing thankes, hee likewiſe gaue it to them, ſaying: *Drinke yee all of this, for this is my bloud of the new Teſtament which is ſhed for you, and for many, for the remiſſion of ſinnes: and they all dranke of it.* Let vs pawſe a while (oh my ſoule) and with deuout meditation ponder in our mindes, and treaſure vp in our hearts, the wonderfull things which our bleſſed IESVS hath done for vs; for our mercifull and gracious Lord hath made a memoriall of his wonders, hee hath giuen meate to them which

which feare him. Oh wonderfull Supper, in which ſo many admirable things were done and effected! This was thy laſt Supper (oh moſt ſweet Ieſus) which thou didſt make, when thou wert about to depart out of the world to thy Father. How many admirable wonders of thy exceeding loue? how many miracles of thy infinite mercy are preſented vnto vs in this thy bleſſed Supper! but thou haſt moſt ſpecially ordained this myſticall, ſweet, delightfull, and heauenly Sacrament of thy body and bloud, that the memorie of thy Paſſion might remaine for euer in the minds of the faithfull. Oh wonderfull Sacrament, in which is contained ſuch abundance of all kinde of ſweetneſſe! No ſweetneſſe, be it neuer ſo delicious, can come neere it in goodneſſe; no pleaſure, be it neuer

neuer ſo incomparable, is worthie to be compared vnto it.

Oh moſt ſwée Ieſus, how pleaſant, how ſweet art thou, if wee might haue a true taſte of thy exceeding ſweetneſſe? In this thy wonderfull Sacrament, thou doſt feed vs with corporall bread, but after a ſpirituall manner. What therefore can I want to ſatisfie my deſire? what may I wiſh to augment my ioy, if I haue my Ieſus preſent with me? Though now I ſee thee *darkely thorow a glaſſe*, yet hereafter I ſhall *ſee thee face to face*. I cannot ſatisfie my minde (oh my moſt bountifull Ieſus) with admiration of thy vnmeaſurable liberalitie: I cannot wonder enough at the exceeding largeneſſe of thy bountie.

What greater gifts couldeſt thou haue beſtowed vpon vs? what more excellent benefits couldeſt

couldeſt thou haue deriued vnto vs? For in this thy bleſſed Teſtament, thou haſt bequeathed great and precious Legacies to all thy Brethren that faithfully loue thee, and conſtantly beleeue in thee: in veri deede thou haſt left them a rich inheritance, wee cannot eſtimate the price, we can make no true account of the greatneſſe. Some at their death leaue to their heires, Cities and townes, great poſſeſſions and ſtore of monie: ſome build them ſumptuous houſes, and erect ſtately Sepulchers, that *their name might remaine among men*, and their memorie continue vpon earth. But thy bountie, my moſt kinde and louing Ieſus, doth farre exceed and ſurmount them all: for thou haſt left thy owne ſelfe vnto vs, that wee ſhould haue a continuall ſpectacle of thy moſt holy Paſſion in our

mindes, and often thinke vpon thy innocent death in our repenting hearts. And in thy blessed Sacrament, which is so highly to be honoured of vs, and most reuerently to be celebrated by vs, thou dost giue thy selfe for food to bee receiued of vs by faith, which may nourish vs to euerlasting life, and deliuer vs from the doome of eternall death. Oh my most bountifull Lord, oh exceeding, admirable, and incomparable loue of my louing Sauiour, my beloued Iesus! But how odious is mine ingratitude, my kinde and louing Iesus! how great and grieuous is my forgetfulnesse, that I doe not continually remember the pangs of thy Passion, and euermore meditate on the paines of thy bitter death, when I participate thy wonderfull Sacrament, and celebrate thy blessed Supper, seeing

ing by thy death thou hast merited for me everlasting life, and by thy Passion hast purchased for mee eternall redemption?

Why doe I not remember that thou wert *wrongfully accused, scornefully derided, spitefully reviled, cruelly scourged*, and *crucified* as a hainous malefactor, and put to a shamefull death as a wicked doer? and how patiently thou didst endure the bitter paines of the crosse, to deliver mee a most wretched sinner, from the curse of eternall death, iustly pronounced against mee, and readie to be inflicted vpon mee, if thy obedience had not appeased the wrath of thy heavenly Father, and thy gracious mercy *saued the wounds of my misery.*

Oh my drie head, why doest thou not draw water with ioy out of the fountaines

of thy Sauiour, for he is a Well of liuing water? Oh teares, why doe yee not ſtreame forth in great abundance, with exceeding ioy and exultation, while I call to minde the exceeding ſweetneſſe of mine euerlaſting libertie, and meditate vpon the greatneſſe and goodneſſe of my eternall Redemption, in this moſt ſacred, holie, and wonderfull Sacrament repreſented vnto me? Why doe not my ſpirits faint with exceeding ioy? and why is not my minde rauiſhed with exceſſiue mirth, when I conſider the immeaſurable greatneſſe of thy loue; and the incomprehenſible largeneſſe of thy bountie, whereby thou haſt beene moued *to giue vs thy ſelfe for euerlaſting meate, to nouriſh vs to eternall life?* Haue mercie vpon mee (oh my moſt mercifull Lord) becauſe by reaſon of the imbecillitie of my

my dull vnderſtanding, and by the hardnes and drineſſe of my heart, I am not able to reliſh the goodneſſe, nor taſte the ſweetneſſe of the wholeſome fruit of thy holie and bleſſed Sacrament: yet I (moſt vilde wretch) preſume to comē to thy Table, and to receiue this holy food, though moſt vnworthie of ſo great a mercie.

But woe bee vnto my conſcience, and horror vnto my wounded ſoule, becauſe I haue approached vnto thy holie Table, and taken of thy *ſanctified meate* with polluted hands, and vnwaſhed feete, and yet I haue not bluſhed for ſhame, nor bewailed the follie of my *intolerable Preſumption.* For I conſider, my moſt ſweet IESVS, that in this thy moſt glorious Supper, before thou didſt inſtitute the moſt bleſſed Sacrament, as a

memoriall vnto vs of thy bloodie Paſſion, thou the true Chriſtall-glaſſe of Humilitie, taking the ſhape of a Seruant, didſt waſh the feete of thy Diſciples, ſaying moreouer vnto *Peter*, *If I ſhall not waſh thee, thou ſhalt haue no part with mee.* Shall it not therefore bee my great preſumption, and ſhall I not incurre the danger of a moſt grieuous offence againſt thee, if I would haue any part with thee, when I approach vnto thy holy Table with vnwaſhed feete, and participate thy bleſſed Sacrament with defiled hands?

I know therefore (my gracious Lord) who, and what a one I ought to be, when I come to ſuch an excellent Sacrament.

I know, my louing Lord, that I ſhould firſt waſh my feete, heart and hands, and purge all my corrupted affections,

tions, before I ſhould preſume to receiue thy pure and holie Sacrament. I know, my good and gracious Ieſus, that it is needfull for mee *euery night to waſh my Bed, and water my Couch with my teares*; Yea, and to waſh my feet with teares of true compunction, and with ſtreames of ſorrow, flowing from the inward deuotion of a relenting and repenting heart.

But woe be vnto me (moſt vnhappie wretch) becauſe that I a moſt vilde creature, doe not feare to approach vnto ſuch an excellent Maieſty, infected from the crowne of my head, to the ſole of my foote, with ſores and loathſome diſeaſes, and being a moſt wicked ſinner, wholy ouerſpred with corruption, and ſtained with filthy pollution, doe not bluſh to come into thy preſence, but preſume to

intrude my ſelfe into thy bleſſed ſocietie, and to ſit downe at thy holie Table, which art a diuine Spirit, alwaies pure from the ſpots of ſinne, and ſtaines of iniquitie. I come vnto thee, my meeke and louing Ieſus, puffed vp with pride, and lifted vp with rebellious thoughts, and I preſume to eate with *impure hands* and *vnwaſhed feet*.

Notwithſtanding, my moſt mercifull IESVS, I know that thy clemencie is farre greater then mine indignitie, and thy mercie farre exceeding my miſerie. And therefore confident in thy great benignitie, and relying wholly vpon thy immeaſurable mercie, I am bold to receiue thee, and being infected with ſo manie dangerous and deadly diſeaſes, I come vnto thee, being a *skilfull* and *louing Phyſician*: that I may be cured from my grieuous

gricuous maladies, by thy soueraigne medicines. For by how much the more weake I am, and by how much the greater the maladie is which doth afflict me, by so much the more I stand in need of thy helpe, that the infiniteness of thy mercie may appeare the clearer in the cure of my grieuous maladie, and the beames of thy glorie shine the brighter by my deliuerance.

Therefore I will come confidently vnto thee (my most milde and mercifull Iesus) because thy mercies are infinite, that I may enioy with thee, the euerlasting delights of the blessed.

Giue me therefore thy heauenlie bread, oh my good Iesus, thou which art the *life of the world*, and graunt (oh bountifull Lord) that I may be enabled by thy grace, to eate worthily, that I may re-

maine in thee eternally, and thou in mee euerlastingly: for I desire this one thing, it is the ioy of my heart, and the contentment of my longing affections, that I may dwell inseparably with thee for euer, and I will cleaue vnto none other but onely vnto thee, oh my sweet Iesus, because with thee is the fountaine of life, and in thy light, I shall see light.

A Meditation, how the Lord Ieſus fore-told his Diſciples that he ſhould be betrayed by one of them that ſame night.

MED. V.

Amongſt the twelue, as Ieſus ſate at meates, Mat 26. 20. 21.
At his laſt Supper, thus to them he ſaid; Marke. 14. 14.
Who dips his hand in diſh, and with me eates, Luke. 22. 22.
By him the Sonne of man ſhall be betraid. Iohn. 13. 5.

AFter our moſt louing and moſt gracious Ieſus had fed his Diſciples with his precious Bodie, and refreſhed them with his Bloud, hee was troubled in ſpirit, and ſaid to his Diſciples: *Verily, verily, I ſay vnto you, that one of you ſhall betray mee, which eateth with mee, that the Scripture may be fulfilled: he which eateth my bread,*

bread, ſhall lift vp his heele againſt mee. Oh how hard is this ſaying, my bleſſed and bountifull Sauiour! Oh how harſh and bitter meates hadſt thou reſerued for thy Diſciples, at the end of thy Supper? Thou didſt feede them with ſweet milke in the beginning, and thou gaueſt them delicious honie in the middle, when thou didſt waſh their feete; and refreſhedſt them with thy precious body for their meate, and with thy royall bloud for their drinke.

But now in the end thou hadſt reſerued *Gall* and *Wormwood*, ſowre ſauce for their ſweet meate, when theſe ſorrowfull words did paſſe out of thy bleſſed lips, and that dreadfull ſpeech was vttered by thy honie-flowing mouth.

Woe is me (my ſweet and louing Ieſus) I ſeeme to ſee the

the cheerefull countenance of thy deare Disciples sodainely changed, their hearts ouerwhelmed with floods of sorrow, their mindes perplexed with excessiue griefe, the heate of their desires quite extinguished, and all their hopes wholy dashed, so soone as those fearefull words had passed thorow their eares, and pierced their hearts; who of so sweet a beginning, little expected so sowre a conclusion.

Had they not much matter of mourning, and was it not a world of sorrow vnto them, that thou being their Master, Captaine, Gouernour, Gardian, and Ruler, shouldst be betraied to death? and it did much more augment the matter of their woe, and increase the heapes of their griefe, that one of them should contriue this horrible Treason, and be the

the Author of this bloudy attempt.

The first was a violent motiue, to moue them to exceeding sorrow, because they so dearely loued, and were so entirely beloued of their louing Master: But the latter was so horrible to their eares, and so terrible to their hearts, that it quite abated all their former ioy, and vtterly amazed their perplexed mindes, marueiling in their troubled cogitations, who amongst such a little flocke of Sheepe, should proue so woluish, as to deuoure so good a Shpheard: admiring that any one in their holy Societie, should so farre degenerate from his faithfull fedelitie, as to betray the life of so bountious, so milde, and so mercifull a Master. But heare, oh my soule, what his faithfull Disciples answered, when they heard those lamentable

table words pronounced. *They looked one vpon another, their faces being pale with feare,* and their hearts full fraughted with sorrow, and scarcely could their tongues vtter any part of their inward griefe, the flood of their woes did flow so fast, and rise to so high a tide in their hearts, and they said with a trembling voice, What sorrowful words are these which our deare Master doth vtter? Who amongst vs shall proue such a cursed wretch, as once to imagine, or such a horrible traitor, as once to complot such a detestable deede and execrable fact?

Such a hainous intention, said euery one of them, was farre from my thoughts, such a hellish motion did neuer enter into my brest. For how should such a Diuellish cogitation enter into our mindes, or finde any harbour in our hearts?

harts? but our Lord cannot be deceiued. Wherefore euery one of them turning to the Lord, ſaid: *Is it I, Rabbi?* To whom bleſſed Ieſus anſwered, *One of the twelue which dips his hand with me in the diſh, ſhall betray me.*

But peraduenture many of them ſhoouing their hand in the diſh at that time, they were not able to diſcerne who it ſhould be.

Wherefore *Iudas* ſaid: *What, is it I Rabbi?* But louing Ieſus, otherwiſe not diſcouering him, anſwered, *Thou haſt ſaid:* as though he ſhould ſay, Thou haſt ſaid, and not I: for we may thinke truely, that if my louing Ieſus had plainely diſcouered that curſed man to the reſt of his louing and beloued Diſciples, they (if we ſhould compare their affections with other mens paſſions) had not beene able to haue contained their

their hands, but with one accord would haue assailed that most wicked traitor, and haue ended his hatefull daies with a speedie death, who allured with the baites of the Diuell, went about to make sale of the blessed life of their deare and best beloued Master. For how wouldest thou haue beene able, oh bold and couragious *Peter*, to haue cooled the heate of thy furie, and to haue held thy hands from taking vengeance vpon such a damnable Traitor, when as thou didst not feare to make resistance against a great band of Souldiers, in the defence of thy beloued Master? For as their loue toward louing Iesus was without meane, so their hatred toward hatefull *Iudas* would haue beene without moderation, if his treacherous plot had beene openly discouered vnto them. But I pray

pray thee ſtay here a while, (oh my ſoule) and ponder within thy inward thonghts, with deuout meditation, the ſacred words and diuine ſpeeches, more ſweet then honie and the hony-combe, which my moſt ſweet Ieſus vttered to his faithfull Diſciples, as he went to the place of his vniuſt apprehenſion, which the Euangeliſt *Iohn* retaining in his memorie through the holy Ghoſt, hath faithfully recorded in his heauenly and moſt ſacred Goſpell. Meditate there ſeriouſly vpon the wonderfull loue which hee had towards his loyall Diſciples: hee was their Lord and Maſter, yet he did not diſdaine to eate meate, conſorting with the meaneſt of them: hee waſhed their feete: hee gaue his body and bloud vnto them: and after all theſe things, did not ceaſe

to

to teach them the way of truth, and to feede their ſoules with the ſpirituall food of his celeſtiall doctrine.

Oh moſt mercifull and bleſſed Ieſus, thy words are ſpirit and life, which thou doſt ſpeake to thy Diſciples: and that knew thy Seruant *Peter*, when he ſaid; *Thou haſt the words of eternall life*: For thy words are pure and ſweet to the taſte of them that loue thee; yea, more ſweet then hony and the honie-combe. They alſo knew, that thoſe who were ſent by the chiefe Rulers, to lay hands vpon thee, were taken with ſuch wonderfull admiration at the gracious words which did proceede out of thy bleſſed mouth, that they were conſtrained to proclaime thy worthy praiſes, telling them, *That neuer any man ſpake ſo graciouſly*. Oh moſt eloquent Orator!

tor! ſtreames of ſweetneſſe doe flow from thy lips: Hony and Milke are euer plentifull vnder thy tongue: Oh how powerfull, how eloquent, how wonderfull were the words which my Lord vttered to his Diſciples in the end of his ſweet Oration! Hee exhorteth them to ſow the ſeedes of true loue in their hearts, and to ſhew forth the fruits thereof one to another.

After, hee admoniſhed them, that they ſhould be conſtant in their loue, and permanent in their Faith towards him their louing Sauiour. For hee that is deſtitute of the former, can neuer be poſſeſſed of the latter.

And after thoſe things, he foretelleth them what great dangers they ſhould paſſe, what tribulations, troubles, afflictions, and calamities, they ſhonld ſuffer after his departure,

ture, that being fore-warned, they might be better armed.

Lastly, hee powreth forth his prayer vnto his heauenly Father for them, that they might not shrinke back like cowards in the day of their triall, nor their Faith faile them in the bitter stormes of affliction, but aboue all things, oh my most sweet IESVS, I am not able to wonder enough at thy earnest Exhortatiós, which thou didst vse to kindle the sparkes of feruent loue towards thee in the hearts of thy faithful Disciples: thou dost specially aboue all things, charge & command thy Disciples, that they loue thee, & couet after nothing but thee. Oh how great is the excellencie of true loue! Oh how feruent is the vehemencie of a deuout spirit! Oh how forcible is the preeminence of a charitable affection! Thou didst commend, and leaue loue (my beloued

loued Ieſus) as a moſt rare and precious Iewell to thy deare Diſciples.

Therefore this is highly to be extolled of vs, and chiefely to be deſired by vs, as our greateſt riches, and onely treaſure: Let him, oh louing Ieſus, be abiected out of thy gracious fauour, let him haue no taſte of thy kindnes, that doth not honour thy name, and poſſeſſe his heart with thy loue.

Truely, many riuers of water haue not beene able to put out the fire, nor quench the flame of true loue: for *loue is as ſtrong as death.*

Verily, if I ſhould giue all my ſubſtance, were it neuer ſo great, I would regard it as nothing, rather then I would want or forgoe my true loue: for hee that loueth thee faithfully (my moſt louing Sauiour) will leaue all things willingly, take vp his Croſſe cheare-

chearefully, and follow thy steps constantly.

Therefore, who shall separate mee from thy loue, Oh my most sweet Lord? What shall diuert the current of my affections from thee?

Shall *tribulation* or *anguish?* shall *persecution* or *hunger?* But becauſe I can doe nothing without thy grace (my gracious IESVS) nor performe any thing without thy power, set such a deepe stampe of thy loue in my heart, that the print of it may neuer be raced out, but abide in it for euer; yea, so wound my heart with thy sweetest loue, that all my desires may be turned towards thee, and that I may finde no ease, but when I thinke vpon thee, that I may loue thee with all my heart, with all my soule, with all my strength: and that my whole will, desires, and affections, may co-

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uet nothing but thee.

Let all my cogitations be onely occupied in the meditation of thy loue. Separate and remoue from mee all other desires of the flesh, oh my sweet Iesus, that my whole heart may be solely conioyned to thee in the day, my soule humbly attend vpon thee in the night, and that my spirit and bodie may chearefully seeke after thee when I awake earely in the morning: for my soule *thirsteth after thee, oh God, which art a liuing fountaine: oh when shall I come before thy face? when shall I appeare in thy presence?*

And I doubt not, oh most mercifull Lord, but that I shall be loued of thy Father, if I shall loue thee, as thou hast taught thy Disciples; and that thou and thy Father will come to mee, and make your *dwelling place* with me.

And

And what doe I craue more, what doe I couet so much, as that my Iesus may dwell and remaine in mee? Oh how happy were my state, how blessed were my condition, if I could truely say, *My beloued (as a bundle of Myrrh vnto me) will remaine betweene my brests.*

If I could imbrace my beloued Iesus, I would hold him fast betwixt mine armes, I would neuer let him depart any more from me, his presence should be my pleasure in the day; his societie should be my solace in the night. Kindle my reines, oh most louing Iesus, with the burning sparkles of thy loue, inflame my heart with the fire of an ardent deuotion towards thee, so that I may long after thee alone, my deare beloued Christ Iesus, and euermore search for thee, and neuer ceale to seeke thee, vntill I finde

thee, which by the vehemencie of thy loue, and compaſſion of thy mercie, wert willing to bee cruelly crucified for my grieuous tranſgreſſions, and to *dye a ſhameful death for my ſinnes:* Ingraue the memorie of this thy great loue, ſo deepe, in the Table of my heart, that it neither decay by length of daies, nor be worne out by the iniquitie of the time.

A Meditation concerning Iesus his going vp into Mount-Oliuet, and of his praying thrice in the Garden.

MED. VI.

My soule is heauie, euen vnto death:
Mans sinne doth bloud and water from me draine:
For sinne I feele my Fathers angry wrath;
For sinne I drinke this cup of deadly paine.

Marke 14.34.
Luke 22. 44.
Marke. 14.35.
Luke 22. 42.

IT was the custome of our louing Iesus, to ascend vp oftē vnto the *Mount Oliuet, which was distant the space of a mile from Ierusalem, that he might pray.* There also was a Towne named *Gethsemani, where there was a Garden, situatted on the Mountaines, into the which, beloued Iesus was accustomed to en-*

ter, ſpecially at night time, with his Diſciples to pray.

Wherefore after he had ended his glorious and bleſſed Supper, and alſo his ſweet and cõfortable exhortations made to his beloued and faithfull Diſciples, hee reſorted towards this place, late in the night, accompanied with them.

Here (oh my ſoule) behold thy Ieſus, looke vpon that innocent Lambe, which goeth of his owne accord to the ſlaughter.

Take a view of his Diſciples which follow him, hauing their faces pale with feare, their minds perplexed with doubts, and their hearts drowned with flouds of ſorrow.

Oh that thou mighteſt be ſo happie, as to haue a little taſte of the ſweetneſſe of his words, and to haue ſome reliſh

liſh of his comfortable Admonitions, which hee made by the way to his ſorrowfull Diſciples, to refreſh their fainting ſpirits, and to eſtabliſh their doubtfull mindes.

What plenty of bitter teares did the Apoſtles powre down by their cheekes, when they ſaw and heard their Lord and Maſter ſpeaking ſo gently vnto them? Hee propounded vnto them (as I ſuppoſe) all things which hee had done with them at his laſt Supper, and the words he had ſpoken vnto them, and alſo after what manner hee ſhould be deliuered to death that night.

Behold, his Diſciples amazed at his wofull words, and hearing with attentiue eares, the ſweet admonitions of their carefull Maſter: They all gaue heedy attention to euery word that came out of the mouth of their be'oued

Lord, communicating ſo gently with them.

Oh wofull ſeparation! oh lamentable departure! Now a moſt kinde and louing Maſter ſhall be ſeparated from his beloued Diſciples, a wakefull Shepheard from his harmeleſſe ſheepe, yea, a louing Father from his beloued Children.

What maruell is it then, if their mirth be changed into mourning, their ioy into ſadneſſe, and their ſolace into ſorrow? They knew well by experience, how ioyfull, how pleaſant it was to remaine with their beloued Ieſus, and to enioy his bleſſed ſocietie: therefore they had good cauſe to be amazed with ſadneſſe, and to be wounded with ſorrow, for the loſſe of their louing Redeemer.

Oh what pittifull words (as I ſuppoſe) what lamentable

table voices did they vtter, ſaying; Wilt thou leaue vs (our moſt gracious Maſter) like ſilly Orphanes depriued of comfort? Wilt thou leaue vs in a Sea of ſorrow without a Pilot?

Where ſhall wee hope for conſolation? where ſhall we ſeeke for helpe in thy abſence?

And as they could not refraine themſelues from ſorrow, ſo hee their moſt louing Shepheard was readie to giue them ſweet comfort, chearing vp their drooping mindes, with aſſured hope of his powerfull helpe, and comforting their ſorrowfull hearts with his neuer-failing promiſe of his euerlaſting loue; telling them, that although he were *abſent* from them in *bodie*, yet he would alwayes be *preſent* with them, by his *holy Spirit*.

I thinke our moſt mercifull LORD could not containe

his teares, he had ſuch tender compaſſion towards his ſorrowfull Diſciples, ſo kinde was his affection towards them, ſo great was their reciprocall loue towards him.

Cleaue thou alſo (oh my ſoule) to this moſt holie and heauenly companie, and follow thy Lord, weeping and ſighing, ſorrowing and lamenting for him which goeth to die for thy tranſgreſſions, and to be ſacrificed for thy ſinnes, ſay vnto him faithfully, *Lord, I will follow thee whereſoeuer thou goeſt, I am readie to goe with thee into priſon, and to death.*

Now alas, (oh my louing Ieſus) thou doeſt arme thy beloued Diſciples with ſpirituall weapons, and doſt labor by comfortable exhortations to expell cowardly feare out of their hearts, and to ſettle a conſtant courage in their doubtfull mindes, that they might

might not be diſmayed in the day of perill; nor falſifie their Faith for dread of any worldly affliction.

But moſt wicked *Iudas* was buſied to furniſh the Iewes with deadly weapons, that they might wrongfully apprehend thee, and cruelly condemne thee to a ſhamefull death.

What damnable deed haſt thou done, thou deteſtable Traytor? What infernal Phrenſie poſſeſſed thy minde? What helliſh furie peruerted thy vnderſtanding?

Thou didſt leaue a moſt gentle Maſter, ſitting at the Table with his Diſciples, friendly eating, and familiarly talking with them (the King of heauen, and ſoueraigne Lord of the whole earth) who was able to haue made thee partaker of his eternall kingdome, where thou migh-

teſt haue liued in happineſſe without meaſure, and ioy without end: and thou didſt follow the Diuell, who led thee to the *Iewes*, to bargaine with them, to betray into their hands thy gracious Lord and bountious Maſter.

And as thou haſt beene obedient to his will, ſo ſhalt thou be partaker of his reward, who abideth in the priſon of euerlaſting darkeneſſe, tormented in the fire, whoſe flame is neuer ſlaked, nor ſhall euer be extinguiſhed.

But now (oh my ſoule) let vs leaue damned *Iudas*, a fearefull ſpectacle for all horrible Traitors, and let vs returne to innocent IESVS, entring into the Garden with his Diſciples; where hee exhorted them to watch carefully, and to pray earneſtly, that they might not fall into temptation, nor runne into danger.

Here

Here my Sauiour begann to taſte of the bitter Cup of ſorrow, and to feele the pangs of humane affliction, his ſpirits wearied with heauineſſe, and his minde tyred with ſadneſſe, ſo that he craued comfort of his Diſciples, ſaying: *Can yee not watch with me one houre?*

Stay here (oh my ſoule) ſtraine forth teares from thine eyes, and throng forth ſighes from thy heart: draw neere, and expreſſe thy compaſſion towards thine afflicted Ieſus.

Behold how his countenance is changed, and his face conered with paleneſſe, he is ſcant able to vtter in words, the ſorrow of his heauy heart. And what doth hee ſay? *My ſoule is heauie, euen vnto death.*

Thy words (oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus) doe not a little amaze my minde, and affright my perplexed thoughts. For, what

what doeſt thou feare? why art thou touched with ſorrow? why art thou preſſed with heauineſſe? From whence (oh my louing Lord) doth ariſe the cauſe of thy ſadnes? doeſt thou feare any imminent danger? Doſt thou dread the puniſhment which thou art about to ſuffer?

But for what other thing (oh ſweet Lord) didſt thou come into the world? For what other end (moſt bleſſed Sauiour) didſt thou aſſume fleſh vnto thee in the wombe of the bleſſed Virgin, but that by thy death thou ſhouldeſt deſtroy our death, and ſaue that which was loſt?

What benefit had we reaped by thy birth? how could we haue reioyced for the happie day of thy bleſſed Natiuitie, if our *condemned ſoules* had not beene redeemed to life by thy moſt precious death?

death? If thou (oh my louing IESVS) hadſt refuſed to die for mee, who ſhould haue ſatisfied for my ſins? what could haue cured my loathſome Leproſie, but the drops of thy Bloud? What could reſtore mee to life, but thy innocent death?

What did moue thee to dye for mee, but thy exceeding mercie? whereas (my louing Sauiour) thou wert ſubiect to feare, and heauie with the terrour of death: there appeared vnto vs the veritie of thy Humanitie, not exempted from the paſſions of our nature, yet alwayes free from the infection of ſinne, and cleare from the ſpots of iniquitie.

Wherefore wee may the more boldy bee moſt earneſt Sutors vnto thee, to obtaine thy ſuccour in the time of our neceſſitie, and to call for thy ſweet mercie in our bitter miſerie,

miſerie, becauſe wee are aſſured, that thou in thy Humanitie, haſt had a ſenſe of our ſufferings.

Behold alſo now, my ſoule, his faithfull and ſorrowfull Diſciples! looke vpon them, and view what ſtore of teares doe fall from their eyes; heare what pittifull ſighes and grieuous grones doe come from their hearts, while they ſee their louing Maſter vexed in his bodie, and afflicted in his ſoule, ſuffering the wrath of his Father for the guilt of our ſinnes. After my louing Ieſus had told his ſadfull Diſciples the heauineſſe of his ſoule, preſſed with the ponderous waight of our ſinnes, he departed from them about a ſtones caſt, and kneeling on the earth, prayed vnto his heauenly Father, ſaying: *My Father, all things are poſſible to thee; if it be poſſible, remoue this Cup from mee,*

mee, yet not my will, but thy will be done.

Learne here (oh my soule) of thine afflicted Sauiour, where to seeke a salue for thy wounds, and from whence thou maist hope for help, when any fearefull danger doth hang ouer thy head, or any present anguish torment thy heart, powre forth thy prayers in his holy Sanctuarie; let thy deuotion ascend vp to him, that his benediction may descend downe vpon thee: learne alwayes to submit thy wish to his will: for if it be not his will to deliuer thee, it will be his will alwayes to comfort thee, if thou continue thy prayers with perseuerance, and attend his appointed time with patience.

Consider how thy Sauiour prayed three times, vttering the same words, when his pangs in his Agonie were so grieuous,

grieuous, and his paines ſo dolorous, that his ſweate ranne downe like drops of bloud: ſo heauie was the diſpleaſure of his Father againſt him for our ſinnes, ſo great was the burden of our iniquities impoſed vpon his ſhoulders.

But in the extremitie of his paſſions, and ſorrow of his ſoule, his heauenly Father ſent downe an Angell from heauen to comfort him: for the Lord will neuer leaue them forſaken in their ſorrow, that call vpon him faithfully: he hath commanded vs to call vpon him in our trouble, and he will deliuer vs; and as he hath commanded the one, ſo will hee neuer faile to performe the other.

Draw me (oh my louing Lord) to the Garden where thou wert, that I may ſee thee praying, and ſuffer with thee

in

in thy afflictions: call me and ſay, *Come into my garden, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe:* make haſte, oh my Soule, to come to thy Beloued, becauſe thy *Beloued is gone vp into his garden, to his bed of ſpices, that he may feede there, and gather Lillies.*

Let vs conſider, oh my Soule, and meditate attentiuely vpon all things which our Ieſus hath done, let vs ruminate his ſeuerall actions, which may afford vs conſolation, and tend to our inſtruction. For we may take many examples from our louing Maſter, which ſhould euermore be propoſed before our eyes, that wee might alwaies imitate them in the courſe of our life.

Thou ſeeſt how our moſt gentle Maſter hath commanded his Diſciples to linke their hearts together with the bands of true loue, and to arme themſelues with patience a-

gainſt

gainſt the daies of danger, when he went to the mount *Olivet* to pray. Wherefore being about to enter into a fearefull fight, to beginne a dangerous battell, and to encounter many deadly foes, hee animateth his courage, and armeth himſelfe with prayers.

Learne thou alſo by this his example, in the day of thy tribulation, and houre of thy affliction, to haue thy ſpeedy recourſe vnto Prayer: Wee can finde no better weapon wherewith to offend our foes. Wee can vſe no better ſhield wherewith to defend our friends.

Thou ſeeſt alſo, my ſoule, how thy Sauiour Ieſus preparing himſelfe to Prayer, did leaue the companie of his Diſciples, and he onely ſelected three out of his number, ſo that they three which before had

had beene ſpectators in *mount Tabor*, of his *glorious Transfiguration*, might now be *companions* and *eye-witneſſes* of his *grieuous Paſſion*: that *in the mouth of two or three euery word might be eſtabliſhed.*

Learne thou alſo to leaue the ſocietie of men, when thou doeſt addreſſe thy ſelfe to talke with God. When thy Sauiour did pray, he aſcended vp into a mountaine, to teach vs, that although our bodies doe remaine vpon earth, yet our cogitations ſhould mount and ſoare vp into heauen by the wings of deuout prayer: he powred forth the compaſſion of his heart: he being a good Shepheard doth diligently watch ouer his flocke: the extremitie of his owne paſſions doe not make him forgetfull of his Brethren.

Oh great loue! how conſtantly, euen vnto the end, did he

he tender and loue the *little flocke of his faithfull Disciples*, being indeede their moſt kind and louing Paſtor, when in the moſt grieuous fits of his heauy Agonie, and greateſt pangs of his Paſſion, he was carefull to procure their reſt, in that little time which was limited vnto them!

Teach me (my mercifull Ieſus) not onely to be tender-hearted towards my poore Brethren, in the bright dayes of my flouriſhing *proſperitie*, but breed alſo within my bowels, ſuch a feeling compaſſion towards them in the hard time of my *clowdie aduerſitie*, that I may not onely wiſh mine owne eaſe, and labour for mine owne cauſe, but alſo that I may bee mindfull of others afflicted, and doe for them what I may, which are in the like wofull caſe.

Attend alſo to the lowly demea-

demeanour and humble geſture of thy gentle Lord, when hee prayeth, who *kneeling meekely on his knees*, and *falling flat on the earth with his face*, *Luke* 22. 41. *Mark.* 14. 35. doth plainely diſcouer by the ſubmiſſiue humiliation of his bodie, the ſincere humilitie of his minde.

Oh great, worthy, and wonderfull humilitie! when as he being equall and coeternall with God, doth proſtrate himſelfe to the earth, when he prayeth his Father, as though hee were a moſt baſe and wretched creature, and ſubmitteth the iſſue of his Petition, to the pleaſure and will of his Father.

Oh how ſhould I learne to humble my ſoule, and proſtrate my body, which am indeed nothing elſe but a ſinke of ſinne, and an *vnſauorie lumpe of iniquitie*! When I addreſſe my

my ſelfe vnto holy prayer, and come to put vp my petition to a God of ſuch infinite glory, ſhould I not caſt downe my high lookes; ſhould I not curbe mine *aſpiring thoughts*; ſhould I not lay aſide my *proud attyre*, and put on the *mourning garment* of *ſorrowfull* and *true Repentance?*

Oh how ſhould I which am but duſt and aſhes, yea, indeede nothing elſe but a very maſſe of grieuous miſery, humble and caſt downe my ſelfe, when I approach to ſpeake to ſuch a *glorious Maieſtie?* I confeſſe I muſt ſtand aloofe off with the poore Publican, terrified with the horrour of my ſinnes, which lye ſo heauie vpon my head, that I cannot lift vp mine eyes vnto heauen. Teach me (oh Lord) for none but thou can teach me to learne this hard leſſon of true humilitie. This is

is the Ladder by which my prayers must ascend vp vnto thee, and thy Graces descend downe vpon mee: I cannot enter into the Palace of thy most ioyfull and *glorious Eternitie*, vnlesse I passe thorow the straite dore of selfe-debasing humility.

But now (oh my soule) turne thine eyes from thy Sauiours humility, and take a suruey of his bitter pangs in his grieuous Agonie; whose heart was inflamed with heate, and all the parts of him so vexed with paine, that *streames of sweate, mixed with drops of blond, ranne downe from his sacred bodie*, Luke. 22. 44. Oh would my head might be turned into a fountaine of teares, and my bowels melt with tender compassion in this my sorrowfull meditation, when I thinke vpon the dolorous pangs, and dolefull paines,

paines, which preſſed drops of bloud out of the innocent fleſh of mine afflicted Iesus.

Oh how was thy bodie pained? how was thy mind perplexed? how were all thy ſenſes tired in this great worke of our Redemption? How heauie is the weight of my ſinnes, that diſſolueth the bleſſed bodie of my Lord vnto ſuch a wonderfull ſweat? How is the *beautie of thy face*, which the *Angels* doe behold with *ioy and gladneſſe*, changed with redneſſe, through exceſſiue heate? how immoderately is it moiſtned with ſhowers of watriſh and bloudie ſweate? Thou didſt but ſpeake the word, and thy Word was a worke at the firſt Creation, *Gen.* 1.3. But now I ſee thee ſweating, toyling, yea, thy heart aking, while thou art acting the worke of our Redemption.

Oh

Oh wretched man, why am I ſo careleſſe of the health of my ſoule, when it coſt thee ſo deare a price to redeeme it? What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I doe (my good Ieſu?) my heart is as hard as Iron, and my bowels no ſofter then braſſe: I haue no ſenſe of tender compaſſion, nor any feeling of ſorrowfull compunction: mine eies are as dry as the Pumiſe ſtone, I cānot ſhead one teare, to weepe for my ſinnes, which were the ſource of thy ſorrow, & the cauſe of thy paſſion. Indeed, my heart ſhould diſtill drops of bloud, and mine eyes ſhould trickle downe teares, when I meditate in my minde on the intolerable paines which thou didſt ſuffer to ſatiſfie the Iuſtice of thy Father for my grieuous ſinnes, and to ſaue my guiltie ſoule. Oh how can I excuſe; nay rather, how ſhould

I but excuſe my wretched and vile ingratitude?

Where ſhall I hide my head for ſhame? Where ſhall I ſhrowd my ſelfe from thy preſence? My conſcience is a continuall witneſſe againſt me, that I am an vncleane and polluted creature: I may not, I dare not approach vnto thee, vnleſſe thou waſh me in the ſacred Lauer of thy precious bloud, for then I dare and may appeare before thee.

Wherefore, haue mercie vpon me, ſhew me ſome pittie, my compaſſionate Iesus: giue me a *Fountaine of teares, that I may weepe for my forgetfulneſſe towards thee all the day, and water my bed for mine vngratitude, with my weeping, all the night*: and ſo deepely imprint in my minde, the paines of thy Paſſion, that I may account all the time ill ſpent, and the day quite loſt, wherein I doe not

not meditate on them: teach me to imitate thee, my mercifull IESVS, that with bended knees, and an humble heart, I may make my earnest prayer before thee: inspire my minde with thy holy Spirit, and then teares of true Repentance shall flow from mine eyes.

Send thy Angell (oh Lord) to bring mee consolation in the distressefull time of my tribulation, for thou hast ordained them to assist vs in our prayers, and to comfort vs in our sorrow.

And as thy Angell appeared to comfort thee, *Luke* 22. 43. so also thou wilt neuer faile to send thine Angell to comfort vs, if wee pray vnto thee with true humility of minde, and sue vnto thee with hearty sorrow for our sinnes.

Instruct mee also, after thine example, (my blessed

Saviour) not to despaire of thy mercie, although it be long before I receiue any comfort.

Thou didst pray three times, before thou hadst any consolation in thine Agonie, or any answere from thy heauenly Father; and as the fiercenesse of thy grieuous Passion was augmented, so the feruencie of thy most holie prayer was increased, *Mat.* 26. 44. that by thy patience, our courage might the better bee cheared, and our Christian Magnanimitie more firmely resolued to tolerate Famine, Nakednesse, Persecution, or any affliction whatsoeuer, with constancie and meeknesse: building our hope vpon the firme rocke of a stedfast resolution, that wee shall eyther haue deliuerance out of trouble, or comfort in our tribulation, all in good time, day, houre, yea,

minute

minute and moment, which the Lord hath appointed.

It is thy owne worke, it is thy onely mercy, my mercifull Sauiour, to corroborate our mindes, and confirme our hearts, with this constant and Christian resolution.

Wherefore I beseech thee for thy bountifull mercy, for thy mercy is my onely merit, to work such a resolute constancy in me, that in the bitter brunts of affliction, I may depend vpon thy wakefull prouidence, and wholy submit my selfe vnto thy diuine will, knowing that nothing can happen to thy Children, but that which thou hast determined to be most expedient for them, whether they liue at rest in prosperitie, or be tryed like gold in the fire of aduersitie.

A Meditation how Iesus arising from Prayer, went to meet *Iudas*, and of the multitude which came to apprehend him, and how *Peter* cut off one of their eares.

MED. VII.

Math. 26.47. *The Prince of peace, the Lambe of God betraid:*

Math. 26.49. *Expos'd to murd'rers, by a traytours kisse.*

Math. 27.3. *Iudas restores the price the Priests had paide:*

Math. 27.5. *Despairing hangs himselfe. Traitors, marke this.*

AFter IESVS had receiued consolation by his Prayer, he went forth to meet false-hearted *Iudas*, who had sold him for a prey to the bloud-thirstie *Iewes*, for he knew that the time did approach, and that the houre drew neere, wherein he should *glorifie his heauenly Father, and* accom-

accompliſh the wonderfull worke of our Redemption.

Here (oh my ſoule,) the firſt matter of our Meditation, is the monſtrous ingratitude of a graceleſſe Diſciple towards his gracious and louing Maſter: how odious is his deed vnto my thoughts? how doth his helliſh madnes torment my minde?

Oh that my tongue might be more bitter then gall, to exclaime againſt the diſſembling hypocriſie of ſuch a deceitfull Diſciple: and my ſpeech more ſweet then hony, to proclaime the ſingular ſincerity of ſo louing a Maſter, that our ſoules might abhorre the infidelity of the one, and our hearts, for euermore, imbrace the faithfulneſſe of the other!

Oh thou moſt wicked wretch, thou wretched, ſtubborne, and obſtinate Traitor,

thou *Childe of the Deuill*, thou *Sonne of perdition*, what furious malice hardened thy heart?

How wert thou brought to such raging madnesse? how could the light of thy reason be so darkned? how couldest thou be so grosly seduced, that thou should'st betray thy most louing Master, and my most gracious Lord?

Was there no sparke of grace left in thy brest? had impudence so blinded thine eyes, and cruelty taken such sure possession in thy heart, that nothing could change thy bloudy minde, and stay the rage of thy franticke moode, wherewith the Deuill had bewitched thy soule, and poisoned thy affections?

Thou goest about in thy monstrous madnesse, and vnbrideled fury to kill the immortall Lord, who is Truth it selfe,

ſelfe, to direct vs; and Life it ſelfe to quicken vs: and to bring him to the ſlaughter, who onely is able, and none but hee, to bring all men to death, and to reſtore all men to life.

Tell me (I pray thee) thou wicked and fooliſh mad-man, wert not thou alſo, as well as the other Diſciples, with the Lord IESVS, when he *reuiued the mayden which was dead*; when he *cured the Sonne of the Ruler*; when he *raiſed* Lazarus *out of his graue*; when he *cleanſed the Lepers*; *healed the man ſicke of the Palſie*; *deliuered them which were poſſeſſed with Deuils*; when he *made him to ſee, which was borne blinde, and reſtored many others to their ſight*?

Tell me, I pray thee, had hee beene able to haue done theſe miracles, if God had not beene with him? What *Egyptian* darkneſſe had blinded thine

eyes, that thou couldest not see his *diuinity*? what *Ignorance* had *blinde-folded* thy *vnderstanding*, that thou couldest not know him to be the Sonne of God by his admirable workes? Where wert thou, when at two sundry times, he fed a great multitude of people, with a little bread and a few fishes?

But to let these mercifull and miraculous workes passe, which hee did for others; why did not those gracious and charitable deeds which hee performed toward thee, so moue thy minde, that although thou hadst imagined, yet thou mightest not haue practised thy *horrible intended mischiefe* against him?

Remēber, thou most wretched creature, and vngratefull Disciple, how thy humble Master washed thy feete, *Iohn.* 13. 5.

How

How ſhould this wonderfull humility of ſo great a Maſter haue humbled thy minde, being ſo baſe a Seruant? Remember how hee alwaies extended the tokens of his loue to thee, as hee did to the other Apoſtles, yet no kindneſſe could reſtraine thy wicked will, nor change thy couetous minde.

Conſider, thou moſt vngratefull and cruell Traitor, how often my louing Ieſus did mildely admoniſh thee, that thou ſhouldeſt retire from thy wicked purpoſe, whoſe all-ſeeing eye was able to penetrate into the darkeſt corners of thy heart, and to ſearch the ſecrets of thy inward bowels.

It might haue checked thy guilty conſcience, when hee ſaide (after hee had waſhed his Diſciples feete) *Yee are cleane, but not all: Iohn* 13. 11.

And

And againe, *I speake not of all of you, I know whom I haue chosen, Iohn* 13.18.

But although these generall reprehensions were motiues of small moment, to mollifie thy stonie heart, yet hee spake vnto thee particularly, saying: *Doe that quickely which thou art about to doe, Iohn* 13.27. Didst thou not clearely see, that hee knew thy inward thoughts, and the secret plot of thy wicked counsell?

And who but God, is able to know the secrets of the heart, and to discouer our hidden cogitations?

But was not thy heart as flintie as an Adamant, that it did not relent with sorrow? was not thy fore-head as hard as brasse, that thou didst not blush for shame? Were not thine eyes more drie then a rock, that they could shead no teares, when thy louing Ma-

ster,

ſter, and my beloued Lord, ſaid mildely vnto thee, *What Iudas, doeſt thou betray the Sonne of man with a kiſſe?* Luke 22. 48.

Oh great humility! exceeding meekeneſſe! moſt admirable clemencie of my Sauiour Ieſus! Yet neither the mildneſſe of his words, nor wonderfulneſſe of his works could ſoften thy obdurate heart, or reclaime thy obſtinate minde, oh thou pernicious Traitor! My Sauiour called him *friend*, *Mat.* 26. 10: whom hee knew to be a direfull foe, that the meekneſſe of the name, might haue a little calmed the furie of his nature: but the Diuell had ſowed ſuch naughtie ſeede in the furrowes of his couetous heart, that hee became a wicked guide, to deliuer his louing Maſter into the hands of his bloudie enemies, who hating his *innocent*

life,

life, had longed for opportunitie, to put him to a cruell and shamefull death.

Tell mee, thou damned *Iudas*, what brought thee into such an hellish Phrensie, that thou didst complot with the bloudy Iewes to betray thy gracious Lord with a token of kindnesse? Had thirstie Couetousnesse so inflamed thy minde, that thou didst run head-long to sell thy soule for a little piece of monie.

If thou hadst come like a foe, thy crime had not beene so haynous, nor thy cruelty so odious: But thou like a coozening hypocrite, didst cunningly maske thy deadly hate with the vizard of counterfeit loue.

Thou didst salute my louing Iesus with no friendly, but a deadly kisse, that with this token of peace and kindnesse, thou mightest cast a myst before

fore the eyes of his faithfull Diſciples, that they might thinke thou hadſt nothing to doe with thoſe wicked perſons who came to apprehend their Lord and Maſter: thou thoughteſt thou hadſt complotted ſo cunningly, and contriued thy matters ſo carefully, that all ſhould haue beene hidden in darkneſſe, and no man haue knowne thy damnable practice, but onely the curſed crue of thy confederates: but the Deuill, who was the author to allure thee to this miſchiefe, did beguile thee with a deceitfull imagination, and ſo he will doe all others that follow thy crooked ſteppes, and walke in thy curſed waies. Such luggling hypocriticall trickes may oftē be hooded from the dim ſight of men, but they can neuer be hidden from the al-ſeeing eye of Almighty God: thou cameſt with

with a word of peace in thy mouth, when thou didſt pretend nothing but warre in thy heart: thy ſpeech was as ſoft as Butter, but thy inward thoughts were more ſharp then a Raiſor: thou didſt preſume to offer a Traitors kiſſe, *Mat.* 26. 49. to my bleſſed Sauiour, when thy lips were full of poiſon, and thy throate an open Sepulcher: thou cameſt like a ſubtle Foxe to ſalute him with a word of health, when thou wert a *wicked guide to a band of cruell Souldiers, who meant him nothing but hurt*; ſo ſtrong was the deſire of filthy lucre to hale thee to miſchiefe, ſo eager was thy greedie appetite to bite at this pleaſant baite, that thou couldeſt not ſee the killing hooke. For when thou didſt ſell the precious life of thy louing Maſter, thou didſt giue thy *damned Soule* to the *Deuill*, to be tormen-

tormented with him for euer, in the fire which flameth continually, and burneth ſo extremely, that the paines of the leaſt ſparkle of it are more then intolerable: wherefore, my ſweet Ieſu, ſo mollifie my heart, & moderate my minde, which am thy moſt vnworthy Seruant, that I may not giue ſuch direfull and deadly kiſſes vnto thee, which art my moſt kinde and louing Maſter. And grant vnto mee by thy gracious clemencie, that I may offer vnto thee the ſweet kiſſes of loyall Obedience and conſtant Loue, that my Soule may ſay vnto thee, *Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth*, Cant. 1, 1. *for thy loue is better then wine.* Runne (oh my ſoule) and neither let the baites of terrene pleaſure, nor the brunts of worldly ſorrow hinder thee in thy way, when thou go'ſt to kiſſe thy ſweet and louing Ieſus.

Ieſus. But firſt of all kiſſe his bleſſed feete, and *bathe them*, as *Mary* did with the teares of true repentance, ſighing and groaning with ſenſe of thy ſinnes, that the comfort of his mercy may be extended vnto thee, when ſuch welcome tokens of thy loue are beſtowed vpon him. Proſtrate thy ſelfe (oh my Soule) on the earth, that thou maiſt ceaſe to be wretched. Imbrace the feete of thy IESVS, pacifie them with thy teares, who ſpared not to powre forth bloud out of his *feet*, *hands*, *heart*, and *ſide*, to clenſe thy pollution, and to waſh away thy ſinnes: ſo that after thy ſorrowfull contrition, thou maiſt heare him pronounce vnto thee, the ioyfull word of ſaluation; ſaying, *Thy ſinnes are forgiuen thee.* And now my Soule, after wee haue fallen downe before the Lord in true humility, and haue powred

powred out before him the teares of an vnfained contrition: let vs ariſe with a comfortable heart, to kiſſe his bleſſed hands. And then doe we kiſſe his gracious hands with a reuerent and lowly heart, when our mouthes are filled with his worthy praiſes, for his bountifull benefits freely beſtowed vpon vs, proclaiming his wonderfull mercie, and diſclaiming our vnworthy merit, whoſe hand hath raiſed vs vp out of the mire, and hath aduanced vs to euerlaſting honor. Laſtly, after wee haue reuerently *kiſſed* his hands, wee may more boldly approach to kiſſe his bleſſed mouth; to behold the glorie of our Creator, that the bright beames of his countenance may illuminate our obſcure vnderſtanding, and that his ſweet *breath* may ſo inſpire our ſoules, that all our cogi-

tations

tations may be conſonable, and our actions conformable to his moſt holy will.

Shew vs the light of thy countenance, oh my louing Ieſus, and then our hearts ſhall be filled with gladneſſe, and wee ſhall be ſatisfied with the abundance of thine euerlaſting goodneſſe: for to ſee the beautie of thy face, is our chiefeſt felicitie, and to be baniſhed from thy face, is our endleſſe miſerie. *Therefore kiſſe the Sonne leſt he be angry, for if his wrath be kindled (yea but a little) bleſſed are all they that truſt in him, Pſal.* 2. 12. Thou haſt heard, oh my ſoule, how traiterous *Iudas* betrayed my innocent Ieſus: conſider the crueltie of the one: wonder at the mildeneſſe of the other.

Oh that all treacherous perſons and bloudie-minded Traitors might haue a view of deſperate *Iudas*, ſtrangling himſelfe

himſelfe with an Halter; that the horror of his curſed death vpon earth, and the terror of his continuall paines in hell, might ſtay the rage of their furious mindes, and manacle their bloudie hands: For although deſperate *Iudas* was ſo tormented with horror of a guiltie conſcience, that hee could haue no peace in his fearefull thoughts, nor chuſe but crie in his tormenting miſeries, depriued of all hope of comfortable mercie, I *haue ſinned in betraying the innocent bloud*, *Matth.* 27. 4. and could finde no other medicine to cure his deſperate maladie, but the helpe of an halter, being his owne Hang-man, to ſhorten his woefull dayes vpon earth, that hee might make the more haſte to abide euerlaſting torments in hell: yet there are many, whoſe hearts are ſo ſore infected with his vene-

venemous humour, and their thoughts ſo poiſoned with greedy deſires of vnlawfull gaine, that they make no conſcience to betray their Prince and Country, to prooue diſobedient and cruell to their naturall Parents, and faithleſſe to their deareſt friends: yea, to ſell Heauen, their ſoules, and themſelues, for a baſe piece of money: but woefull is their inheritance which buy Hell for their purchaſe. Yet let mee not ſo bitterly inueigh againſt the monſtrous fact of curſed *Iudas*, that I forget the mildeneſſe of my mercifull IESVS, who did not rate and reuile him, calling him in name (as hee was indeede) a damnable Traitor, ſaluting his Maſter with a kiſſe as a token of his loue: but (alas) it was onely to betray him.

My patient Sauiour Ieſus called him by the name of a friend,

friend, *Mat.* 26. 50. whom hee knew to be a deadly foe, that the mildneſſe of the name might haue bred remorſe in his heart, but that the Diuell had taken full poſſeſſion in his minde, and ruled powerfully ouer his thoughts.

But why did my louing Sauiour vſe ſuch affable words to ſuch a deteſtable Traitor? It was to teach mee to repreſſe mine affections from raging furie, when any of his wicked brood lie in waite to take away my life, and ſecretly ſeeke to contriue my death.

Teach mee, my Ieſus, to imitate thy patience, when my courteſie is rewarded with cruelty, when ſuppoſed friends proue faithleſſe, and when my kindneſſe is recompenced with bad words, and rewarded with worſe deedes. Thou haſt willed vs to *bleſſe them that curſe vs*, and to *pray for our perſe-*

perſecuters, *Mat.* 5. 44. But our fleſh is wayward, and it cannot away with this doctrine, wherefore I beſeech thee my gracious Lord, to lend me thy helping hand, it is thine owne worke to conforme my minde to thy bleſſed will, that I may be made obſequious and obedient to thy ſacred Law.

But now (my Soule) turne aſide thine eies from hatefull *Iudas*, to looke vpon louing *Peter*, who beganne to be touched with the heate of true loue, when hee ſaw his Maſter attached by the hands of his enemies, and did boldly obiect his owne life vnto danger, that hee might deliuer his harmeleſſe Maſter out of perill, and that hee might performe in deede that which a little before he had profeſſed in word, *Mat.* 26. 35. *Ioh.* 18. 10. As his loue was much, ſo his courage was great in the defence

defence of his dearely beloued Maſter, hee regarded not the multitude that came againſt him, hee reſpected not how well they were armed, his true heart dreaded no danger.

But ſo ſoone as hee ſaw his dread maſter Iudaſly betraied, and cruelly apprehended by his malicious foes, he drew out his ſword and laid about him, and cut off *Malchus* his eare.

Thy loue was ſtrong, louing *Peter*, although thy ſtrength was feeble, to reſiſt ſo manie, ſo ill-minded, and ſo well armed: I cannot but commend thee for thy loue, although thy louing Maſter doth not praiſe thee for thy deede; thou didſt ſhew a token of thy feruent loue and affection, although (alas) he ſtood not in neede of thy weake protection: my louing Sauiour came to fulfill the will of his Father,

to suffer death; yea, to suffer a cruell and shamefull death on the crosse, that we might be restored to life, be freed, and delivered from the curse.

It was the feruencie of thy loue, that had inflamed thy aged heart with courage, thou couldest not hold thy hands, when thou didst see thy beloued Master so violently apprehended, so currishly handled, and haled to the slaughter.

For whosoeuer (my louing Sauiour) hath his heart knit vnto thee with bands of true loue, hee dreadeth no danger for thy sake, but will be more willing to forgoe his life, then to leaue his true Loue. But thou didst not desire (my louing Iesus) nay, thou didst not allow that *Peter* should shew his manhood, or attempt by any force to rescue thee out of the hands of thy cruell

foes: thou didſt diſcloſe vnto thy faithfull Diſciples, the dangerous daies that were to come, and tell them of the bitter afflictions which were to enſue, and that they ſhould be like Sheepe ſcattered without a Shepheard. But it was not that they ſhould arme their bodies with weapons, but their heads and ſoules with patience. So indeed the loue of thy Apoſtle was full of zeale, but yet it was barren and void of knowledge, who had beene often forewarned that thou ſhouldeſt ſuffer a cruell and ſhamefull death, to fulfill the Scripture, and do the will of thy Father.

Wherefore (oh my moſt merciſull Ieſus) ſo inflame my heart with thy loue, that I may freely confeſſe it with my mouth, & ſo performe it with my heart, that I may not onely be prepared to loſe my li-

berty, but to forgoe my life for the name of my Lord Ieſus, who is bleſſed for euer.

A Meditation how the Lord Ieſus taken and bound, was led to *Annas* his houſe, where he was buffeted, and how all his Diſciples fled from him, *Iohn* 18.13.

MED. VIII.

Iohn 18. 13. Iohn 18. 12,20. Iohn 18.24. Math 26.67. Mark, 18.22.

To Annas *firſt is Chriſt in fetters led.*
From thence to Caiaphas, where he beaten is,
And ſcourg'd, and mockt, ſpit on, and almoſt dead;
All which h'endur'd to bring vs vnto bliſſe.

SO ſoone as falſe-hearted *Iudas* had ſaluted his faithfull Maſter Ieſus with a deadly kiſſe, the hard-hearted Souldiers laid violent hands vpon my kinde Sauiour, and did cruelly

cruelly binde him.

Oh vngentle cords! oh cruell hands, and curſed hearts, that did binde my Lord Ieſus!

Come hither therefore (oh my Soule) and with inward ſorrow of heart, and with weeping eies, lament with tender compaſſion for the curriſhneſſe in words, and cruelty in deedes, vſed againſt thy mercifull Sauiour, which patiently ſuffered ſo many bitter words and cruell blowes, for thee and thy ſinnes: for it was now the houre of darkneſſe, and they beganne to act with their mercileſſe hands, that which was conceiued in their malicious mindes, reuiling him with blaſphemous ſpeeches, and afflicting his precious bodie with deadly blowes.

And thus they neuer ceaſed all that night long, both with their venemous tongues and villanous hands to torment

my meeke and patient Iesus.

Tell mee (my sweet Sauiour) what were the contumelious words, what were the outragious deedes which thou didst suffer of those dogged Souldiers, when they had laid their tormenting hands vpon thee?

For truely, *the wicked rose vp against thee, and the Synagogue of the mighty, they sought thy life, and set not God before their eyes.*

They compassed thee about like Bees, and burnt with furie against thee, like fire among the Thornes.

Oh let some spectacle of their barbarous crueltie be presented vnto mee, that mine eyes may waxe dim with weeping, that my heart may be wounded with sorrow, and all my senses afflicted with mourning: for my guiltie conscience doth tell mee, that my sinnes

sinnes were as fewell to kindle their rage, and mine iniquities, like wood to maintaine the fire of their furie.

Behold, Oh my Soule, with attentiue deuotion of minde, and with store of teares flowing from thine eyes, how furiously they rush vpon thy louing Sauiour, and how cruelly with their bloudy hands, they torture and vexe his blessed body.

One tuggeth him by his garment, another haleth him by the armes: one taketh hold of his necke, another pulleth him by the haire: and lest he should get from them, they binde him, and drag him like an vntamed Bull to the shambles.

Oh most meeke Lambe! Oh most milde sheepe! how currishly, how cruelly art thou handled like a wicked theefe?

Yea, was euer any common theefe ſo inhumanely and ſhamefully vſed, although his life was odious, and his deedes neuer ſo deſperate?

Some hale him on this ſide, ſome thruſt him on that ſide, ſome buffet him on the face, others thumpe him on the backe: After they haue reuiled and railed againſt him with moſt opprobrious words, they paſſe from diuelliſh words, to deadly blowes, ſo that they neuer ceaſe by word nor deede to grieue and vexe mine innocent Ieſus, but imployed all the faculties of their minde, and all the forces of their body, to doe him all hurt, who neuer meant them any harme.

I am not able to tell thee, my ſorrowfull ſoule, one halfe of the odious words, nor one moity of the horrible deedes which thoſe damned wretches vſed againſt thy harmeleſſe and

and louing Sauiour: my tongue doth falter for griefe, and my speech doth faile mee for sorrow, for all of them bitterly curfing him, and cruelly beating him, void of all mercy, and raging with hellish furie, they hale him (like a most innocent Lambe) to the slaughter:

And amongst all that cursed crue, there was none so soft-hearted, that either would pitty the woefull case, or speake in the cause of my gracious Lord.

Oh how should mine eies haue beene watered with teares, and my heart haue beene wounded with sorrow, to haue seene my mercifull Iesus so vnmercifully abused, so ignominiously and hatefully misused, whiles they hurry him in their madnesse, and hale him in their fury towards Hierusalem? *who went as an in-*

nocent Lambe, among a company of deuouring Wolues, not once opening his mouth to reproue them for their barbarous cruelty, but did willingly sustaine the extremity of their malice, with a patient minde, sometime haled by one, and sometime thrust forward by another, thinking the time long, till they might bring him where they would haue him: so greedy was their desire to doe a bad deede, and they made such post-haste, to hasten the death of the Lord of life.

Oh my most sweete Iesu, what hast thou done? What hast thou deserued, that thou shouldest endure the sting of their malice, and abide the tempest of their madnesse?

Verily, my Lord, thou didst neuer offend them in thought, but thy exceeding loue did moue thee to suffer all things with patience, that thou mightst

mightst redeeme mee a most wretched sinner, and all others, that with a contrite heart and a broken spirit, sue vnto thee for grace, hauing an assured hope in thy blessed Word, and confidently beleeuing in thy gracious promises.

I am that woefull man, which haue beene the occasion of thy torments, and the cause of thy grieuous Passion. *The wicked man hath sinned, and the righteous is punished. The guilty hath trespassed, and the innocent is tormented. The vngodly hath offended, and the godly man is condemned.*

Oh my most louing Lord, *I haue eaten a sowre grape, and thy teeth are set on edge.* I haue committed the trespasse, and thou hast suffered the punishment.

Blush therefore (oh my soule) for shame; smite thy heart for sorrow: let thine eyes be dissolued into teares, and sacrifice

ſacrifice thy ſelfe vpon the Altar of true repentance, becauſe thou haſt beene ſo forgetfully vngratefull towards thy louing IESVS, for his maruellous kindneſſe, and ſo exceſſiuely vnmindfull of his excellent loue.

Oh my (good Ieſus) what ſhall I render vnto thee, for thy great bounty? What ſhall I yeeld vnto thee, for thy gracious mercy?

I haue nothing, O Lord, *thou knoweſt my pouerty; I acknowledge my needy neceſſity:* I haue confeſſed my moſt haynous ſinnes and grieuous offences before thy face.

I haue not hidden mine vnrighteouſneſſe out of thy ſight.

Wherefore (oh my moſt bountifull Lord) ſupply that by thy infinite liberality, which is wanting by reaſon of my vile ingartitude: And thou which

which vrt onely able, create a thankfull heart in me, thy poore vnworthy seruant, that it may euermore be delighted with the remembrance of thy goodnes, and still be ioyfull with the sweet meditation of thy mercies.

But now, oh my Soule, meditate a while, how sodaine feare had quailed the loue of the Disciples of my distressed Sauiour. For being terrified with his vnexpected and cruell apprehension, and dreading their owne danger, they fled away, *leauing their Lord & beloued Master, Marke* 14. 50

Then thou mightest truely say (oh most sweet Iesus) *They which saw me, fled from me, I am forgotten as a dead man out of minde.*

And againe, *Thou hast put my friends, my neighbours, and acquaintance farre from mee.* Also, that was verified which the

the Prophet had fore-told, *All my friends haue forsaken mee, and they that lay in waite, haue preuailed against mee: He whom I loued, hath betrayed mee.* For so wert thou left alone, my louing Iesus, and they which were neere vnto thee, made haste to be gone, and would tarrie no longer with thee.

Consider further, oh my soule, the disciples of my Sauiour flying for feare, and lamenting with sorrow, when they saw their most beloued Master *traiterously betrayed, ignominiously abused, and led like an innocent Lambe to the shambles.*

Attend to their sighing and groning, to their weeping and moning, for loth they were, to leaue so louing and so well beloued a Master.

But why should feare of danger haue bin so violent, or dread of death so strong, as to pull them from so deare a friend?

friend?

They profeſſed they would remaine conſtant, and that no affliction ſhould abate their courage, but their words proued no deedes, and all was but vaine preſumption: Selfeloue of their owne ſecurity, made them forſake their diſtreſſed Maſter in his captiuity.

But tell mee, bold hearted *Peter*, why didſt thou like a coward forſake thy faithfull Maſter? Didſt thou profeſſe ſo much, and performe ſo little? Was thy manhood ſo ſoone quailed, when thou waſt put to thy triall? I know thou didſt ſhew ſome ſigne of courage, and thou beganſt to play the man, when thy Maſter was firſt apprehended, but it was but done in a fit of thine anger, and thy heate was ſoone cooled: thy promiſe great, and thy performance little: when

when thou wert in mount Tabor,& ſawſt but ſome beames; yea, rather ſome ſparkles of the eternall glory of thy bleſſed Maiſter, then thy ſenſes were ſo rauiſhed, and thy minde ſo amazed, that thou diſt cry out, *Bonum eſt eſſe hîc*, *Mat.*17.1.*Marke* 9.2.*Luke* 9.28. It is good to be here, let vs build three Tabernacles: but now thou doeſt not ſay, *Bonum eſt eſſe hîc*: It is good to tarry here with my poore diſgraced Maſter.

Say thou didſt loue thy Maſter well: yet it appeareth thou didſt loue thy ſelfe better:oh why diddeſt thou make ſuch a vaine oſtentation of thy courage, and yet afterwards ſhew thy ſelfe ſuch a coward?

But take heed, oh my ſoule, that thou doſt not ſo vehemently inueigh againſt faint-hearted *Peter*, and the reſt of his fearefull fellowes, that thou

thou forget thy selfe, and passe thine owne infirmity.

Wee all loue Christ, when our *cups may ouerflow with wine, and our bellies be filled with the finest wheate*: but the heat of our loue is quickly cooled, if but a small blast of stormy persecution doe bluster against vs.

We all desire to dwell with him, as did rauished *Peter*, when his eyes were dazeled with the beames of his glory, appearing vnto him on Mount Tabor:

But all of vs fly from him, or follow him a-loofe-off, when wee see him going to Golgotha: we dare presume to say with forward Peter; *Lord, if all leaue thee, I will not forsake thee*, *Mat.* 26. 33. *Marke* 14. 21. *Iohn* 13. 37. But alas, when we come to the tryall, we are ready to flie and leaue the field, at the first alarme.

We could all be content to

eate

eate pleasant hony, and to feede our selues with sweet milke: but our mouthes are filled with *murmuring*, and our hearts with *grudging*: the time is *long*, and the iourney *tedious*, while wee trauell in the wildernes of this world towards *heauenly Canaan*, *Exod.* 17. 2.

Alas, were the Disciples of my Sauiour so fearefull at the first encounter, who had beene so often fore-told of that day, and had beene so well instructed by their louing Master, to arme themselues against the assaults of affliction?

Then how can I poore worme boast of my strength, & vaunt of my manly courage? How should I hold out vnto the end, when such *stout Souldiers* begin to shrinke at the beginning of the battell?

I know mine owne imbecillity, my *powerfull Lord*, I confesse mine infirmity, I feele my heart

heart quake, and I perceiue my courage to quaile, so soone as I see but a darke cloud of affliction, and stand in dread of euery storme of persecution.

Strengthen my heart, oh Lord, with *Christian Fortitude*, that my mind may not be dismayed with feare, nor my senses drowned with the streames of *immoderate sorrow*, whensoeuer I must drinke of the bitter waters of affliction for profession of thy name, or feele the pricking thornes of persecution in my sides, for the confession of thy truth.

Teach me to take vp my crosse, and to follow thee, and that I may not be ashamed of this noble badge of true Christianity.

Instruct me to know that affliction is the lot of thy Children, and that thou wilt haue their Faith tryed in the fiery furnace: and grant mee (oh Lord)

Lord) ſuch a plentifull meaſure of thy quickning grace, that although my fraile fleſh beginne to tremble, and my weake heart to faint at the firſt aſſault of danger, and I ſeeke a corner to hide my head in, in the time of trouble, yet that I may not fly ſo farre from thee, but that I may quickly returne to thee as *Peter* and *Iohn* did, who loued, and were ſo dearely beloued of thee, and as the reſt of thy Diſciples did, after thy glorious reſurrection, and in the ſorrowfull time of calamitie, trouble and perſecution, ſo mitigate the dolour of my paſſions, that I may endure all extremities with Chriſtian patience, knowing that all the afflictions of this world are but momentany, and that the ioyes prepared for the faithfull after this life, are innumerable, and ſhall endure eternally.

Now

Now let vs leaue the ſorrowfull Diſciples, and come to our louing Ieſus, who being bound, was preſented to *Annas* by the wicked Iewes, who examined him concerning his Diſciples, and concerning his doctrine, *Ioh.* 18. 19. And although the humility of my Sauiour was great, and his modeſtie no leſſe in returning a gracious anſwere vnto him: yet *Malchus* (whoſe eare he had a little before reſtored, which *Peter* cut off) gaue him a blow on the face, ſaying, *Anſwereſt thou the high Prieſt in that manner? Iohn* 18. 22.

Here, my ſoule, thou haſt good occaſiõ to eate thy bread with *teares*, and to mingle thy drinke with *weeping*, when thou doſt meditate of this cruell blow, giuen by a moſt wicked vngratefull wretch, to my *innocent Ieſus.*

And

And here thou maiſt admire at the incomparable mildneſſe, and wonder at the wonderfull patience of my gentle Sauiour, who did modeſtly beare ſo great an iniurie, that he gaue not him an euill word, who had done him ſuch a *cruell deede*, but ſaid to him mildly: Friend, *if I haue ſpoken euill, beare witneſſe of euill: but if I haue ſaid well, why ſmiteſt thou mee?* *Iohn* 18,23. Oh how great was thy humility alwaies, my good Ieſus? how exceeding was thy patience in all things euen vnto death?

But what ſhall I ſay, oh thou barbarous and vngratefull wretch. how ſhall I ſpeake bitter enough of thy mōſtrous cruelty, which didſt ſmite him on the face contrary to all humanity, who of his owne accord did ſpeedily heale the hurt, and ſalue the wound which his Diſciple had giuen thee?

thee? Oh monſter amongſt men; vnworthy of any pittie, whoſe name ſhall be odious to all that are good, when they heare of thy crueltie! Behold, oh my ſweet Ieſus, what plentifull matter is offered vnto me, to breed a ſerious meditation in my minde, and to engender a ſincere *compaſſion* in my heart, when I remember (oh that I could continually remember it) what *clemencie*, what *calamity*, what *benignity* thou haſt vſed towards me, what *calamity*, what *indignity* thou haſt ſuffered for mee: for thou wert ſo *treacherouſly betrayed*, ſo *wrongfully apprehended*, ſo *iniuriouſly bound*, ſo *curriſhly haled*, ſo *cruelly tormented*, and ſo *vnmercifully beaten* for the ſinnes of my guilty ſoule. But I pray thee, my mercifull and gracious Ieſus, that as thou didſt yeeld thy ſelfe a captiue to the Iewes, ſo

ſo thou wilt grant me thy grace to *ſubiugate* all my ſences to doe thy bleſſed will, and to keepe them in true ſubiection, to obey thy holy law, and that I may *captiuate* all my *vnderſtanding*, to performe the duties of thy happie ſeruice, which ſhall *redeeme* me from *bondage*, and bring mee an *euerlaſting freedome*, as thy faithfull Apoſtle hath taught mee.

A Meditation how the Lord Iesus was led from the house of *Annas*, to the house of *Caiaphas*, and also of the derisions, rayling speeches, and cruell scourging done vnto him there by the Iewes.

MED. 9.

To Caiaphas *house (where Scribes assembled are,*
And Priests, and Elders,) Iesus Christ is led:
After, to Pilate, *where he meekely bare*
Their scoffes, & thorny Crowne vpon his head.

Math. 26.57. Mark. 14.55.
Iohn 18. 28,29.
Iohn 19.2.

AWake now, (oh my Soule,) sleepe no longer in the bed of wanton sensuality, driue away drowzinesse from thine eyes, and carelesse loathfulnesse out of thy minde, and turne thy selfe

wholy to thy moſt ſweet IESVS, *diſdaineſully deſpiſed, ſcorneſully derided, cruelly tormented, & vnmercifully ſcourged.* Oh how ſhould thy heart be fraughted with ſadneſſe, and thy minde be filled with ſorrow, when thou ſhalt finde thy Lord thy God ſubiect to paines and afflictions, blowes and reproches? For hee was *whipped* all the *night*, and hee was *chaſtized* in the *morning*.

Therefore let thine eyes waxe *dimme* with *weeping*, let thy *ioy* be turned into *mourning*, and the voice of *melody* into wofull *lamentation*; when thou doſt meditate vpon the *ſorrowfull miſeries*, and *ſcorneful reproches* which thy innocent Sauiour did ſuffer for thy ſake.

Let all vaine cogitations, and idle thoughts be chaſed out of my minde, by which it may be fondly diſtracted, and vainely ſhiuered in this

godly

godly Meditation, so that it may be wholy reflected towards thee, and thinke vpon nothing but thee, my most mercifull Iesu.

Let it thinke vpon the *contumelious reproches, odious raylings*, and *grieuous blowes*, which thou didst suffer, being vnder the hands of the wicked Priests, as a harmelesse Sheepe amongst rauenous Wolues, or in the midst of deuouring Lions.

And grant mee, oh my sweet Lord, that while I ponder these things in my minde, teares of true repentance may fall from mine eyes, and sighes of vnfained sorrow arise from my heart, to bewaile the horrour of my sinnes, which were as cruell tormentors to afflict thy body, and as sharpe pointed needles, to enter into thy tender flesh.

Lastly, let vs meditate deuoutly

uoutly (oh my ſoule) how my kinde Ieſus was poſted ouer vnto *Caiaphas*, after hee had beene derided and buffeted in the houſe of *Annas*.

Behold how this innocent Lambe was haled to the ſhambles, by the hands of thoſe bloudie Butchers!

Behold thy beloued Ieſus, brought with his hands bound before *Caiaphas* the high Prieſt, enuironed with a great multitude of Scribes and Phariſes: all cry out againſt him: the baſe people raile vpon him with vile and odious words: banning and curſing him for his bleſſed deeds, they maliciouſly accuſe him, & wrongfully charge him, but their teſtimonies were found to be falſe, and their witneſſes vntrue.

Truely thou maieſt ſay that which the Prophet ſpake of thee, *They deliuered mee into the hands of the vngodly, and they*

they caſt mee forth among the wicked, and they haue not ſpared my life. The ſtrong were gathered againſt me, and they ſtood like Giants againſt me.

But although their demeanour towards thee (my louing Sauiour) was without al pietie, and their words and deeds without all pittie, yet thou didſt not open thy mouth, to vtter any word of reproofe, but thou didſt heare their ſpitefull taunts with patience, and anſwere their malicious calumniations with ſilence: and therefore the high Prieſt began to be diſpleaſed: and riſing vp from his ſeate, asked thee in his anger, why thou didſt not anſwere to thoſe things which were obiected againſt thee? *Mat.26.62.*

Attend (oh my ſoule) and conſider the vnſpeakeable mildeneſſe of my ſweet Ieſus, how patiently, how humbly

hee holdeth his tongue, as one that were dumbe, and could not ſpeake, & remaineth as one that were deafe, when they reuile him in their madnes, and raile vpon him in their furie, ſuſtaining with patience their falſe calumniations, and forged obiections.

And therefore his wonderfull patience did make them more mad, and his ſilence did the more exaſperate them in their furie, when they ſaw him ſo meekely to diſgeſt the venome of their virulent tongues, & ſo mildely to ſuffer the blowes of their violẽt fiſts, ſo that being tranſported with choller, beyond the limits of modeſtie, and carried with rage beyõd the bounds of reaſon, they belched out ſuch impious and clamorous ſpeeches againſt him, *Haſt thou no tongue, thou moſt wicked wretch? Behold, art thou dumbe, and canſt*

not

not speake one word? What is become of thy babling? Where are thy *long discourses*, and *plausible speeches*, which thou didst make to the multitude in the Temple, and to the seditious people in the streets?

Then thou wert full of words, and thy tongue did not cease to prattle, when multitudes did flock after thee throw the Cities, and when the base people did swarme after thee, through the villages and desarts.

And art not thou hee which preaching to the rude multitude in the Temple, and pleasing their giddie humor with thy long orations, was so impudent to inueigh against vs, *Pharises*, *Doctors of law*, and Rulers of the people, calling vs hypocrites? checking vs rudely for our Manners, and reproouing vs rashly for our Doctrine, neither *respecting* the

dignitie of our persons, nor *dreading* the *force* of our *authority*?

Now behold, wee haue thee sure enough, thou canst not escape our hands, thou art bound for feare of starting, we are no babes, to be wonne with faire words. Now we haue thee, thou wretch, as thy wicked deeds haue deserued, such shall be thy recompence.

Wee are none of the rude and base multitude, thou canst not gull vs with thy *flattering speeches*, nor beguile vs with false *apparitions*.

Suppose (oh my wofull soule) that thou doest heare the cruell Iewes, *bellowing* out such bitter taunts against my *harmeless* and *innocent Iesus*, in the heate of their rage, adding more cruell deeds, to their cruell words, for all of them like mad-men rush vpon him in their violent furie:

Some

Some thumpe him with their hands, ſome ſpurne him with their feete, ſome ſtrike him on the neck, and as their hands were nimble to load him with blowes, ſo their tongues were not idle, from *rayling and reuiling* him with *ſcornefull words.*

Oh how *wonderfully* is my Lord *derided*, how *vnworthily* is hee *ſcorned*! Yea, ſome (ſo barbarous was their mindes, and ſo brutiſh was their manners) to ſpit in his face: Who euer did ſee ſuch groſſe inhumanity? who doth not abhor ſuch *beaſtly inciuility*? They all ſtriue who ſhould doe him moſt hurt, and contend one with another, to doe him moſt miſchiefe, ſeeking by *ſpightfull words*, to vexe his minde, and cruell blowes, to wound his body.

Oh my louing *Ieſus*, how bitter are their ſpeeches, direfully breathed out againſt thee?

How terrible are their practices, ſo bloodily inflicted vpon thee?

Why are not my vitall ſpirits damped with woe? why are not mine eyes drowned in a flood of teares? and why is not my ſoule ouer-whelmed with the waues of ſorrow, in this my ſadde Meditation of thine afflictions, and deuout contemplation of thy humane miſeries?

Wherefore guſh forth, oh yee teares, from the inward fountaine of my heart, and ouerflow mine eies with your plentifull ſhowres.

But art thou made of flint, Oh my hard heart, that thou doeſt not breake into pieces? Is thy ſubſtance of marble, that thou doeſt not cleaue aſunder, when I meditate vpon theſe curſed inuectiue reproches, and wicked deeds, done to my innocent Ieſus, by the ſtony-

ſtony-hearted Iewes?

Alas for mee, a moſt wretched ſinner, that my Lord ſhould ſuffer ſuch great and grieuous affliction for my ſake, and yet, that I ſhould ſtill remaine ſenceleſſe in my ſinnes, and haue no remorſe of conſcience for my hainous offences!

Haue mercy vpon mee, moſt mercifull Lord, becauſe I call all theſe things to minde, and haue them in my meditation: but for want of true loue, I am depriued of true deuotion, and my hard heart is without all ſenſe of ſorrowfull contrition. Therefore wound my heart, my louing Ieſus, that I may be grieued with thee, and ſuffer for thee, that thou maiſt vouchſafe to ſhew me mercy, and that I may with more boldneſſe approach vnto thy Maieſtie. Thou wert humbled, and

and I disdaind my brethren with pride: Thou wert *pinched* with hunger, and I surfeit with *abundance*: thou wert afflicted with *torments*, and I spend my dayes in *wanton pleasure*. Thou didst weepe, to thinke vpon the wofull *destruction* of *Ierusalem*, but I am not touched with any tender affection of mercy, when I see thousands oppressed with miserie.

I can finde no place, my sweet Iesu, to hide my face from *confusion*. I can finde no remedie for my *deadly malady*, but in the vertue of thy comfortable mercy.

Oh cure my disease with this excellent medicine, and salue all my wounds with this precious Balme, that all mine affections may be so kindled with loue, that I may *reioyce to suffer*, and suffer with *reioycing*, for thy [illegible]

name, who wert content to bee *scorned* and *scourged*, to be accounted as an abiect amongst the vile and wicked, that I might be raised out of the pit of *endlesse misorie*, to be *exalted* for euer with thee, in the Pallace of *eternall gloric*.

A Meditation how *Peter* denied his Master three times in the house of *Caiphas*, and of his weeping for the same.

MED. X.

Trembling with feare, caus'd by a silly Maid;
Once, twice, yea thrice, Saint Peter *doth deny*
His blessed Lord: 'Remembring what Christ said,
Goes forth, repents, and weeps most bitterly.

Iohn 18.17
Luk 22. 60, 61. Mark. 14.72. Mat. 26 75.

NOw let vs cease a while to meditate on my Sauiour, and consider how *Peter* carried himselfe in the afflictions of his Master.

He was loth to leaue him, because he did loue him, and therefore although at the first hee fled, yet hee returned

againe with the other Disciple, who by friendship brought him into the Palace of the high Priest: and as *Peter* stood there by the fire, a maide looked vpon him, and said to them that were by, *This man also was with Iesus of Nazareth.* But *Peter*, who not long before had made such great brags of his loue, was now so daunted with feare, that he flatly denied his seruice, saying, *I know not the man.* And a little after, another said vnto him, *Art not thou also one of his Disciples?*

So that now *Peter* was not content simply to deny him, but hee beganne earnestly to forsweare him.

Now within a while after, another came and said, *Verily, thou art one of them.* And then Peter began to curse and sweare, saying: *I know not the man whom thou speakest of, and* imme-

immediately the Cocke crew. And the Lord who ſtood not far off in the hands of the wicked, looked backe vpon *Peter*, not refuſing faint-hearted *Peter* to be his ſeruant, although he had denied, and abiured him for his Maſter.

Then Peter *remembred the words which Ieſus had ſpoken to him, and he went out and wept bitterly*, Mat. 26.

Now let vs ſeriouſly meditate on the frailty of *Peter*, that ſeeing ſo ſtout a Souldier ſo ſoone daunted with feare, we may take heed, not to preſume too much vpon our owne weakeneſſe, leſt we play the cowards, and ſtart backe as he did, when wee are put to our treall.

Conſider (oh my ſoule) the feruency of his loue, and greatneſſe of his feare, the willingneſſe of his minde, end weakeneſſe of his might.

I

I dare not ſay but that *Peter* did loue his Lord, and was ſorry for the diſtreſſed eſtate of his Maſter, although his heart fainted, & his ſtomacke failed in the time of danger: hee thought hee ſhould haue beene able to haue performed in deeds, that which he had ſo boldly boaſted in words: but alas, hee did not know his owne imbecillity, his eyes were blinded, that hee could not ſee his owne infirmity: the ſpirit indeede was willing, but the fleſh was weake.

He began to ſhew ſome courage when he drew his ſword, and cut off *Malchus* his eare, but alas, it was ſoone abated, and he fled from his Maſter, when hee ſaw him in the hands of his enemies, and ſurprized by his cruell foes. And albeit hee was ſo bold-ſpirited then, that hee durſt

durſt reſiſt a multitude of men, yet hee was ſo timorous now, that being terrified with the voyce of a Maide, hee did renounce his gracious LORD, and flatly denie his louing Maſter: ſo ſoone were his boaſting words turned into cowardly deeds, and the profeſſed conſtancy of his loue found moſt inconſtant in the of daytryall.

So we may note, that *Peter* preſumed hee was able to haue done great exploits while hee was with Ieſus, but we ſee the vigor of his courage was ſoone diminiſhed, and the heate of his loue cooled, when hee was ſeparated from his Lord Ieſus: ſo long as he did enioy peaceably his bleſſed ſociety, ſo long he dreaded no danger, he lined in ſecurity. In time of peace, he thought of no war: In time of calme weather, he feared no

no ſuddaine ſtorme: But when he entred into the houſe of the high Prieſt, where hee ſaw his poore Maſter ſpitefully derided, mocked, and cruelly ſcourged, then his courage was cooled, his haughtie words proued no deeds, and hee became a ſtarke coward.

Learne thou alſo (oh my ſoule) by the example of *Peter*, to loue thy Lord Ieſus, but ſo to loue him, that no affliction or calamity may compell thee to leaue him. But ſay with the Apoſtle, *who ſhall ſeparate me from the loue of Chriſt? ſhall tribulation or anguiſh? ſhall perſecution or hunger? I am ready not onely to be bound, but alſo to die in Hieruſalem for the name of the Lord Ieſus.* Learne likewiſe by the example of *Peter*, not fondly to vaunt of thine owne courage, or to boaſt of thy ſtrength: let the remembrance of his fall

fall, be as a bridle, to restraine thee from running headlong into the like fault.

Say not in the prosperous time of thine *abundance* (when all things succeede happily according to thy wish, and nothing falleth out contrarie to thy desire) *I shall neuer be moued*, lest afterward thou bee constrayned to change thy note, weeping with bitter teares for thy folly, and lamenting for thy *presumption*, with sorrowfull sighs: saying, *Thou didst turne away thy face from mee, and I was troubled.*

Teach me, oh Lord, to know mine owne weakenesse: open the eies of my vnderstanding, that I may see the *frailtie* of my *flesh*, and *fickleneſſe* of my minde, when any cloud of persecution doth appeare ouer my head, or any dread of future afflictiō trouble my heart.

I often presume with *Peter*, that I could goe to prison with thee, abide any torment for thy sake, yea lose my life for thy loue, my louing Sauiour: but (alas) I see by the frailty of thy beloued Disciple, that I should proue but a dastard, when I come to fight thy battell, and begin to seeke some *couertare*, to hide my head from danger.

For how can I boast of my *valour*, or bragge of my manhood, when as one of thy stoutest Souldiers, who had beene so long trained vp vnder thee, and had receiued so many encouragemẽts by thee, began to faint, at the word of so weake an enemie, that hee did deny the seruice of so good a Master, onely for feare, before he felt the bitternesse of affliction? What is man, that hee may boast of his strength, or be proud of his

his vertue, when the beſt is ſo vnable to performe a good action, that he is altogether vnable to conceiue a good motion?

Lighten thou (oh my gracious Lord) my darke and obſcure vnderſtanding, that I may not fondly runne into the ſnares of temptation, through a vaine confidence of my owne power, or through a fond preſumption of my owne ſtrength, ſeeing I am ſo weake, that I cannot conceiue any good thought in my heart, nor doe any good deede with my hands, vnleſſe thy diuine grace doe gouerne mine affections, and direct the courſe of my actions. But oh my moſt mercifull Sauiour, although the allurements of the flattering world ſhould ſo intice me, the pleaſures of the wanton fleſh ſo ouercome mee, and the feare of perſecution

cution so terrifie me, that I should be ashamed of thy liuery, and denie so gracious a Lord: yet vouchsafe, oh my sweet Iesu, to turne thy fauourable eies towards mee, that my faith may not vtterly faile, though it begin to quaile, and that thou wilt neuer leaue mee when I begin to shrinke from thee. Oh let me not presume of thy loue, nor despaire of thy mercy.

Let remembrance of thy words wound my heart, and awake my sleepie conscience, that my soule may be cast downe with true sorrow, and that I may weepe, yea weepe bitterly with sorrowfull *Peter.* Luk. 22. 62. for my sinnes, that I may be made partaker of the benefit of thy comfortable mercie, and obtaine remission of my grieuous transgressions, by true Repentance as he did.

Thou

Thou haſt left this example of the fall of thy louing Diſciple, recorded in thy holy word, not to animate vs to commit the ſinne of preſumption, but to comfort vs, that wee runne not into the pit of wofull deſperation, when wee are ouertaken with the like fault, and haue committed the like folly: therefore teach me (oh Lord) ſo to preſume of thy mercy, that I may alwaies ſtand in awe of thy Iuſtice.

I am not aſſured that thou wilt turne thine eies towards mee, as thou didſt towards him, ſo that my heart may be ſmitten with ſorrow, and mine eies ſtreame forth bitter teares of true Repentance, and that thou wilt receiue me into thy bleſſed ſeruice againe, as thou didſt him, after I haue denied thee to be my Lord and Maſter.

It

It was thy free mercy to afford vnto him ſuch an vnſpeakeable grace of thy extraordinary loue: he could pleade no worthineſſe of words, nor merit of workes to deſerue thy fauour.

But (oh moſt gracious Lord) if my guiltie conſcience doe at any time tell mee that I haue or doe commit the ſame offence, yet vouchſafe, that I may reſort to the euerlaſting fountaine of thy plentifull mercy, that there my thirſty ſoule may bee refreſhed with the ſweet waters of comfort, ſo that it may neither be drowned in the Sea of exceſſiue ſorrow, not wounded with the Darts of cureleſſe deſpaire.

Now conſider thou, (oh my ſoule) the place where *Peter* was, and the conditions of the people who were with him, when hee made ſuch a

tearefull defection from his gracious Lord, and failed in his loue towards his kinde and louing Maſter: He was in the Palace of the high Prieſt, *who ſate in councell* with the *Scribes* and *Phariſes*, againſt the Lord and his Anointed, amongſt a wicked crue of theſe cruell Miniſters, whoſe mindes were incenſed with furie, and hands armed with cruelty, to torment my innocent Sauiour.

Marke how ſoone he was infected by their wicked manners, how ſoone his ſoule was corrupted with their naughty conditions: for now he began to proteſt with ſwearing, and to affirme with curſing, that he knew not his louing Maſter, to whom not long before, hee had made a ſolemne vow, not onely to forgoe his liberty, for his cauſe, but alſo to loſe his life

life for his sake, *Luke* 22. 33.

Oh fearefull downfall of so great an Apostle! for if his louing Master, and mercifull Sauiour, had not beene more constant towards him in his loue, and tenderly compassionate towards him by his mercie, hee had neuer recouered himselfe, but had perished for euer

No man can touch Pitch, but hee shall be defiled: no man can tread vpon thornes with bare feete, but hee shall be pricked, nor any man hold his hands amongst fierie coales, but they will be burned. Euen so, no man can remaine amongst lewd persons, and conuerse in the company of the wicked, but his minde shall be stained with the spots of impietie: his conscience wounded with the thornes of sinne, and his soule made loathsome with the botches,

and blaines of iniquitie.

But ſo ſoone as my beloued Ieſus had turned his eies towards *Peter*, and with his lookes had awakened his *drowzy memory*, then perplexed *Peter* remembred the words of his Maſter, ſo that his heart being ſurcharged with ſorrow, and his eyes flowing with teares, he left that wicked companie, and went out & wept: yea he wept bitterly, *Luk.* 22.62. *Teach me, oh Lord, to leaue the dangerous ſocietie of the wicked: neither let mee deſire, or delight to dwell in the Tents of the vngodly*: Let mee alſo learne, by the example of thy ſorrowfull Diſciple, to goe into ſome ſecret place, and with-draw my ſelfe from the people, when I call my ſelfe to reckning for my tranſgreſſions, (but alas, I am negligent in caſting vp this account) and begin to ſorrow for my ſinnes, and

and to ſhead teares for my grieuous offences, that all impediments may be remoued from mine eies, and as much as is poſſible, all vaine and wicked cogitations out of my heart, when I come before thy preſence (oh Lord) to proſtrate my ſelfe before thee, in ſubmiſſiue humility, deſiring thee to paſſe ouer mine offences, and to forgiue me my ſinnes, through thy infinite mercy.

Then (oh my good Lord) ſo deepely wound my conſcience with horror of my deteſtable ſinnes, that I may offer vp a broken and contrite heart vnto thee, becauſe thou art alwaies well pleaſed with ſuch a Sacrifice, and it ſendeth vp a ſweet ſauour into thy noſethrils.

Now conſider (oh my ſoule) that as the treſpaſſe of *Peters* deniall was great, ſo his ſor-

row was grieuous : as the remembrance of his fall was *ſowre*, ſo the ſtreames of his *teares* were bitter : yet they were not ſo bitter vnto him for feare of puniſhment, as they were bitter, becauſe hee had denied ſo ſweet and ſo louing a Maſter ! the remembrance of his horrible ingratitude, was more bitter vnto him then gall, and more vnpleaſant then wormewood: his teares were bitter vnto him, in reſpect of his preſumption, who promiſed ſo much, & performed ſo little: & they were bitter vnto him, when he thought vpon the ſweet loue of his Maſter, and the great benefits hee had receiued of him.

And yet their bitterneſſe was mixed with ſweetneſſe, becauſe they were ſignes of his hearty ſorrow, & tokens of his true repentance, *for where*

true

true repentance goeth before, remiſſion of ſinnes alwaies followeth after, Ezec. 33. 19.

Thou ſeeſt alſo, that the lookes of the Lord did draw out teares from PETERS eies; Neither is it any wonder: for the eſes of the Lord were as a flame of fire, and the eies of *Peter* as Ice, which began to melt into teares, by the influence of their heat, as true tokens of his ſorrowfull, relenting, and penitent heart.

Oh happie are thine eies, my bleſſed Sauiour, which doe ſo warme the coldneſſe of our hearts, that they may bee able to haue ſome ſenſe of thy loue, and doe ſo illuminate our dimme vnderſtanding, that we may ſee our errours, and ſeeing, may ſigh and weepe for our tranſgreſſions. Oh how ſoone doe they diſſolue the Ice, and melt

the froſt of our hard hearts, and turne it into the waters of bitter lamentation, and ſorrowfull deuotion!

Oh my moſt bountifull Ieſu! Oh my moſt mercifull Lord, haue mercy vpon mee, pitty my wofull caſe, ſhut not the doore of thy compaſſion againſt mee, oh let me taſte of the ſweetneſſe of thy wonted clemency, which haue ſo often, ſo ſtubbornely renounced thee, through the peeuiſhnes of my will, ſo often denied thee by my wicked words, and moſt often forſworne thee by my wretched deeds.

Haue mercy vpon me, oh my moſt ſweet Ieſus, let the beames of thine eies make their reflection towards mee, that mine eyes may melt into teares, as the *rocke did guſh forth water, when Moſes ſmote it with his rod*, Exod. 17. 5. that

I may weepe for my ſinnes, and bewaile my tranſgreſſions, which haue ſo often refuſed thy ſeruice, becauſe I was loth to leaue the vanities of the wicked world, or to forſake the pleaſures of the wanton fleſh.

Heale mee (oh Lord) for I am full of ſores, and my bones doe rot away with corruption. Stay me vp (oh Lord) when my feete begin to ſlide, and lift me vp when I am downe: vnleſſe thou ſupport mee, I cannot but ſlide, and vnleſſe thou doe lift me vp, I cannot riſe againe when I doe fall: I can doe nothing without thee, thou onely doeſt heale thoſe that are bruiſed, and thou alone doeſt raiſe them vp that are fallen.

Therefore looke towards mee, and haue mercy vpon mee, for I am deſolate and poore.

Neither turne away thy face from me, but let thine eies be fixed vpon me. If thou wilt vouchsafe (oh my most kinde and louing Lord) to shew me this mercy, and to regard the wofull estate of mee a most wretched creature; then, oh Lord, I shall call my transgressions to remembrance, and mourne for my grieuous offences that I haue committed against thee.

Raise mee vp (oh Lord) out of my dead sleepe of careless security, as thou didst *Lazarus* out of his graue, *Iohn* 11.43,44. open the eyes of my vnderstanding, that I may see to tread in the paths of thy commandements.

Be thou as a strong Pillar, to support and stay me in my weakenesse, for I am so feeble, that I cannot stand without thy helpe, and euery moment I shall be ouerwhelmed, vnlesse

vnleſſe thy ſtrong hand doe ſupport me.

Let thy eyes (oh my louing IESVS) be euermore turned towards mee, that I may euery day returne vnto thee, by true and hearty repentance, ſorrowing for my ſinnes that are paſt, and endeuouring by thy grace to take better heed to my waies in time to come, ſo that I may doe that which is agreeable to thy ſacred law, and acceptable to thy holy will.

Oh my GOD, let thy ſeruant *Peter* his falling, put me in continuall minde to take heed to mine owne ſtanding, and his Repentance, arme me with ſtrong confidence in thy mercie, againſt deſperation. AMEN.

A Meditation, how Ieſus was ſent *vnto* Pilate.

MED. XI.

Math. 27.2. Mark. 15.1. Math. 27.14. Luk. 23.14.

Like an offender Ieſus Chriſt is bound,
And ſent to Pilate: Pilate *doth confeſſe*
That Chriſt is guiltles: Nothing could be fonnd,
To proue that Chriſt, their law did ere tranſgreſſe.

NOw let vs returne from weeping *Peter*, to meditate vpon my louing Ieſus, who remained all night in the houſe of *Cayphas*, where hee was *ſcorned* with *opprobrious words*, and *buffeted* and *beaten* wiah *cruell* blowes, no man ſpake in his cauſe, no man pleaded his caſe, hee ſuſtained their *iniuries* with meeke-

meekeneſſe, hee did beare their intolerable reproches with mildneſſe.

Now *in the morning, my innocent Ieſus was brought before the high Prieſt and others, who ſat in counſell, to examine him as a pernicious traytor, not worthy to liue, but worthie of a moſt cruell death.*

And after they had reuirled him with proud words, and haled him to and fro with cruell hands, they eryed out in their madnes, and roared out in their fury, He is worthie of death, let him be led bound vnto Pilate, *that hee may pronounce iudgement againſt him, to die a moſt ſhamefull and cruell death.*

Oh how was my ſweet Sauiour moleſted for my ſake! how was his ſoule afflicted for my ſinnes! I was the cauſe that thou wert conuented before the Councell of the high Prieſt, and my ſinnes did ſend thee to *Pilate.*

Oh

Oh let mee weepe in the morning when I awake out of ſleepe, and make my bed to ſwimme with teares, when I lie downe to reſt, becauſe I haue beene delighted with that, as my chiefeſt felicity, which cauſed thee to abide the bitterneſſe of all their crueltie, and will be the cauſe of mine owne endleſſe miſery, vnleſſe my wounds be healed, and my ſores ſalued with the precious balme of thy ſauing mercie.

Teach me, oh Lord, to ſuffer any affliction for thy ſake, with alacritie, and to ſuſtaine the malice of perſecution with cheerefull humillity, which ſhallbe by Satan raiſed againſt me, or by his inſtruments inflicted vpon me for thy cauſe.

Let the patterne of thy perfect humility, be alwaies placed before mine eyes, let the memory

memory of thy patience, neuer depart out of my minde. Oh ye wicked Iewes! Oh ye falſe accuſers! Oh ye lying calumniators! Oh ye periured wretches! How maliciouſly, how vniuſtly, how ſpitefully, how impudently doe yee accuſe my Lord? Ye raile vpon him, as if hee were a moſt damnable traitor; ye reuile and curſe him, as if hee had complotted ſome horrible treaſon, or inuented ſome notable miſchiefe, when as his hands were neuer ſtained with any euill action, nor his heart tainted with any wicked cogitation; his words were nothing but verity and truth, and there was no guile to be found in his mouth: who alone is good, the Author of goodneſſe, and the Fountaine of euerlaſting happineſſe.

Tell mee, ye deceitfull and ſpitefull accuſers, what euill hath

hath he done ? what wicked deed hath he committed? Enquire of them whom hee deliuered from the vncleane ſpirits wherewith they were miſerably tormented ? Aske the blinde whom hee had made to ſee ? Demand of the deafe whom hee made to heare ? Aske the Leapers whom he cleanſed, and the dead perſons whom hee reuiued ? let them anſwere your falſe accuſations, and ouerthrow the forged teſtimonies of your criminall obiections? Are ye ſo wilfull that ye will not acknowledge his mercie? are ye ſo blinde that ye cannot ſee his miracles ? If an vngodly man can performe ſuch mercifull deedes, then you may iuſtly accuſe him as a wicked doer, and condemne him as a dangerous malefactor. Thou ſeeſt my ſoule, what cauſe thou haſt to

to water thy cheekes with continuall teares, and to ouerwhelme thy heart in deepe ſtreames of wofull ſorrow, when thou doſt thinke vpon the afflictions of thy bleſſed Sauiour, and meditate on the curſed torments executed by the cruell Iewes againſt thy innocent Ieſus.

Was there euer any Traytor ſo execrable to men for his bloody deedes? or any vile wretch ſo odious for his vicious life, which ſuſtained ſo many opprobrious words, ſcornefull deriſions, bitter taunts, and grieuous torments, as the furious Iewes inflicted vpon my merciſull Ieſus?

Oh my bleſſed Sauiour and louing Redeemer, what did moue thee to ſuſtaine ſuch a heauie burthen of afflictions? what was the cauſe that thou didſt ſubmit thy ſelfe to ſo many miſeries? I know my moſt

moſt gracious Lord, it did flow from the fountaine of thy vnmeaſurable loue, in tendring the wofull eſtate of me a moſt wretched ſinner: and becauſe thou wert moued with the bowels of compaſſion towards me, a moſt forlorne and miſerable creature:

Thy exceeding loue was the cauſe of thy admirable humility; and thy vnſpeakeable mercy, the ſoueraigne medicine to cure my miſery: Therefore grant mee, my humble and lowly Ieſus, which am thy poore and moſt vnworthy ſeruant, that I may ſuffer any contempt with humility for thy cauſe, and endure any vile reproach with alacritie for thy ſake, eſteeming it my chiefeſt honour to bee ſcorned for thy loue, and accounting my ſelfe moſt happy, when I ſuffer any

any persecution for thy holy name.

Possesse my heart with true humility, that my thoughts may not thirst after vaine glory, nor mine affections hunt after worldly honour. For I know (oh Lord) that thou doest resist the proud, and that thou giuest grace to the humble: *Iames* 4.6. *Pro.* 15.25. and I know (oh Lord) that hee which desireth to ascend to the place of euerlasting glorie, must ascend vnto it by the steppes of humility; Therefore thou (which art onely able) teach mee that I may be truely humbled, so that my minde may not swell with pride in time of my prosperity, nor any ambitious thoughts find any harbour in my heart in the time of my peaceable tranquillity, that I may sing with the sweete Singer *David*, *It is good for me that*

that thou hast humbled me. And that I may more easily learne to leuell my thoughts by the rule of humility, inflame my heart with thy loue, for if my heart be incensed and kindled with thy loue, my desires will be ready to performe thy will, and I shall be chearfull to walke in thy wayes, which doest teach mee to be lowly in minde, and humble in heart.

A Meditation how *Pilate* caused Iesus to be scourged, and how afterward he pronounced sentence of death against him.

MED. XII.

Though Pilates *mouth did Iesus iustifie,* Luk. 23. 4, 14.
And Pilates *wife the like did testifie,* Math. 27. 19.
Yet scourg'd he is: therewith not pleas'd, they crie: Mat. 15. 15.
His bloud on vs and ours, him crucifie. Mat. 27. 25.

WHen PILATE had strictly examined my innocent Iesus, and could finde no cause why the cruell Iewes should so grieuously accuse him, but knew that they had deliuered him for enuie, and did spite him for malice: he was willing to haue set Iesus at liberty, but the furious Iewes

Iewes did ſo greedily thirſt after his innocent blood, and ſo eagerly deſired to haue him put to a ſhamefull death, that they cried out in a rage, and exclaimed in their fury: Set *Barrabas* at liberty, & crucifie Ieſus.

But when *Pilate* perceiued that nothing could calme the ſtorme of their rage, and repreſſe the violence of their madneſſe, but effuſion of his innocent blood, then he commanded that my harmeleſſe Ieſus ſhould be cruelly ſcourged, thinking that the ſtreams of bloud running downe from his ſacred body, would haue allaid the heat of their malice, and quenched the flame of their fury. But alas, it was his life that they onely ſought: nothing but his innocent death could ſatisfie their bloody mindes: yea, nothing but cruell death could tame their brutiſh rage, *Matth.* 26.

But

But ſtay here, my ſoule, that thou maieſt reuiew againe thy innocent Ieſus, accuſed vniuſtly, reuiled maliciouſly, ſpitefully ſcorned, and cruelly ſcourged by the commandement of *Pilate:* they crowned his head ſcornefully with pricking Thornes, and did teare his tender fleſh with their cruell whips. Oh my moſt louing Lord! oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus! mollifie my hard heart, that it may be wholy diſſolued into ſtreames of ſorrow, with the memory of thy bitter ſcourging, & that my ſoule may be moued, ſo that it may ſend forth deepe groanes at the meditation of thine affliction. Grant me, oh my moſt mercifull LORD, that my thoughts and affections may be ſo ſeriouſly affected with the remembrance of thy tedious Paſſion, that my ſenſes may be

be made partakers of thy grieuous paines, for I my ſelfe, moſt louing Lord, am nothing able to performe that indeed, which I doe deſire, and conceiue in my minde.

I doe oftentimes purpoſe with my ſelfe to meditate on thy Paſſion, and to thinke ſeriouſly vpon thine affliction, and to ruminate in my ſecret thoughts, what *ignominious* cruelty was acted againſt thee, whē thou didſt finiſh the worke of my redemption: But (alas) my ſenſes are repleniſhed with ſuch ſtupidity and dulneſſe, that I am not touched with any ſenſible compaſſion, becauſe my vnderſtanding is diſtempred with vaine and fond cogitations, and my heart is become ſo hard, that it is vnapt to conceiue any tender affection, while I meditate vpon the grieuous paines, and muſe on the great

great afflictions which thou didst sustaine, and patiently endure to satisfie the wrath of thy Father, due vnto mee for my sinnes. I cannot taste the sweetnesse, I cannot relish the goodnesse of thy passion, because the matter is tedious to my corrupted thoughts, and vnpleasant to my carnall desires. For so vnconstant and instable is my heart, so mutable and variable are the motions of my minde, that they are both soone distracted, alienated & diuorced from that heauenly meditation by swarmes of idle fantasies, and foolish cogitations. But from whence, oh Lord, doe these noysome weeds grow vp in my heart? How is it that they finde such a fertile soile in my minde? truely, because my heart is not planted with thy loue, nor my minde furnished with thy graces. For

I can neuer haue my fill of thoſe things wherein I take too much delight: my minde cannot be drawne from their ſocietie, becauſe they haue wonne my fauour, and haue gotten my loue. Wherefore, oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus, becauſe I loue thee ſo little, & dote vpon worldly vanities ſo much, my heart ſlideth away from thee, and mine affections are diuerted from thee; and I know, oh Lord, how prone and ready I am to conſent to euery wicked motion, and how impotent and feeble I am, to goe about any good action.

Therefore I pray thee, not to correct me in thy wrath, nor to proceed againſt mee with ſeuerity of thy Iuſtice, but to haue pittie on me a moſt miſerable ſinner, and to confirme my vnconſtant heart with a ſtedfaſt delight in thy loue,

loue, and to eſtabliſh my wandring minde, according to the multitude of thy mercies: ſo that no pleaſure, be it neuer ſo ſweet, may be able to allure me to leaue thy bleſſed loue: nor any tribulation, be it neuer ſo bitter, conſtraine me to forſake thy happie ſeruice: driue all idle cares out of my minde, and purge all corrupt thoughts out of my heart, and draw me wholy vnto thee, that I may remember with a deuout compaſſion, and call to minde with a ſerious meditation, how many, what great and grieuous torments, what ſcornefull derifions thou didſt ſuffer in thy moſt precious bodie, by the commandement of *Pontius Pilate*, who contrary to the equitie of thy cauſe, and teſtimony of his owne conſcience, *Iob.* 19. 4. commanded thee to be ſcourged without all

pittie, when as he himſelfe with his owne words had iuſtified thy innocency!

Oh what a flood of teares ſhould ſtreame from mine eies, what *groanes* and ſorrowfull *ſighes* ſhould ariſe from the depth of my heart? How ſhould all my ſenſes be ouer-whelmed with a ſea of ſorrow, when I meditate on the *flintie* hearts and cruell hands of thoſe tormentors, who ſcourged my louing Redeemer?

My heart cannot conceiue the *outrage* of their *tyranny:* my tongue is too weake to expreſſe their barbarous inhumanity: Who were as eager to lay *violent hands* vpon my poore Ieſus, as *rauenous Wolues* are greedy to *deuoure* a tender Lambe, or *hungry* Lyons to *ſeaze* vpon their prey.

They make haſte to vnbinde his

his armes, and to vntie his hands, but it was not done to releaſe him of his cruell bands, or to affoord him any little eaſe: but that they might ſtrip him of his garments, to ſcourge his naked body with their tormenting whips, and to make his veines ſpout out bloud with their cruell ſtripes.

Ah *ruthfull* ſpectacle to *pitifull* eies, and able to haue made a *deepe* impreſſion of *tender* compaſſion in their hearts; if they had not beene more hard then Marble! What *ſauage thoughts* ranged in their murdering mindes? What *monſtrous indignitie* was done vnto my louing Redeemer, to be ſtripped of his garments, and to ſtand naked before ſuch vile and baſe vaſſals, who cloathed the Heauens with exceeding glorie, and *adorned* the earth with

admirable beautie?

Now, when they had ſtripped him of his cloathes, they bound him to a piller, to endure their cruell ſtripes, hauing baniſhed pittie from their hearts, and imbraced cruelty with their hands: ſometime they laſh him on the backe, ſometime they ſcourge him on the breſt: Now they let their ſmarting whips flie on his ſhoulders, anon they ſtrike him on his armes: they ſuffer no part of his body to bee free from blowes, and they grieue his righteous ſoule with bitter words, whileſt yet they are executing their cruell deeds.

But what Tygers heart harboured in their breſt (oh my innocent Sauiour) which robbed them of grace, and they diſrobed thee of thy cloathes? What helliſh furie armed their hands which bound

thee

thee to a piller, and scourged thy blessed body? how exceeding execrable is their sauage crueltie? How rare and admirable is thy silent patience? It was I, it was I, oh my most sweet Iesu, which deserued to bee scourged with the whips of euerlasting torments.

And thou, my most mercifull Sauiour, looking vpon my miserable, wofull and distressed estate, with thine eye of pittie, wert willing to be scourged for me a most wretched sinner, and being innocent, to suffer for mine offences, that the streames of thy precious bloud, might wash away the filthy staines of my hainous sinnes: Alas, how is the wonderfull glorie, oh my most sweet Lord, of thy *superexcellent beauty*, decayed? how is the gracefull *decency* of thy *amiable feature* di-

miniſhed ? And how much is the *delighted comlineſſe* of thy moſt ſacred body diſgraced ? Oh let mine eies ſend forth a ſea of teares, and let my perplexed heart breake into pieces with exceeding ſorrow, to ſee my beloued Sauiour ſtained with his owne blood, and Leopard-like beſpotted with deformitie, who did farre excell all the ſonnes of men with his glorious beautie.

Now thou ſeeſt, oh my ſoule, how the ſnow-white skin of the body of thy Sauiour, is changed into a *bloody tincture*: Thou maiſt ſee, and ſigh when thou ſeeſt, how his tender fleſh is made blacke and blue with the cruell blowes which cruell tormenters inflicted vpon him, whoſe *ſtony hearts* had no ſenſe of his *grieuous paines*, when they ſaw with their eies (and yet alas they would not

not pittie his wofull caſe) how the blood ran out of his veines, as water floweth out of a fountaine.

Mourne and lament, oh my ſoule, ſend forth *deepe groanes* and *ſorrowfull ſighes* at ſo pittifull a ſight. For now thou canſt not ſay, *My beloued is white and ruddy*, Cant. 1.14. as ſometimes thou mighteſt: But rather ſay, *My beloued is blacke and blue*, his precious bloud guſhing out of his veines, and his tender fleſh mangled with grieuous wounds.

Who is ſo *cruelly minded*, and ſo *ſtony-hearted*, which cannot be moued to ſhead plentifull teares, when he vieweth my ſweet Sauiour Ieſus ſo *ſauagely abuſed* without any pittie, and ſo *ſpitefully taunted*, and maliciouſly tormented without any mercie?

Now when thoſe curſed

Tormentors had almoſt *tired* their hands, but yet not *tamed* the *cruelty* of their hearts, they cloath him with a veſture of purple colour, ſet a crowne of ſharpe thornes on his head, and put a Reed for a Scepter into his hands, calling him King in deriſion with their blaſphemous mouthes, whom they accounted more baſe then the meaneſt abiect in all the world, *Mat.* 27. 2. Is it poſſible for thee, my ſorrowfull ſoule, to keepe backe the tide of thy ſtreaming teares, when thou doſt meditate in thy perplexed minde, and as it were, view within thy *ſecret thoughts*, how cruelly thy harmeleſſe Sauiour was tortured by thoſe bloody tormentors: how ſpitefully he was *taunted*, and ſhamefully mocked by thoſe blaſphemous wretches?

There was no man, oh my ſweet

ſweet Ieſu, that did afford thee ſo much as a ſigne of pittie in thy greateſt paines: thou mighteſt not haue a Chirurgion to ſtanch thy bleeding wounds; no man ſought to eaſe thy ſmart, nor to bathe thy ſcourged body: no man offred thee a cup of water to refreſh thy fainting ſpirits.

Oh let ſhowres of teares trickle downe my cheekes, & let a ſea of ſorrow ouer-flow my heart, when I enter into a ſerious meditation of the grieuous paines, deriſions, and afflictions, which my innocent Redeemer patiently endured. Oh thē let mine eies ſend forth a flood of teares, becauſe my mercifull and louing Ieſus ſuffered all theſe *intolerable extremities* for mee, a moſt wretched ſinner, that he might pay the price of my *redemption*, & deliuer my ſoule from *euerlaſting* captiuity!

Oh

Oh how ſhould I, my bountifull Ieſu, ſound the bottomleſſe profundity of thy vnſpeakeable mercy?

And how can I ſearch the endleſſe depth of mine owne wretched miſery?

Touch my heart, oh Lord, by the vertue of thy holy ſpirit, and teach me by the ſacred documents of thine vnſearchable wiſdome, ſo that the affections of my heart may be faithfully allianced, and for euer affixed vnto thy immeaſurable loue, and my minde euermore imployed in the diuine meditation of thy holy law.

Inſtruct mee to lay vp in the ſtore-houſe of my *perpetuall* memorie, how many, how great and grieuous paines thou haſt endured for me. What ſhould I render vnto thee in *requitall* of thine *immeaſurable* loue? How ſhould

I

I be able to demeane my selfe thankefully vnto thee, when of my selfe I am so vile a creature, that I cannot thinke dutifully of thee? Wherefore open mine eies (oh my sweet Iesu) that I may see the inestimable riches of thy *bountie.*

Infuse thy working grace into my vnderstanding, that I may know and acknowledge the greatnesse of thy loue, and goodnesse of thy gracious benefits. Grant mee such a portion of thy grace, that in the *highest degree* of my *prosperitie*, I may meditate on thy pouertie, so that my minde may be brideled from *ambitious* thoughts, and my actions neuer transgresse the bounds of moderate humilitie.

And when I decke my body with costly attire, let me thinke of thy nakednesse, that it

it may asswage my swelling pride, and induce me to abate somewhat of my *superfluitie*, to cloath and relieue my poore brethren in their naked necessity.

And when my Table is furnished with delicate meates, and my cup filled with delicious wine, then, oh my louing Sauiour, let me remember thy hunger. Oh let me not forget thy thirst, that I may be sober in my diet, and temperate in my drinke, and remember to refresh poore hungry *Lazarus*, when he lieth crying and crauing at my gate.

When I enioy my libertie, let me thinke of thine imprisonment, that I may not let mine affections runne ryot, but tame their wilde motions, before they breake forth into desperate actions. Let not worldly pleasure haue such

ſuch ſoueraigne dominion ouer my peaceable thoughts, but that I may alwaies haue ſome taſte of the paines which thou didſt ſuffer for my ſinnes with patience, and ſuſtaine for my tranſgreſſions with ſilence.

Laſtly, let me neuer deſpaire of thy potent mercy, though by my owne merit I finde I haue deſerued nothing elſe but hell and damnation. Now that this bleſſed worke of thine excellent goodneſſe (oh my gracious Lord) may be effected in mee, make a deepe impreſſion of thy loue in my bowels, and ingraue the true character of thy kindneſſe on my heart, ſo that nothing may pleaſe my taſte, nothing breed my delight, nothing affect my deſires, but onely thou my King and God, my Sauiour and my Redeemer. Kindle the fire of thy

thy loue within my bones, that my ardent zeale may neuer be quenched towards my beloued Lord Iesus, who did willingly abide the curse, and die on the crosse to pay my debt, and to deliuer my soule out of the prison of eternall death.

But stay not here, my soule, turne thine eies toward thine afflicted Iesus, view him harmelesse and innocent, and see in what scornefull habit iniurious *Pilate* doth present him to the bloudy-minded Iewes: his body is arraied in a robe of purple: his cheekes bedewed with bloud, running out of the veines of his head, wounded with a Crowne of sharpe thornes: A ruthful spectacle, which might haue made their stonie-hearts haue melted with compassionate pittie.

But (alas) what can mollifie those

those hearts which are full fraughted with cruelty? think, oh my soule, thou doest heare *Pilate* that vniust and wrongfull Iudge, vttering these or the like words vnto muttering Iewes.

Behold, I bring him forth vnto you, that yee may know I can finde no cause to pronounce indgement against him, but because yee pretend some matter: Behold how I haue punished the man, to calme the tumults of your enraged mindes.

Looke vpon him with your eies, see how miserable, wofull, base, and contemptible he appeareth in your sight! You need not stand in feare that he will seeke to rule ouer you as a King: you may see his power is too weake to compasse a kingdome: you may see how bitterly hee hath beene scourged, scoffed at by

by the people, ſcorned of the multitude, rudely haled, and roughly handled by the Souldiers: you need not dread him as a man dangerous to the State: though he had a minde, yet he hath no might to raiſe vp any tempeſt of *ſedition*: Wherefore, yee may now ſet him at libertie, after hee hath beene ſcourged, without any feare of perill, and let him goe without any dread of danger.

But conſider here, my ſoule, that although vniuſt *Pilate*, contrarie to equitie of law, teſtimony of his owne conſcience, and ſentence of his owne mouth, had extremely puniſhed my louing Sauiour, and had authoriſed his baſeſt officers to vſe him at their pleaſure, and to abuſe him in their ieſting humour: And although their taunts were *bitter* without meane, their deri-

derisions intolerable without any sparke of modestie, and their torments excessiue without measure, yet none of them, nor all of them could once delay the furie of the hasty executioner, nor allay the heat and fierie hatred of the enuious cruell Iewes, kindled in their burning brests without cause against myinnocent Iesus: but although they saw him so deformed, so ignominiously disgraced, and grieuously afflicted, yet it could not satiate, no, it could not so much as slake the thirst of their bloody mindes: they were so farre transported beyond the limits of reason in their cholerick moode, and fretting without measure, to see his life prolonged the space of a moment, that they exclaimed in their madnesse, *Crucifie him, crucifie him*: his verie breath is odious vnto vs,

vs, *If thou let him goe, thou art not Cesars friend*, Ioh. 19. 12. Oh ye peruerse and peeuish nation! Oh yee wicked and viperous generation! was it not enough to haue stopped your clamorous mouthes, to haue mollified your flintie hearts, and to haue stayed your bloudie hands, when ye saw my meeke and kinde Sauiour so cruelly scourged curriſhly scorned, and pittifully tormented, as though he had beene a man dangerous to your State, and a pernitious foe to your countrie?

But although all those insupportable iniuries, and opprobrious indignities were contrarie to all pietie, and without any pittie inflicted vpon him, when as by the testimonie of *Pilate*, a sterne and seuere Iudge, he was pronounced to bee innocent and cleare

cleare from all offences, *Ioh.* 19. 6. yet ye ſuppoſed that all thoſe torments were too little, and nothing too much, which was vniuſtly done to that innocent Lambe, who opened not his mouth once to murmure or mutter againſt his cruell perſecutors.

Here haſt thou cauſe (oh my ſoule) to admire the *vnſpeakeable mildeneſſe* of my Ieſus, and to ſtand amazed at the *implacable cruelties* of the Iewes. When *Pilate* perceiued that his words could not *preuaile* to ſlake the flame of their enuious mindes, but rather added more *fuell* to their boyling furie, and that delay of his death did ſo *mad*, and vexe their *confuſed* thoughts, that they would not be quieted before they had ſhed his innocent blood: then he willing to ſatisfie their franticke humor, and to ſhew him-

himselfe a friend vnto *Cæsar*, presumed against their *contradiction* and care of his owne conscience, to pronounce sentence of death, yea of a most vile and shamefull death against the innocent Lambe, my louing Lord Iesus.

Neuertheleſſe hee would make a faire shew to the world, that he did *acquit* him in his heart, although hee *condemned* him with his mouth: *And taking water, hee washed his hands before the people, saying: I am innocent from the blood of this iustman, looke ye vnto it*, Mat.27.24. Then all the people cryed out aloud with open mouthes and bloody mindes, *His blood be vpon vs and our children*, Mat.27.25.

And indeede at last they found the wofull effect of their bloudie wish, they felt the smart of their *bloody* desire, though then in the heat of their

their furie they *dreaded* no danger, nor *dreamed* on the day of their ſorrow, wherein their Cittie was filled with ſlaughtered bodies, and the channels of their ſtreets ſtreamed with bloud. Although my tender-hearted Sauiour had fore-told them of their wofull deſolation, and with *weeping* teares fore-warned them of their *dolefull* deſtruction: but they ſtopped their eares, and would not heare his voice, flattering themſelues in their deceitfull ſecurity, and laughed at his words in the *faire dayes* of their proſperity.

But here ceaſe a while, my ſorrowfull ſoule, to meditate on the *malicious madneſſe* of the bloud-thirſtie Iewes, whoſe clamorous voyces could not be pacified before the corrupted Iudge (curſed *Pilate*) had condemned my deare

deare and innocent Iesus: and consider the hainous and hatefull condition of *Pilates* sinne, and view the wofull horrour of his wretched soule, who for feare of *Cæsar*, and favour of the people, did, contrary to the knowledge of his conscience, and custome of law, pronounce sentence of death against my poore Iesus, who neuer meant hurt, nor thought any euill.

Tell me (thou wicked Iudge) how couldest thou pretend any shaddow to couer thy sinne? Where couldst thou thinke to finde a place of refuge for thy guiltie soule?

Didst thou more dread the displeasure of the people, then the *horror* of a guiltie conscience? didst thou stand in more awe of mortall men, then of the *Eternall* God? didst thou more regard to protest thy

thy ſelfe a friend vnto *Caſar*, (who although he were a great King, was but a feeble creature) than thou hadſt care to diſcharge thine office to God, thine omnipotent Creator?

Tell me, did not thy heart ake, and all thy body tremble, ſo ſoone as *wrongfull iudgement* had paſſed out of thy lippes againſt my innocent Sauiour? Wert thou not tormented with the ſting of thy wounded conſcience? Or wert thou depriued of all thy ſenſes, ſo ſoone as thou hadſt vttered that wrongfull ſentence? Thou didſt know that the Iewes had deliuered him of enuie: *Math.* 27. 28. and wouldſt thou be an inſtrument to ſatisfie their wicked malice? Thou wert ordained a Iudge, to execute iuſtice, and to giue righteous iudgement, therefore how horrible was thy

ſinne? How wofull was the ſtate of thy guiltie ſoule, when thou hadſt condemned my innocent Ieſus?

Bitter and ſweet water doth not flow out of the ſelfe-ſame fountaine: yet thou (with the ſelfe-ſame mouth) didſt iuſtifie my Sauiour, as an innocent perſon, and by and by (with the ſelfe-ſame mouth) condemne him, as an hainous malefactor?

How odious ſhould the crying voices of murthering Iewes haue beene to thy eares? How ſhouldſt thou haue hated their bloudy hearts, detetted their vnlawfull requeſts, and loathed their malicions deſires, when they cried out vnto thee in their furie, and exclaimed in their madnes: *Let Barrabas goe free, let Barrabas goe free: Crucifie, crucifie Ieſus!* Math. 27. 21.

Thou knewſt well enough, that

that wicked *Barrabas* had made an inſurrection, diſturbed the peace, and committed murther, and that thou couldſt finde no fault, nor ferret out any offence in the life of my bleſſed Sauiour, but that the ſpitefull Iewes had accuſed him for enuie, and ſought his death, to ſatisfie their malice: for indeede his whole life was a Mirrour of excellent vertues, his hands were cleane from euill actions, his heart was pure from ſinfull cogitations: Say thine eyes were ſo blinded, that thou could'ſt not ſee the *bright beames* of his Diuinity; yet thou didſt ſee, and thy mouth did teſtifie, that thou didſt ſee *the apparant Vertues* of his innocent humanity.

What did moue thee to pronounce falſe iudgement, to ſhead his innocent blood? Wert thou ſo fond to pur-

chaſe fauour of the high Prieſts ? Didſt thou ſo dote after the loue of the people, whoſe mindes are more mutable then the winde, altering their affections euery moment, that contrarie to the ſenſe of Law, teſtification of thy conſcience, and approbation of thy owne words, thou wert ſeduced to condemne ſuch an innocent perſon?

Thy wife did admoniſh thee that thou ſhouldſt haue nothing to doe with that *Righteous man*, who ſuffered many things becauſe of him in her ſleepe, and therefore fore-warned thee by her fearefull dreame, *Math.27.19.*

But neither the *Caueat* of thy wife, nor the chaſtiſment of thy owne conſcience, could ſtay thy falſe iudgement, but at laſt the enuious Iewes had what they would at thy hands, and thou didſt giue them

them thy conſent, to execute the extreme *malice* of their wicked hearts.

What hadſt thou gotten, if thou hadſt gained the whole world, with loſſe of thy ſoule? Wofull is the purchaſe which is bought at ſo deare a rate.

Before thou wouldſt vouchſafe to giue Iudgement againſt my harmeleſſe Redeemer, thou didſt make a ſolemne proteſtation before the multitude, that thou wouldſt not be guiltie with them in the *ſhedding* of his *innocent* bloud, thinking by waſhing thy hands with a little water, to take away the deepe ſtaines of thy *conſcience*. Oh how may all the world wonder at thy *madneſſe*? How may all poſterities condemne thee of follie? Well might a little water cleare the *ſpots* of thy *hands*, but all the water in the *Ocean* could not

waſh away the *blots* of thy ſoule: Such pretty ſlights may paſſe without contradiction amongſt men, but alas, they cannot blinde the all-piercing eies of the Eternall Iudge, who knoweth the ſecrets of euery mans heart, ſearcheth the reines, and vnderſtandeth all our thoughts: It was horrible *crueltie*, yea, it was a curſed deed, voyd of all common humanity, to command my Lord Ieſus to be *ſtripped* out of his cloathes, and to haue his naked body *wounded* with ſtripes, when thou ſaweſt he could not be conuicted of any wicked act, nor iuſtly reproued for any euill word: and to licenſe thy lewd Officers to *gibe* at him, at their wils, and to ieaſt at him like a foole at their pleaſure, and by a *granating* his miſeries, to make themſelues merrie: yet ſo popular was thy minde, and

and thine affections ſo *glewed* to the humor of the people, that when thou ſaweſt that thoſe ſtreames of his precious bloud, could not extinguiſh the flame of their furie, thou didſt *doome* him to a moſt ſcandalous and *ignominious* death, who was honourable aboue all the ſonnes of men for his righteous life, and declared to be faultleſſe, by thy *voluntary* confeſſion, after thy ſtrict examination.

Oh happie are the eies of thoſe that ſit on the ſeat of *iudgement*, which can ſee the *deformity* of thy ſinne, that their hearts may be repleniſhed with *integrity*, and their hands with innocenoie, not *ſtained* with the ſpottes of *Innocent* bloud!

Curbe thou, oh Lord, the furious paſſions of my minde, and *quench* the flame of *bloudy* wrath, when it beginneth to

be *kindled* in my breſt, that my heart may not imagine to ſlay the innocent, nor my hands be *defiled* with their bloud: Keepe me, that I walke not in the councell of the wicked, when they lay *ſnares* and digge pits for the deſtruction of any of thy deare children. I know, oh Lord, that I am readie euery moment to wander aſtray, vnleſſe thou direct my feete by thy holy Spirit, and guide me in thy path, by the light of thy Word,

I confeſſe, my heart is tainted with *originall* vices, and my hands are ſtained with *actuall* offences: all my parts are defiled, yea my whole body is nothing elſe but a veſſell full of corrupted liquor.

I am *prone* to commit all euill with greedineſſe; But alas, I finde in my ſelfe not ſo much as a motion to doe any goodneſſe.

I

I am forward to perſecute thee, with the cruell Iewes, and to giue my conſent to ſhead thy innocent bloud, with *curſed Pilate*: yea, I daily crucifie thee by my ſinnes, and *pierce* thy bleſſed ſide, with mine iniquity: I cauſed thee to be *vniuſtly* accuſed, and wrongfully condemned: Haue not my curſed words, and bloudy oathes beene like *ſharpe* ſpeares to wound thy heart, and my *cruell* deedes, like nailes to faſten thee to the Croſſe? Wherefore wound thou my heart, that I may not lie ſtill *ſnorting* in the bed of careleſſe *ſecurity*, and continue *ſenſeleſſe* in the *lethargie* of ſinne.

Purge the droſſe of my vicious heart, with the fire of thy holy ſpirit, and purifie my corrupted cogitations, by the bright beames of thy grace.

Oh let this holy fire bee ſtill burning in my breſt, that it may conſume the corruption of mine infectious ſinne, that cleaueth ſo faſt vnto my *bowels!* Bow downe thine eare (oh my mercifull Sauiour) vnto my humble petition, and giue a gracious anſwere to my earneſt ſupplication; then I ſhall bee emboldened to come before thy Maieſtie, and to approach neere vnto thy ſeate of mercy. Oh let my morning & euening Sacrafice of thankeſgiuing (my louing LORD, and bountifull Ieſu) ſend vp a ſweet ſauour into thy noſthrils, which didſt ſuffer thy ſelfe to be ſcorned, ſcourged, & condemned by the ſentence of wicked *Pilate*, onely for my ſake, & my ſinnes, to ſet my *captiue* ſoule at libertie, & with the effuſion of thy moſt precious bloud, to pay ſo deare a price, for the purchaſe of my *Redemption*.

Grant that the remembrance of ſuch a worthy, and more then wonderfull benefit, may euermore be freſh in my memorie, and laid vp as a moſt precious Iewell, in the ſafeſt cloſet of my thankfull minde. And at the day of thy laſt Iudgement, and generall Aſſiſes, when thou ſhalt come to iudge the quicke and the dead, enter not into Iudgement with thy ſeruant, nor remember mine iniquities, but iudge me with thine elected, according to thy mercie, that I may poſſeſſe the kingdome with thē, which thou haſt prepared for them from the beginning of the world. Oh let my Prayer come before thy preſence, let the zeale of my heart, and *lifting vp* of my hands towards thy *Throne* of mercie, mooue thee to grant the requeſt of my humble petition. *Amen.*

A Meditation how the Lord Ieſus carrying his Croſſe on his ſhoulders, is led to Mount *Caluarie* to be crucified, and of thoſe things which happened by the way.

MED. XIII.

Iohn 19. 17. Math. 27. 32. Luk. 23. 26. Mark. 15. 21.

Our bleſſed Sauiour (Chriſt the perfect gaine)
Doth beare the croſſe whereon himſelfe muſt die:
Simon of Cyrene ſometimes they conſtraine
To doe it. So ſaith the Truth that cannot lie.

HE *which will come after me, let him denie himſelfe, take vp his Croſſe, and follow me*, Math. 16.24. Runne & make haſte, oh my ſoule, at the voice of our moſt ſweet Redeemer, who bearing his Croſſe on his owne ſhoulders, *Ioh.* 19.16, 17. doth inuite thee to carrie thy *Croſſe*,

Crosse, if thou desire to follow his steps. Oh how *sweet*, how *delectable*, how *delightfull* is it to carrie the *Crosse* after my Iesus! His *happinesse* cannot be *vttered*, his *blessednesse* cānot be *imagined*, which doth follow thee, my Lord Iesu, in thy *blessed pathes*: he walketh not in *darknesse*, he commeth not neere the *shadow of death*, but shall haue the *light of life*.

Come therefore, oh my soule, let vs follow our Iesus, bearing his *Crosse* on his owne shoulders: let vs leaue all, and follow him with *alacrity*, let nothing stop our passage, let not any thing hinder vs in our course. Looke vpon thy Lord, thy Creator, thy Redeemer.

Consider his *tedious labour*, his grieuous afflictions, *his intolerable torments*, all of them without any meane, none of them hauing any moderation: let

A Meditation how the Lord Iesus carrying his Crosse on his shoulders, is led to Mount *Caluarie* to be crucified, and of those things which happened by the way.

MED. XIII.

Our blessed Saviour (Christ the perfect gaine)
Doth beare the crosse whereon himselfe must die:
Simon of Cyrene sometimes they constraine
To doe it. So saith the Truth that cannot lie.

Iohn 19. 17. Math. 27.32. Luk. 23.26. Mark. 15.21.

HE *which will come after me, let him denie himselfe, take vp his Crosse, and follow me*, Math. 16.24. Runne & make haste, oh my soule, at the voice of our most sweet Redeemer, who bearing his Crosse on his owne shoulders, *Ioh.* 19.16, 17. doth inuite thee to carrie thy Crosse,

Crosse, if thou desire to follow his steps. Oh how *sweet*, how *delectable*, how *delightfull* is it to carrie the *Crosse* after my Iesus! His *happinesse* cannot be *vttered*, his *blessednesse* cānot be *imagined*, which doth follow thee, my Lord Iesu, in thy *blessed pathes*: he walketh not in *darknesse*, he commeth not neere the *shadow of death*, but shall haue the *light of life*.

Come therefore, oh my soule, let vs follow our Iesus, bearing his *Crosse* on his owne shoulders: let vs leaue all, and follow him with *alacrity*, let nothing stop our passage, let not any thing hinder vs in our course. Looke vpon thy Lord, thy Creator, thy Redeemer.

Consider his *tedious labour*, his grieuous afflictions, *his intolerable torments*, all of them without any meane, none of them hauing any moderation: let

let thy whole minde be pondering on them, let them be the continuall matter of thy daily meditation.

Let thy heart be *wounded* with the *sword* of *sorrow*, and let thine eies be drowned with a flood of teares: let thy heauie *groanes* and sorrowfull sighes beginne in the morning, and let them not cease in the euening: Oh let the feruencie of thy *lamentation*, demonstrate the burning zeale of thy compassion, which thou doest beare to mine afflicted Iesus.

Mourne with hearty contrition of heart for thine iniquities, and weepe with hearty sincerity for thy sinnes, which caused thy Christ to carrie so heauie a Crosse.

Here is plentifull matter for thy meditation: heere want no *motiues* to stirre vp in thee a feeling *compassion*, for thou seest

ſeeſt how hee is *ſcorned* and deſpiſed, how cruelly, how curriſhly hee is abuſed by the perfidious Iewes.

Who is ſo obdurate in heart, oh my moſt patient Ieſus? Who hath his *affections* ſo barren of *compaſſion*, that hee hath no ſenſe of ſorrow, when he entreth into a *ſerious contemplation* of the multitude of thine *afflictions*, and meditates on the bitterneſſe of the *paſſions* which thou didſt ſuffer, to pay the ranſome of our ſinfull ſoules, and to deliuer them out of the bands of *eternall captiuity*?

For all the night thou wert wearied with the out-cries of contumelious tongues, and tired with the *violence* of cruell hands, hurried and haled from the Garden, where thou wert with thy louing Diſciples: and although thou wert willing to goe of thy ſelfe, yet the

the churliſh crue of hard-hearted Souldiers were ſo froward, that their ſturdie hands were alwaies readie to tugge and pull thee forward, to vexe thy feeble body, and to griеue thy righteous ſoule. For it was their ſolace to procure thy ſorrow, it was their pleaſure to augment thy paine, and they thought euery moment a moneth before they did preſent thee to *Annas*, where thou wert *rebuked* with taunting checkes, and buffeted with vngētle blowes on thy tender cheekes, and after that thou hadſt with exceeding *patience*, endured the bitter tempeſt of their furie, they brought thee from thence to the houſe of *Caiphas*, there to abide another ſtorme of their *malicious cruelty*. Sometime they raile vpon thee with their curſed tongues, ſometime they thumpe thee with

with their cruell hands, their ſpeeches were full of odious ſpite, their words were infected with malicious venome, which they *belched* againſt thee, my louing Sauiour: their deedes were nothing elſe but deadly cruelty, their words ſauoured of nothing but *barbarous inhumanity*, they ſcoffed and derided thee with *bitter ieſts*, they defiled thy comely face with their filthie *ſpettle*. Then without any pittie (alas how ſhould they ſhew any pitty, whoſe hearts were hardned with bloud-thirſtie cruelty?) they bring thee in haſte to the Court of King *Herod*, where thou wert flouted at, reputed as a ſottiſh foole, ſcorned, contemned, and derided like a ſimple Idiot: their mirth was Bedlam-madneſſe: their ieſts were full of gall and bitterneſſe.

Now

Now when they had acted their *outragious villanies* against thee, and executed their diuelliſh deuices vpon thee, my innocent Ieſus, yet all of them were too little to calme the tempeſt of their hatefull furie, but then this curſed crue doth hurrie thee from the vngracious *Court* of *proud Herod*, to the graceleſſe houſe of *Pontius Pilate*, where thou wert taunted and checked againe with cruell quips, and ſharpely ſcourged with ſmarting whips, ſtripped naked, contrarie to all humanity, and beaten with bitter blowes without any pittie: their whips were ſharpe to teare thy fleſh, their tongues were as keene as *raſors* to wound thy ſoule; they pierced thy head with a crowne of thornes, and putting a feeble reede in thy hands, flouted thee with the name of King; and

and bending their knees, did worſhip thee in deriſion, offending thy ſacred eares with their curſed words, and afflicting thy wounded body with their bloudy hands, and whē thou hadſt beene ſo *ſpitefully* ſcorned, *bitterly* ſcourged, and vilely contemned, at laſt thou waſt wrongfully condemned to ſuffer a moſt ſhamefull and dolefull death.

But (oh my ſweet Ieſu) who did afford thee any comfort in thy exceeding ſorrowes? who did approach to cure thy bleeding wounds? Alas, there was no man by, which was moued with any ſorrowfull compaſſion for thy vndeſerued calamity, but euery man was forward to augment thy miſery. Now they lay a moſt huge and heauie croſſe vpon thy wounded ſhoulders, the weight of it doth make thy knees to tremble, thy leggs

legges to faile, and thy whole body to faint. And thus thou doeſt goe forward to the place of execution, guarded with a band of armed Souldiers, and hemd in on euery ſide with a *rabble* of bloudy tormentors, multitudes of the baſe and rude people doe flocke together out of euery quarter, they crowd and thruſt one another to ſee thee, but (alas) it was not to afford thee any compaſſionate pitty, but to laugh & reioyce at thy miſery. They proclaime out the malice of their heart againſt thee in their madneſſe, & *raile* and *reuile* thee in the heat of their *fury*: They all ſtriue like *Beares* and fierce *Lyons* to approach neere vnto thee: oh what opprobrious ſpeeches, what *hateſull* and odious rayling, what *curſed* words, what *vncharitable* deeds did my moſt humble and patient Ieſus ſuffer by thoſe

thoſe wicked and deſperate people, whoſe eies were more hard then a rocke, that they could not yeeld forth one teare for pittie, and heartes more vnapt then *Adamant* to relent with any tender compaſſion, when they ſaw ſo *woefull* and *dolefull* a ſpectacle?

But for all the *venemous* ſpeeches vttered out of their rayling mouthes, and for all the brutiſh deeds done vnto thee my louing Ieſus with their cruell hands, thou didſt not once open thy mouth to contradict them in their *raging madneſſe*, or once to blame them in the *heat* and *hate* of their greateſt furie, but didſt goe forward with meekneſſe to the *dolefull* place of their *bloudy execution*, to ſuffer the painefull pangs, not for thine owne *faults*, but for mine iniquities, and that with thy precious bloud

bloud thou mightſt make a wholeſome *Bath*, to cure the ſpots, and heale the blaines of my ſinfull ſoule.

Teach me, oh my ſweet *Chriſt* and louing *Ieſus*, by thine example to to maſter mine affections, and to direct mine actions, that when mine enemies doe *inſult* ouer mee with ſlanderous words and ſlauiſh deedes, I may walke and tread in thy pathes with meekeneſſe of heart, and trace out thy ſteps with humility of minde, hearing their diuelliſh *curſes* with ſilence, and bearing my heauie *Croſſe* with patience, committing my *cauſe* vnto the GOD of vengeance, who heareth the cries of the ſilly *orphane*, putteth the teares of the weeping widow into his bottle, and deliuereth poore *captiues* out of priſon when they call vpon him.

But tell me, oh ye generation of

of *vipers*, tell me, oh ye bloody-hearted, and bloody-handed Iewes, why were yee so bloodie-minded against my *innocent Iesus*? What horrible conspiracie had he plotted or practised against you, that yee were so eager to vndermine his life, and so greedie to hasten the bloodie day of his death? Is this the honour that you giue to my Sauiour? Is this the glorie you vouchsafe my *Redeemer*? Is this the kinde entertainement you afford to your *Prophet*, whom the day before you receiued with such ioy, spreading your *garments* on the ground, and couering the earth with *greene boughes*, when he entred into *Hierusalem*? Oh most vngratefull, vnconstant, vngracious and graceless people! Is your loue so soone changed into deadly hate? Is your late courtesie conuerted into *cruelty*? were

were your fauours ſo quickly turned into frownes ? Is your honour altered to *ſhame* ? are your *plauſible* ſpeeches changed into bitter curſes ?

Doe yee to day lift him vp as high as Heauen, and to morrow throw him downe as low as Hell ? Doe yee bleſſe him to day, and curſe him to morrow ? Doe yee flocke after him to day (that your tongues may ſing forth his prayſes) and to morrow doe ye crowd after him to fill his eares with *reproaches* ? Doe yee to day entertaine him into the Cittie (as deſirous of his life) and to morrow doe yee lead him out of the Cittie as a *malefactor, to ſuffer a ſhamefull death* ? Did yee but now *like* him, and by and by doe yee *lothe* him ? Is the milde complection of your *loue*, altered in a moment, into deadly hate ? What was the cauſe of

of your *mutability*? What was the occaſion of your *inſtability*? Were the affections of your hearts ſo *mutable*, and your vnconſtant deſires ſo *moueable*?

So ſoone as you perceiued that my louing Ieſus began to bee hated of your enuious magiſtrates, and cruelly handled by their wicked miniſters, ſcorned and ſcoffed at by the *Souldiers*, taunted with proud and malicious words, beaten and buffeted with *cruell blowes*, ſcourged with whips, ſpitted vpon by the ſcumme of the people, diſdainefully contemned of the high Prieſt, and laſtly, condemned by *Pilate*: then yee began to like of their *cholericke humors*, and to play the executioners of their bloudy hate: This day ye miſuſe and abuſe him moſt *vilely*, whom but yeſterday yee honoured

and exalted ſo *highly* : Now your malice towards him is without *meane*, and your cruell deeds without *moderation*. The cruell *Enuy* of the high Prieſt kindled the fire, and yee caſt Oyle into it, to increaſe the flame.

Oh what extreme crueltie? what cruell extremity? What ignominious indignitie, was done vnto my *afflicted Ieſus*? Was not the edge of your malice yet rebated? Did the ſtreame of your hatred growe to bee more violent? Was there no little corner left for *pitty* to lodge in your breſts? Was there no motion of *compaſſion* within your bowels?

Tell me then, how could ye be ſo *harſh-hearted*, and hard-handed, as to lay ſo heauy and huge a croſſe vpon the ſhoulders of my poore afflicted Chriſt, whoſe bleſſed body was diſquieted for want of

of sleepe, being cruelly tormented all the night, faint with losse of blood, and sore with store of cruell blowes?

Had Enuie so robbed your hearts, and dispoiled all your sences of common humanity, that you were now so poore, that yee were not able to bestow vpon him so much as one *mite* of *mercy*?

What infernall Phrensie, what *Tyrannous impiety*, what execrable *Tyranny* can be compared to this *Iewish cruelty*?

But alas, was there not one amongst so many, which was so kinde-hearted, as to lend a helping hand to ease the weary shoulders of my Sauiour Christ, when his knees bended, and his legges trembled vnder the burthen of his heauie Crosse? Oh let the lamentable relation of their furious *ferocity* to my Iesus,

be ſo odious vnto our eares, that it neuer finde any harbour in our hearts.

Behold, oh my ſorrowfull ſoule, the monſtrous *Atrocity* of the ſtiffe-necked Iewes, and the miraculous mildneſſe of thy lowly Ieſus! Conſider his humble *obedience*, view his obedient humility, who was euer truely obedient euen vnto death, and euer was willing to offer vp his life, as a ſure pledge of his infinite loue towards his beloued.

Behold, thou ſeeſt how mine afflicted Lord, wounded with the teeth of *Enuy*, and pierced with the *darts* of *malice*, grudgeth not at the paine, nor refuſeth the tedious labour, to carry the heauie burthen on his feeble necke, contrary to all humanity, and without any pitty, ſo *ſpitefully* impoſed vpon him.

But how ſhould my ſinne-

full

full tongue divulgate the incomparable merit of thy admirable patience, my moſt kinde, ſweet, and humble Ieſu? How ſhould my vnworthy words vtter the worthineſſe of thy vnſpeakeable humility, which wert willing to vndergoe the burthen of ſo heauy a Croſſe, to deliuer me a moſt *wretched* ſinner from a *bitter curſe*, when the *vigor* of thy naturall *faculties* was decayed, thy humane ſtrength weakened, and thy whole body wearied, with the grieuous paines, torments and afflictions, which the wicked Iewes (not fleſhy, but flinty-hearted) without any mercy of theirs, and merit of thine, did *cruelly heape* vpon thee?

Oh let my heart be deeply wounded with *ceaſeleſſe compunction*. Let mine eyes be darkened with *continuall weeping*: Yea, let all my ſences

be afflicted with *mourning*: that my *ſorrowes* may be great, becauſe my *ſinnes* are ſo *grieuous*: For they indeed were the Tyrannicall tormentors that laid ſo hequie a Croſſe on thy *tyred ſhoulders*: who out of the abundance of thy infinite loue, taking pitty on my *wretched miſerie*, didſt willingly ſubmit thy ſelfe to ſuch *ſlauiſh cruelty*, not ſparing to ſhead thy moſt preciousblood, to compound of it a moſt ſoueraigne *Medicine*, to cure my deſperate *maladi*.

Now what meaſure of words can be ſo great, or what *voyce ſo vehement*, as may fully expreſſe the extreme impiety of the bloudy Iewes, towards my bleſſed *Ieſus*? When ſuch helliſh fury did rule and reuell in their fiery hearts, that in the middeſt of ſo many bitter paines and *pangs* of his body, and inſupportable *anguiſh* of

of his ſoule, they did impoſe ſo ponderous and heauy a *Croſſe*, on his faint and feeble ſhoulders, being framed extraordinarily in reſpect of the matter, and alſo vnuſually in regard of the forme.

More gently were the two Theeues vſed, which were led along with him; who were conſtrained to endure no ſuch labor: for we may well thinke they would vſe more kindnes to thoſe wicked perſons, then to my *holy Ieſus*.

For we doe not read that they were put to the toile to beare their *Croſſes*, whoſe bodies were more able, becauſe they had nor felt one fit of the grieuous paines, nor ſuffered one iot of the great tortures, wherewith my ſorrowfull Sauiour had beene all the night before extremely vexed and cruelly tormented.

Heere thou haſt iuſt cauſe,

oh my ſoule, to cry out againſt the monſtrous inhumanity, and brutiſh cruelty of the Iewes, acted againſt thy deſpiſed Ieſus.

What imagination can ſound the botome of their ſauage *tyranny?* What tongue is able to make a perfect relation of their horrible furie? Was it not a moſt ruthfull *Spectacle*, forcible enough to haue drawn ſtreames of teares out of the dryeſt eie, and to haue incited a multitude of heauie groanes out of the *hardeſt heart*, to ſee my beloued Lord carry ſo heauie a burthen vpon his painefull ſhoulders, yet bleeding with cruell wounds, lately, without any meane, or mercie inflicted vpon them? was there euer cruelty like vnto this?

Oh my louing Lord! Oh my moſt beloued Ieſu, thou art now become a laughing-

ſtocke

ſtocke to the barbarous Gentiles, and matter of deriſion to the *perfidious* Iewes.

They ſcorned, deſpiſed, ſlowted and derided thee, bearing thy heauy Croſſe with patience towards the place of execution, whereon thou ſhouldeſt ſuffer a moſt bloody, bitter, and ſhamefull death.

And ſo went my Lord Ieſus, with conſtant humanity towards the place where he was to ſuffer the deadly pangs of their extremeſt tyranny, whoſe knees were ſo weake, and legges ſo feeble, that they were not able to ſupport the weight of ſo heauie a burthen, which with ſuch diſdainefull indignation they had impoſed vpon him, that thereby they might ſo much the more increaſe his deriſiō, and multiply his dolorous affliction. Oh ye moſt cruell tormentors, doe

yee neuer ceaſe to moleſt and vexe my humbled Lord Ieſus? Could not one cruell death haue quenched the flame of your blood-thirſting malice? Oh why doe you abuſe his meeke-minded patience, by compelling him to feele ſo many deadly paſſions?

Now when thoſe malicious perſecutors ſaw that my wearied *Chriſt* was ſo ſurcharged with his heauie *Croſſe*, being ſo weightie in reſpect of the ponderous ſubſtance, and alſo ſo cumberſome, in regard of the extraordinary length, that although hee had a willing minde, yet that he had not ſufficient ſtrength to carry ſo heauie a load; then they compelled *Simon of Cyrene* (the father of *Alexander Ruſus*) to eaſe him of his burthen, and to follow my tyred *Chriſt* with that painefull Croſſe. What, did their ſtonie

ſtonie hearts now begin to relent, with any motiue of compaſſion towards my poore afflicted Ieſus?

No, for the Curres were more courteous, that licked the loath-ſome ſoares of hungry *Lazarus*, that lay crying, and dying for want of foode at the gate of their churliſh Maſter, then thoſe vncircumciſed Gentiles, and ſtiffe-necked Iewes were to my innocent Ieſus.

For how ſhould their minds be affected with any ſparke of pitty, whoſe hearts were drowned in ſo deepe a ſea of impiety?

But becauſe they were loth that my Sauiour ſhould end his tedious life, before hee came where hee ſhould ſuffer a moſt painefull, pittifull, and ſhamefull death, they granted him a little eaſe, that he might goe with better ſpeed, and

make

make a little more haſte to the place of execution, where they ſhould play, like the infernall Furies, the laſt act of their bloody Tragedy.

Oh my ſad and ſorrowfull ſoule, how canſt thou calme the waues of thy oreflowing ſorrow? How canſt thou ſtop the current of thy inſurging ſighs? to ſee thy Sauiour ſurrounded with a world of woes; to ſee his fainting ſoule ſinke vnder the painefull burthen of his heauie Croſſe, and not a man, of many thouſands, that would helpe to eaſe him: or if any did, what was it elſe but to adde increaſe vnto his future torment? Canſt thou ſee this, and not diſſolue into a flood of teares? Shall thy Sauiour ſinke, and wilt thou ſwim? thy Ieſus languiſh, & wilt thou laugh? or with the obdurate *Iewes* wilt thou become inſenſible, thereby as much (as in

in thee lies) to excruciate his perplexed spirit by thine vnkindnes? Oh no, returne, returne my bleeding Soule, vnto thy wonted tenderneſſe: if thy Sauior bleed, haue thou no blud at all to shed; if his hart faint vnder the painefull croſſe, be thou already dead in heart to ſee his bitter pangs: thus ſhalt thou helpe indeed to eaſe his griefe, and (all other meanes denied) adde ſome comfort vnto his ſad ſoule by participating with him in his vnſociable ſorrow.

But alas, poore *Simon!* was there none able to beare the heauie burthen, or none bad enough amongſt that *viperous generation*, to touch that ignominious *Croſſe?* They could receiue fauours at his hands, flocke in multitudes to haue their *ſicke-ones* cured, and *demoniacks* diſpoſſeſt; nay, *nine thouſand, beſides women and children*, within

within a ſhort ſpace be well content to eat vp our Sauiours *loaues* & little *fiſhes*, to fill their empty paunches out of his penury, and yet not one of all thoſe *multitudes* will now extend the hand of mercy to eaſe his wofull burthen, or refreſh his fainting ſpirit: but this one poore ſtranger, he onely muſt beare the burthen; on his ſhoulders muſt lye the heauy load, till they come where the *Croſſe* it ſelfe muſt beare *the Chriſt*, and the ſenſeleſſe wood in its owne nature ſhew more pittie than the mercileſſe Iewes.

And now, oh my ſoule, *goe thou and doe likewiſe*, with *Simon*, *take vp his Croſſe and follow him*, for Chriſt hath ſaid, *He that taketh not his Croſſe, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me*: only make this difference, what he conſtrained, be thou willing to doe, offer thy ſelfe to this ſeruice, and erect thy thoughts to

to attaine so great a guerdon, as to be made worthy of thy Sauiour: but oh sweet Iesus, fill thou my soule with an holy desire to run after thee in this thy race, and grant me the comfortable assistance of thy spirit, that I may patiently endure, and quietly vndergoe any crosse or calamity for my blessed Sauiours sake.

But as thou didst goe toward the place where thou shouldst offer vp thy selfe for a compleat sacrifice to appease the wrath of thy angry Father, and to make an euerlasting *atonement* betweene him and vs his disobedient children, thou saidst vnto those mourning women, who could not containe their trickling teares, nor detaine their sorrowfull *sobs*, to see their louing and dearely beloued Lord so doggedly haled and currishly handled: *Weepe not for me, ye daughters of Ierusalem, weepe for*

for your ſelues, and your children, Luk. 23. 28. And now thou ſaiſt vnto me, Weepe for thy ſelfe, bewaile thy ſinnes, lament thy tranſgreſſions, for they indeed were the tyrants that compelled thee to beare ſo heauy a *Croſſe*, they vrged thee to abide the penalty of ſo bitter a curſe. Touch my heart, oh Lord, touch my heart with the ſting of a ſerious and reſtleſſe compunction, that I may no longer lie lulled aſleepe in the lap of careleſſe ſecurity: fetter my feet, that I may runne no more in the broad way of iniquity. Manacle my hands, that they may be detained from cruell and impious actions: Snaffle the vnbridled motions of my minde, that it may be reſtrained from all idle, ſcelerous, and wicked cogitations: keepe the doore of my lips, and hedge in my tongue, that it may

may not runne without the bounds of reason: Stop the passage of mine eares, when they are allured to listen to any loose or lewd discourses.

Dispell, and disperse the thicke clowdes of blindnesse from mine eyes, take away the grosse scales, that darken my sight, so that now I may see the vgly and deformed shape of my sinnes, that I may cease to loue them, begin to dislike and to loath them, which caused my Sauiour to endure the heauie wrath of his Father, which lay so heauie vpon his soule and body, that the weight of it pressed *blood* out of his veines mingled with water, *Luk.* 22. 44. so ponderous was the burthen of our iniquity, so dolorous was the extremity of his bitter agonie: for neuer was there sorrow like vnto this sorrow.

Let

Let my ſweeteſt muſicke be continuall mourning, let my *ſongs* of ioy be turned into wofull lamentations, let it be all my pleaſant melody, to muſe on the miſerie of my ſoule, and multitude of my ſinnes, which made thee deſcend from the higheſt *heauens*, and will throw me downe to the loweſt hell, where the firie lake burneth that ſhall neuer be extinguiſhed, whoſe flame is ſo fierce, that it cannot be greater by any augmentation, neither is it ſubiect to any diminution.

If all the torments which blooddy Tyrants haue inuented, could be inflicted vpon me at one time, and my body were able to feele the paines of all them at once, yet all of them would not be ſo horrible, as one ſparkle of this terrible fire: it needeth no fuell to nouriſh the flame: as it

it selfe neuer is wasted, so nothing iniected into it, is euer consumed. No tongue is able to expresse the horrible pangs of the damned soules, which are tormented in this euerlasting and vnquenchable fire.

Let the horror of it be fresh in my memory, and the meditation imprinted in my thoughts, so that my hands may tremble and shake for feare; and my whole body quiuer and quake with terror of it, when any euill imagination is hatched in my heart, or any wicked deed should be acted with my hands, that I may be terrified from nourishing sinne within my bosome, that laid so heauie a Crosse vpon thy shoulders: yet when feare hath cast me downe, let the gentle hand of thy mercy raise mee vp, so that in my last deadly agonie,

I may ſtill lift vp my heart and hands towards the ſeat of thy mercy: and though remembrance of my haynous tranſgreſſions doe preſent nothing vnto mee, but cauſe of feare and terrour, yet let my vnfained repentance cauſe me to taſte of thy infinite loue, and boundleſſe mercy.

Teach me (oh my ſweet Sauiour) to follow thee with fearefulneſſe to the place of execution, and to take vp my Croſſe with alacrity on my ſhoulders. But if thou wilt haue mee to follow thee (oh my moſt gracious Lord) then draw mee after thee: For *vnleſſe thy Father and thou doe draw me, I am not able to follow thee. Iohn, 6.44.*

I ſee mine owne infirmity, I feele the defects of my great imbicillity, the cup of affliction is bitter vnto my taſte: if it doe but once touch my lips,

I am ready to refuse it, I will none of it, I am loth to feele any paine, I couet nothing but wanton pleasure.

Oh how doe I begin to storme, if I be but crossed with an vnkind word? Much lesse am I able to beare the crosse of a malicious deed.

How is my minde troubled, and the temper of my senses *distempred*, if any thing fall out crosse to mine expectation, or contrary to my desire, so that oftentimes my mouth is filled with cursing, my heart with grudging, and all my words sauour of nothing else but bitter repining? I am willing to be thy Disciple, my blessed Sauiour, so long as I may dwell in peace, and reape a plentifull harueſt of prosperity; but alas, I am weary of thy company, if I feele but a little blast of aduersity: teach me, oh my sweet Iesu (and I shall

ſhal learne, if thou be my *ſchoole-maſter*) to know that it is the lot of thoſe which will be trained vp in thy ſchoole, to be vnder the rodde of *correction*, and that none are worthy to receiue a Crowne, vnleſſe they be willing to take vp thy *Croſſe*: thoſe that belong vnto *ſweet ſpices*, which ſend forth alwayes the moſt *odoriferous ſmell*, when they are brayed and bruſed in the morter, they are like vnto ſtones which muſt be *hammered*, *hewed*, and *ſquared*, before they can be fit for the building of thy holy *Temple*: yea they are like vnto *gold* mixed with much *droſſe*, and can haue no glory before they be *fined* and *refined* ſeuen times, yea ſeuenty times ſeuen times, in the fire of affliction.

Arme thou my hart with Chriſtian fortitude, and my minde with conſtant *patience*, oh

oh thou which art mine omnipotent *Redeemer*, that no *torment* may be so great, no affliction so grieuous, no miserie so vnmeasurable, but I may couragiously suffer it to publish the glory of thy name, and constantly endure it, to manifest the fidelitie of thy loue.

Teach me so to carrie thy *Crosse* in my heart, and let the remembrance of it be so deepely imprinted in my minde, that I may daily crucifie my carnall concupiscence, wanton vanities, and worldly desires. Oh let my soule be so rauished with ioy, by the sweet meditation of thy mercie, and all my senses so well pleased and ioyfully delighted with the odoriferous sent of thy loue; that I may seeke nothing, thinke of nothing so much, or speake of any thing so often, as of my crucified Christ, who, onely of his free mercy

mercy and gracious *bountie*, died a moſt vile, painefull, and ignominious death for mee a moſt wretched, miſerable, and deſperate *ſinner*, that by his precious bloud, and bleſſed (though bitter) Paſſion, I might be made *Partaker* of Euerlaſting *Saluation*.

Graunt me, oh my ſweet CHRIST, ſome *taſte* of it here vpon earth, that I may patiently waite for the full *fruition* of it, hereafter in HEAVEN, *Amen*.

A

A Meditation, declaring the bitter and cruell crucifying of our Lord Iesus Christ, performed on Mount *Caluarie.*

MED. XIIII.

View here the wounds of Christ vpon the Crosse, Luk. 23. 33.
His head, his hands, his feet, also his side, Iohn 19. 33.
Bleeding amaine. Consider eke the losse, Luk 23. 46.
Of his deare life; What more could he abide? Ioh. 19. 30.

NOw blessed Iesus, and my beloued Sauiour, is come vnto Mount *Caluarie*, where he was to make the last period of all his humane misery, by suffering a most bloudie, vile, & violent death, being cruelly nayled to that Crosse, which of late lay so heauie vpon his shoulders, that his whole body did shake

and tremble vnder the burthen.

Oh blessed Mountaine! happy for thy dignitie, happy for thy *fertilitie*, because it pleased the Lord Christ to suffer vpon thee. But who shall ascend vp to the Hill of the Lord, where the Lord Iesus is crucified? Truly he that hath innocent hands, and a cleane heart.

He which louetn the Lord Iesus, with all his heart, with all his soule, with all his strength, hee shall ascend vp to his Mountaine, and shall be crucified with the Lord Iesus. Hee which hath crucified his flesh, and the concupiscence thereof, shall be crucified and suffer with his beloued Iesus. I desire to be crucified with thee, (oh my most sweet Iesu) I long to suffer on the crosse with thee, that I may be crowned by thee, but I know that first

first it is needefull for mee that the world be crucified vnto mee, & I vnto the world, *Gal.6.14.*

But now let vs see (oh my sorrowfull soule) how my *innocent Iesus* was vsed by the rough-handed and cruel-hearted *tormentors*, when he was come to the place of execution, where malefactors did suffer grieuous punishment for their hainous offences.

First, hauing exiled all compassion and pittie from their heart, they lay hold vpon him with their bloudie and polluted hands, and then they hastily rob and disroabe him of his garments, before a rude multitude of the baseſt and meaneſt of the people, yea, they strip him starke naked, that hee might appeare more vile and contemptible in their eies.

Here hast thou good cause,

and iuſt occaſion, my perplexed ſoule, to ouer-flowe thy cheekes a freſh, with a flood of teares, and to dilate and open thy heart, that thy heauie groanes, and ſorrowfull ſighes, may haue their free paſſage, when thou ſeeſt thy louing Ieſus ſtripped naked by the hands of ſuch dogged and cruell tormentors, expoſed to the eies of the pittileſſe people, and extreme coldneſſe and roughneſſe of the weather.

Oh how was the beauty of thy excellent compoſed body obſcured with ſpots of bloud? How was the pure-white colour of thy skin made blacke and blue with bitter blowes, my moſt beautifull Ieſu?

Oh how ſpitefull and vnappeaſable was their indignation! how bitter was the miſerie? how great, yea exceeding

ceeding great was the ignominy of thy grieuous paſſion, my louing Chriſt, my merciſull Ieſu? For ſo ſharp was the edge of their cruelty, ſo eager was the malice of their hearts, and inhumanity of their hands againſt thee, that thou art laid naked vpon the Croſſe, when as ſuch extremity was not vſed, but to moſt wicked, vile, and abiect perſons, who for their notorious crimes deſerued no pittie: ſuch was their damnable impiety.

But what a ſpring of bitter teares might ariſe in the weeping eyes of thy ſad and *mourning Mother*? what ſword of ſorrow did pierce her tender heart, when ſhe ſaw her dearely-louing, and dearely-beloued Sonne, ſo roughly diſrobed of his cloathes, and *nakedly expoſed* to the view of the rude, baſe, and common people,

who came not with relenting hearts to ſhew any ſigne of ſorrow at the execution of ſuch bloudie crueltie, but rather to ſolace themſelues, and to laugh, deride, and raile vpon thee, in this extremeſt miſerie?

Now when thoſe cruell *tormentors* had ſpeedily turned my innocent *Ieſus* out of his cloathes, they layde his naked body vpon the *Croſſe*, and firſt they nailed his innocent hands, and after his bleſſed feet, with long and ſtrong nailes; So that the ſtreames of bloud, ſpouting out of his veines, changed the hiew of his *Croſſe*, into a crimſon colour. Oh what grieuous paine, what horrible *tortures*, did thoſe wicked wretches procure to my bleſſed *Sauiour?*

Oh what infernall furie had incenſed their bloudie mindes? what diuelliſh madneſſe

nesse enraged their *hearts* so farre to degenerate from the ciuill nature of men, into the sauage nature of beasts? Oh *spectacle* full of sorrow! oh sight full of ruth, how grieuous would that pittifull sight haue beene to mine eyes, when the very Meditation of it doth so deepely wound my heart!

Though I know that the immaculate Lambe was sacrificed on this woodden Altar, that he might wash & cleanse my polluted soule with his precious bloud, take away the foule staines of my defiled flesh, and by suffering so vile a death on the Crosse, to deliuer me from a bitter curse, due vnto mee for my great and grieuous sinnes: Yet needes must mine eyes haue melted (like Ice) into teares, my heart haue been consumed with sobs, and all my bowels

els pained with compaſſion, if I had beene a wofull beholder of his dolefull Paſſion; vnleſſe mine eyes had beene more drie then a flint, my heart more hard then iron, and my bowels compoſed of braſſe.

But indeede, what riuers of ſtreaming teares ſhould water my cheeks? what heauy groanes, & lamentable ſighes ſhould ſound out of the bottome of my heart? How ſhould all mine affections be drowned in the wanes of afflictions, when I contemplate the hidious deformities of my vgly ſinnes, and ſeriouſly meditate on the cruell tyrannie of my trayterous tranſgreſſions, which indeed were nothing elſe, but cruell hands, and a hard hammer, to driue the iron nailes into thy bleſſed hands; and innocent feet, and to craſh their tender bones into

into pieces?

Wound my soule (oh my sweet Iesus) pierce my heart, that it may streame forth blood: et nothing but mournfull sighes be pleasant vnto my weeping eyes: let nothing but voices of horror and lamentation be delightfull vnto my dolefull eares, so that all my senses may be true mourners, to bewaile the crueltie of my sinnes, and to shew some tokens of true repentance for the multitude of my transgressions, which so pittifully wounded thy sacred body, and so grieuously vexed thy righteous soule.

Crucifie my heart, that it may die to wicked cogitations: Crucifie my hands, that they may haue no power to commit euill actions: Crucifie mine eyes, that they may want light (in taking delight) to gaze vpon worldly vanities:

Crucifie mine eares, that they may be dull and depriued of hearing, when they ſhould liſten to fruitleſſe and friuolous words, vnſauoury ſpeeches, laſcuious, and wanton diſcourſes: Crucifie my tongue, that it may haue no motion to vtter any oppoſite thing to the pure Law of my God, or hurtfull to the commodity of thoſe which are godly and good. Crucifie my *Taſte*, that it may not be allured with the wanton entiſements of *delicate meates*, nor ſo ouercome with the baites of pleaſant wine, that the eies of my vnderſtanding be darke with the *fumes* of gluttony, or my ſoule be polluted, or my bodie defiled with filthy adulterie.

Crucifie the old man (*ſinne*) that hath beene my Tenant ſo long, and hath had his habitation in my boſome, tha

being

being dead, he may be carried out to his graue, that my ſoule may be infected no longer with his carnall impiety, and that I may no longer wilfully loue, but willingly *loath*, and for euer leaue his damnable company.

But now (oh my ſorrowfull ſoule) turne thine eies towards thy crucified *Ieſus*, meditate ſeriouſly in thy minde, and let it be the perpetuall matter of thy thoughts, to thinke how thy louing Sauiour was moſt pittifully martyred, and cruelly mangled: tortured without any pittie, ſcorned at his death with vile indignity, and thought vnworthy of any mercy or kinde humanity, that thou maieſt mourne for thy ſinnes in the morning, and repent for thy miſdeeds in the euening, which were hard-hearted, and bloudie-handed executioners,

cutioners to crucifie thy innocent Iesus.

Cry out, oh my wretched, and wicked soule, trembling at the vgly sight of thy grieuous sinnes, and troubled with the horrour of thy guiltie conscience. Cry out, saying: Oh my sweet Iesu! oh my milde and *mercifull Iesu!* how exceeding painefull are the pangs of thy Passion? how violent are the streames of thy afflictions? how cruelly is thy body wounded, and thy soule presſed with the heauie weight of my sinnes? Oh how horrible, how detestable, how innumerable are my transgressions, that tormented my Sauiour with so many heauie afflictions? What a deare price didst thou pay for my Redemption? At what a high rate hast thou bought me a most wretched sinner? no summes of gold, had they bin

neuer

neuer ſo much, no heapes of ſiluer, had they beene neuer ſo great, could rid mee out of Captiuitie: It was onely thy precious bloud that might pay the price of my ranſome: It was only thy innocent death that was ſufficient to purchaſe my freedome.

How is the naked body of my louing Redeemer and kinde Reconciler, ſtretched out vpon the Croſſe, to deliuer mee from the bitter curſe which was due vnto me for my monſtrous impiety, and the *execution* of it readie to be ſerued vpon me for my intolerable iniquities?

How firme are thy harmeleſſe *hands* fixed vnto thy Croſſe? how hard are thy innocent *feete* nayled vnto it? Thou haſt onely liberty to moue, but (Alas) no where to *lay downe* thy weake, and wearie head. Thou lieſt mixed, obiected

obiected to the blasts of the winde and storme of the weather, thou hast no cloathes to keepe thee warme, thou hast no shelter to keepe thee from harme.

Thou wert poore indeed at thy birth, but now thou art more poore at thy death: for at thy birth thou hadst a Stable for thy Chamber, and a Manger for thy Cradle: thou hadst swathling cloathes (although they were coorse) that might defend thee from colde, and cherish thy tender body. But at thy death thou art cruelly robbed of all thy *garments*, thou hast not so much as a *ragge* to lay vpon thee, the *sharpnesse* of the aire nippeth thy skin, the furie of the windes stormeth against thy naked body, thou hast no *roofe* to couer thy head from the blustering windes: thou hast no place of harbour to protect

tect thy body from the *stormie weather*: Oh how hard is the bed thou liest vpon at the houre of thy death? How hard is the pillow that lieth vnder thy head, when thou art readie to yeeld vp thy breath? How is thy blessed body debated by wretched men heere vpon the earth, which is so highly honoured by the *Angels* in *Heauen*? Oh how should my heart faint with bleeding wounds of sorrow for my sinnes? How should mine eies make my bed to floate with a flood of teares, when I begin to call to an audit my hainous trespasses, and to cast vp the infinit summes of my *transgressions*, which caused my Lord to passe thorow such a great Campe of miseries, and to abide the bitter brunts of so many calamities? for what hadst thou done, oh my most

moſt ſweet Lord? what hadſt thou done, that thou ſhouldſt be ſo ſpitefully deſpiſed, ſo *maliciouſly* martyred, ſo *extremely* tortured, and ſo cruelly *tormented?* What wicked action had thy pure hands committed? nay, what good deed had they omitted, that they ſhould be ſo pittifully *wounded?* How had thy innocent feet tranſgreſſed, that they ſhould be ſo ſeuerely puniſhed? How had any little particle of thy bleſſed body offended, that it ſhould be ſo *grieuouſly tormented?* Truly, thy deeds, my bleſſed Sauiour, were alwaies acted with integritie, and thy words did vtter nothing but truth and *ſinceritie*; thy hands were alwaies cleane from ſinfull actions, thy heart was alwaies pure from wicked cogitations: It was thy maruailous loue, thy miraculous mercie, thine

thine vnſpeakeable pittie, that did induce thee to ſuffer thoſe torments which were due vnto me for mine offences. It was I, my ſweet Sauiour, it was I my ſelfe that had ſo grieuouſly ſinned. It was thy wonderfull *charitie*: It was thy charitable mercie, to ſhead thy precious bloud, to cure the deſperate diſeaſe of my deadly miſerie.

But ſuch, oh ſuch, and ſo vile is the horrible ingratitude of my minde; ſuch, and ſo great is the dulneſſe of my memorie, ſuch and ſo hard is the *ſtupidity* of my heart, that I am vnthankfull for thy mercie, forgetfull of thy bounty, ſenſeleſſe, without any compaſſion, yea quite cold, without any zealous meditation of thy grieuous Paſſion.

Haue mercy vpon mee, oh my moſt mercifull Lord, haue mercie vpon mee. Oh let the

ſweet

ſweet dew of thy infinite mercie, diſtill downe vpon my head: yea rather let it bee infuſed into my heart, that it may mollifie the hardneſſe of mine *affections*, moiſten the drineſſe of my bowels, and fructifie my minde with the fruits of thy loue, becauſe I cannot, yea rather, becauſe I am vnwilling to ſuffer with thee, and loue thee ſo little, who hath alwaies loued mee ſo much: for I freely confeſſe, I haue no ſenſe of thy innarrable, and innumerable ſorrowes, which thou didſt ſuffer for the multitude of my ſinnes. Alas, mine eies are dry without *teares*, my kinde Ieſu, my *heart* is ſo dead, that it cannot breathe forth any heauie groanes: mine affections are ſtarke cold, without any heate of true deuotion, ſo often, yea rather ſo ſeldome, as I enter into a meditation

tation of thy bitter Passion, and ruminate thy tedious paines and terrible *pangs* which thou didst feele in thy most precious body, to reuerse the sentence of *damnation* pronounced against me for my sinnes, and to purchase a gracious pardon for my *condemned* soule.

But pardon me, forgiue me, my most mercifull Lord, I haue a heart of Iron, my bowels are more hard then Marble; vnlesse thou mollifie them, they are vnapt to receiue any print of thy mercie, or any impression of thy grace.

Take away from mee, I pray thee, my stonie heart, giue mee a fleshie and tender heart, that may be wounded with the thornes of sorrow for my rebellious thoughts, yeeld forth dolefull groanes for my grieuous sins, and bleed

bleed with the wounds of compunction, when my minde doth meditate on thy heauy Paſſion.

Oh why ſhould not my heart, my wretched heart, be pinched with ſome paine for the loue of thee, which didſt willingly vouchſafe to die for the loue of mee? Wherefore haue the *ſparks* of my loue lien ſo long couered in the *embers*? Or rather, why are they almoſt extinguiſhed? Oh what ſeuere puniſhment ſhould I take of my ſelfe, for my monſtrous *ingratitude*? How is my tongue able to vtter one word, yea one ſyllable of a word, to excuſe the coldneſſe of my loue? How may I bluſh, nay how may my face be confounded with ſhame, which am ſo way-ward, and vnwilling to ſuffer any little affliction for thy ſake, who endured ſo many extreme torments for my

my *sinne* ? I lie on featherbeds, couered warme with cloathes; and thou didst lie naked, nailed to a woodden Crosse, and that in the time of cold weather, when others doe warme themselues at a fire.

If my head begin to ake, I lay it downe vpon a soft pillow, to ease my paine, and lessen my griefe: But thou, oh my louing Lord, hast not so much as a bolster of straw whereon thou mightest lay thy dying head, pierced with sharpe thornes, and bleeding with many wounds.

When I am sicke, my friends about mee bestirre themselues to ease my diseased body, and to reuiue my fainting spirits. But alas (my sweet Sauiour) there was none about thee at the houre of thy pittifull and painefull death, which would proffer thee

thee any kinde deed, no, not ſo much as a comfortable word.

They offer thee bitter wine mixed with myrrh, and mingled with Gall. But although thy thirſt was great, cauſed by the extremitie of thy paines, and immoderate effuſion of thy blood, yet when thou hadſt taſted of it, thou didſt refuſe to drinke of their bitter potion.

How hard were their hearts? Yea how dead, without any feeling of common compaſſion, that could giue vnto my ſweet Sauiour no better then ſuch a bitter Potion?

Such was the ſuccour that they would afford thee at the houre of thy death: This was the beſt *Cordiall* they would giue thee, a little before the parting of thy breath.

What iuſt occaſion hadſt thou,

thou, my mercifull Redeemer? Yea, what admirable patience hadst thou, that thou didst not bitterly inueigh against the bloudie Gentiles, and vnbeleeuing Iewes, who were so maliciously madded, and bloudily minded against thee, that all which they sought, and all which they wrought, was to augment thy sorrow?

But whilst their hearts were inflamed with malice against thee, and their hands labouring to crucifie thee, thou wert so farre from accusing them for their sauage crueltie, that thou didst pray vnto thy heauenly Father, that hee would remit and forgiue their iniquity, saying: *Father, pardon them, because they know not what they doe*, Luk. 23.34.

And this, oh my sweet Christ, was the first words which

which thou ſpakeſt vpon thy bitter Croſſe. Indeed they knew thee not, for their eies were blinded that they could not ſee, and their hearts were hardned, that they could not vnderſtand.

Heere maiſt thou meditate (oh my ſoule) with exceeding comfort vpon the wonderful patience, admirable mercy, & ſweet words of thy louing Sauiour, who was not ſo much grieued with paine of his owne *afflictions*, as he was earneſt to pray for the remiſſion of their ſins. Hee did not once open his mouth, to make any iuſt *Apologie* for his owne innocency, nor to denounce any deſerued malediction: No, not one bitter word againſt them, for their dogged cruelty. But in the extremeſt pangs of his bitter paſſion, his tender hart was moued with pittifull compaſſion towards them, he opened the

the fountaine of his mercie, that the sweet streames of his *Benediction* might flow vpon them. Hee blessed them that cursed him, hee shewed them a true token of his entire loue, for their cruell hate, he prayed for them, as if they had been his dearest friends, when in deed they were his deadly foes.

How should my feebie tongue, like a trumpet (oh my beautifull Iesu) sound forth the wonderfull worthinesse of thy surmounting mercy? How should mine vnable and barren heart conceiue the dignitie of thine vncomparable meeknesse? How should the weake sight of my darke vnderstanding pierce into the hidden mysteries of thy gracious mildnesse, which surpasseth all vnderstanding?

How affable and ineffable is the sweetnesse of thy charitable

ritable prayer? how bottomleſſe is the depth of thy clemencie? how vnexhauſtible is the treaſure of thy benignitie?

How large and ſpacious, yea how infinit are the bounds of thy mercie? For with what tranquillity of minde? with what pietie and pittie of heart? with what ſweet, milde, and perſwaſiue words didſt thou ſue for their pardon, who now were breathing out nothing elſe but curſes againſt thee, with their malicious tongues, and euen now acting the extremity of their Tyrannie againſt thee with their bloudie hands?

Thou wert not diſcouraged by their iniuries: thou wert not hardned with their reproches: thou didſt not rebuke them for their euill words: thou didſt not check them for their wicked deeds: thou

thou didst seeke to salue their sores, who gaue thee deadly wounds: thou diddest make *intercession* for their life, who cruelly put thee to death: thou wert full of pitty towards them, whose hearts were empty of all compassion towards thee. Oh with what wonderfull mildnes of mind, with what great deuotion of spirit, in what abundance of loue didst thou cry, *Father, forgiue them?* Oh wonderfull worke of thy worthy mercy! oh rare and memorable example of exceeding pitty! oh perfect patterne of excellent charity! oh let me poore wretched sinner, taste the sweetnes of this hony, reuiue my dying heart with this cordiall compassion, relieue my sicke soule with this comfortable *confection*. Cry out so for me, my sweet *Lord*, and kinde *Mediator*: commend my wo-

full caſe, and pleade my cauſe vnto thy Father, ſaying, *Father, forgiue him.*

For in truth, I know not what I doe: loue of the world hath blinded mine eyes, deſire of carnall pleaſures is rooted in my heart, and all manner of *wanton vanities* are rife in my minde: I runne headlong in the broad way of deſtruction: I cannot finde the narrow path, which leadeth to Saluation.

Open mine eyes (oh Lord) that I may ſee to walke in thy wayes, and direct my feet, that I may tread in thy pathes.

Teach mee to follow the patterne of thy excellent patience, ſo that I may not wiſh well onely to my deareſt friends, which dearely loue mee, but alſo pray for my cruell enemies, who deadly hate mee.

But alas, how ſoone am I diſ-

displeased ? How long is it before I will forgiue, if I be once offended ? I am prone with enuious *Cain*, to staine my hands with horrible murder. I long for a day with rough *Esau*, wherein I may slay my innocent brother. I oftentimes fall out with my friend for a crosse word, so that oftentimes in requitall, I seeke to doe him a mischieuous deed : I thinke my selfe the worse when I see him: Oh how doe I disdaine to speake vnto him?

Teach mee to learne this hard lesson of patience: purge the seed of malice out of my minde, mellow the ground of my heart with the deaw of thy graces, that it may not onely be tender, to giue my beloued poore Friends, but that it may also be pliable to forgiue my hatefull Foes: seeing that thou wert not so

much touched with the ſenſe of thy owne afflictions, (and no doubt the paines of them were moſt grieuous vnto thee) as thou wert mooued with zeale to pray for thy bloodie enemies, when they made a prey of thy garments, and caſt lots for thy *vnſeamed veſture*, Ioh. 19. 24.

Now though *Pilate* gaue wrongfull iudgement againſt thee, to take away thy innocent life, yet he ſeemed to honour thee at the houre of thy death, when hee wrote on the Croſſe, *Ieſus of Nazareth, King of the Iewes*, Matt. 27. 37. Mar. 15. 26. Luk. 23. 38. Ioh. 19. 19. It pleaſed him to intitle thee a *King* by name, but alas, hee had no ſuch conceite of thee in his ſecret thoughts. But in deed thou wert worthy of a far more honorable Title, being not onely King of the Iewes, but alſo of the Gentiles:

tiles: Yea, Creator and Gouernor of euery creature.

Neuertheleſſe, thou didſt not clothe thy ſelfe with the veſture of our Humanitie, that thou ſhouldſt bee honoured with any worldly dignity.

It was thy chiefeſt honor to do the will of thy heauenly Father; *Ioh.* 14. 31. thou cameſt not to depriue *Herod* of his Kingdome, nor to gather any forces to deliuer the *Iewes*, as they fondly dreamed of their *Meſſias*, and vainely expected at the comming of their King.

Thou cameſt to deliuer the people from the Captiuity of their ſinnes, and by ſheading thy precious blood, to ſaue their ſoules. Graunt me, oh my ſweet Sauiour, that I may ſet open the dore of my heart, that thou mayeſt enter, which art the true *King of glory*, and

that I may ſtil deſire (aithough I am vnable) to ſhew my ſelfe a louing and loyall ſubiect to receiue thee.

Send thy holy Spirit, as a Harbenger before thee, to giue mee warning of thy comming, and then I ſhall be prepared to entertaine my *gracious Soueraigne*, with humility of minde, and tokens of ſincere loue.

I long (oh my King) for thy comming, for I am aſſured if thou vouchſafe to enter into my cottage, thou wilt beſtow ſuch a royall gift vpon mee, that I ſhall beginne to diſdaine the pompe of the world, and account nothing ſo deare vnto mee as thy loue.

Oh would my louing Sauiour would imbrace mee betweene his bleſſed armes! Oh I wiſh to liue, I long to die betwixt thy louing imbracements:

ments: thy arms were stretched out on the Crosse, as if thou wert ready to receiue any penitent sinner; refuse not to receiue me a wretched sinner, who wounded with the horror of my sinnes, doe come vnto thee as my Physicion; who is onely able and willing to heale my wounds. Let thy precious blood stop the bloody issue of my sinnes: thy mercie, and nothing but thy mercy can cure my *malady*: that one, and that alone, is all my remedy.

Graunt mee (oh my sweet Iesu) that I may bee able to say with thine Apostle, *I am crucified with thee.* Crucifie my wanton flesh with the nailes of thy feare: mortifie my rebellious thoughts with dread of thy Iustice, and Meditation of thy iudgements. Let it be the ioy of my heart: let it be the daily exercise of

my minde: let it be the obiect of all my thoughts, to thinke on my Lord Iesus, and him crucified.

I cannot wonder enough, thogh I neuer cease to wonder at thee, my Iesu, my Sauiour, and my Redeemer: yet let me neuer cease to marualle at the wonderfull worke of thy Passion, which thou didst so patiently suffer, that by thy innocent death, thou mightest cancell the obligation of our infinite debt, and affixe it to thy Crosse, that thou mightest deliuer vs poore and miserable wretches, from the danger of the curse, which was gone out against vs: Oh how can my meditations attaine to the length of thy admirable loue? how can my cogitations measure the breadth of thy clemency? how should my deepest imaginations diue into the depth of thy mercy?

My eye is too dimme, to perceiue the beauty, my eare is too dull, to heare the greatneſſe, my heart is too groſſe, to conceiue the goodnes, my taſte is too weake, to reliſh the ſweetnes, my tongue is too feeble, to declare the worthines of thy ioue: no words, be they neuer ſo many, can expreſſe the quantity, no eloquence, be it neuer ſo excellent, can relate the quality.

Oh with what humility of minde, with what exceeding patience, with what kinde and tender affections didſt thou ſuffer the extremeſt pangs of thy bitter afflictions?

How is my minde amazed with the bright beames of thy loue? How are all my thoughts confounded with the greatnes of thy clemency?

How is my ſoule rauiſhed with the goodnes of thy mercy?

cy? What did moue thee, oh my ſweet Sauiour, but thy vnſpeakeable loue? what did induce thee, but thy incomparable mercy, to pay ſo deare a price for my Redemption?

Oh let the remembrance of thy infinite bounty neuer depart out of my minde: Let all my affections be inflamed with the fire of thy loue: Let the ſweetneſſe and greatneſſe of thy mercies be my chiefeſt Meditations: Mortifie my diſobedient cogitations with thy feare, and crucifie my rebellious actions on thy Croſſe: that although ſinne muſt dwell and remaine in mee, yet it may not raigne and rule ouer mee.

A Medita-

A Meditation concerning the derisions and scornefull speeches, vttered to the Lord Iesus, (when hee was nayled on the Crosse) by the Iewes, and one of the Theeues which were crucified with him; and of the second words he spake on the crosse.

MED. XV.

Twixt Theeues Christ suffered. For no fault he shed
His precious blood. The Sunne thereat asham'd,
Ore-ueild his face. The graues gaue vp their dead:
With wonders, more that cannot here be nam'd.

Mat. 27. 38. Mark. 15. 27. Luk. 23. 4. Iohn 19. 6. Mark 15. 33. Math. 27. 45. & 27. 52.

NOw ruminate (oh my sorrowfull and lamenting soule) what scornefull, speeches, what spitefull derisions, and bitter reproaches, were breathed out of the mouthes of the enuious Iewes against my patient & silent Iesus, after they

they had nayled his pure hands, and bleſſed feet to the Croſſe.

Call home all thy wandring cogitations, that they may be holy and wholy intentiue to this heauenly and diuine meditation.

Let ſtreames of teares guſh out of my melting eyes, let them penetrate into my boſome, that they may mollifie my ſtonie heart, ſo that it may be ſo deepely wounded with ſorrowfull compaſſion, as if I had beene an eye-witneſſe of his painefull Paſſion, when his innocent hands, and bleſſed feet ſtreamed forth precious blood: yet the ſtreames of it could not quench the fire of their malice, they could not calme the rage of their ſtormy mindes, nor breed any one thought of pittie in their cruell hearts: It was not ſufficient for them to tor-

ment

ment him with their bloody hands, but now at his vndeserued death, they raile and reuile him with their blasphemous mouthes: for as their hearts were stony, not apt to take any print of compassion, and their hands filled with *sauage cruelty* without mercy, so their words and speeches were vnciuil, voyd of all modestie. Some cry out, *He saued others, let him saue himselfe if he be the Sonne of God*: the Souldiers disdainfully deride him, and scornfully mocke him, saying, *If thou be the King of the Iewes, saue thy selfe.* Also they that passe by, nod their heads at him, *reuile* him bitterly, and blaspheme him, saying, *A thou which dost destroy the Temple of God, and in three daies dost build it againe, saue thy selfe: If thou be the Sonne of God, come downe from the Crosse.* Oh how cruelly was my innocent Sauiour

our tormented with their vnmercifull hands? oh how was his righteous ſoule wounded with their *malicious tongues?* Their words doe ſauour of Gall, and their ſpeech is more bitter then worme-wood. But ſo great was their malice, ſo grieuous was their indignation, ſo deadly was their hatred againſt my louing Ieſus, that they thought all their cruell deeds were too little to be inflicted vpon him: and that all their words were not halfe bitter enough, which their venemous mouthes did ſpue out againſt him.

But as my bleſſed Redeemer did patiently ſuffer the extreme tortures of their *mercileſſe hands*, ſo hee did meekly beare the bitter taunts of their reuiling tongues. Oh let the memory of this thy exceeding patience bee ſo deeply ſealed in my minde, that

that my thoughts may ſtill meditate on thy infinite loue! let my teares often (flowing out of my eyes) be true tokens of my inward ſorrow, and let my grieuous groanes be as faithfull meſſengers to declare my true repentance: For it was my horrible tranſgreſſions and hainous offẽces, my kinde and louing Sauiour, that made thee to abide the tyranny of their bloody and murthering hands, and to feele the ſting of their ſharpe and malicious tongues.

But (alas) mine eies are ſo dry, that they cannot ſhead a teare, and my heart ſo hard, that it cannot yeeld a groane, vnleſſe thou moiſten the one with the gracious raine of thy graces, and mollifie the other, by the vertue of thy ſpirit.

Now not onely the irreligious Gentiles, who were actors

actors of this bloody Tragedy, and the enuious Iewes, who were authors & Spectators of all their cruelty, did disgorge the bitter choller of their malice against my crucified Iesus, but also one of the malefactors hauing no remorse of conscience for his owne offences, nor pittie on my Sauiour, so grieuously taunted, and spightfully scorned of the baseſt of the people, began to raile vpon him without modestie, and to vse these tearmes against him, full of vile indignity: *If thou art Christ, saue thy selfe and vs*, Luk. 23. 39. But his other fellow touched with sorrow for his sinnes, and freely confessing that they had both worthily deserued, and did iustly suffer death for their transgressions, began to reprehend him for his blasphemous impiety, and to iustifie

my

my Iesus for his blameleſſe innocency.

And when he had rebuked his fellow for ſuch great inhumanity, he turned to my Sauiour to implore his mercie, that he might be made partaker of the ioyes of his heauenly Kingdome, vttering this ſhort and ſweet prayer: ***Lord, remember me, when thou commeſt into thy Kingdome.*** And hee had ſcant ended his ſhort petition, but my mercifull Sauiour made him this gracious anſwere; *Verily I ſay vnto thee, this day thou ſhalt be with me in Paradiſe*, Luk. 23. 43.

But now let vs conſider, oh my ſoule, with deuout attention, and behold with attentiue deuotion, what riches of infinite bounty, what large promiſes of vnmeaſurable liberality, what a bleſſed inheritance, my bountifull Redeemer doth promiſe vnto this

this poore, naked, and true, though late repenting ſinner.

How might this bleſſed promiſe mitigate the ſorrow, (Oh thou ſorrowfull ſinner,) of thy perplexed minde? How might it eaſe the ſores of thine afflicted body? for as faith bred in thy heart a true contrition, and opened thy mouth to make that humble petition, ſo no doubt it ſealed ſuch an aſſurance vnto thy wounded conſcience, that thou didſt ſtedfaſtly beleeue his promiſe, and faithfully looke for the performance. But how may my ſpeech extend it ſelfe to the length of thy boundleſſe liberality (my moſt liberall *Redeemer*?) How may my words meaſure the bredth of thy vnlimitted mercy? Yea how can my thoughts ſound the bottomleſſe Sea of thy benig-

benignity? In thy first words vttered on the *Crosse*, thou doest pray thy Father to forgiue thy cruell *tormentors*, and in thy second words thou doest bountifully giue Paradise vnto a sorrowfull sinner.

Oh who can worthily estimate the dignity of the gift? who can sufficiently extoll the bounty of the Giuer? although (my sweet Iesu) thy whole life was the merit of our saluation, yet at thy bitter death thou didst pay the full price of our redemption. Oh happie theefe that had such a sweet taste of thy mercy! Oh blessed soule, that wert made partaker of such infinite bounty! Oh what great graces and excellent vertues were infused into thee, that thou didst beleeue my Iesus to be the true Sonne of God thy Creator? whom thou didst see to die the death of a miserable

ſerable creature?

As thy faults were intolerable in thy diſſolute life, ſo thy faith appeareth admirable at thy ſorrowfull death. For what but faith was the motiue to moue thee to ſue to him, to be remembred in his kingdome of eternall felicity, who to thy outward eies appeared nothing elſe but a ſpectacle of wofull miſery? and as thy confidence was great, and thy loue much, ſo thy Ieſus doth ſpeedily aſſure thee to enioy a bountifull reward.

Therefore I pray thee, my moſt bountifull Ieſu, ſo to inſpire my minde with thy grace, and ſo to kindle thy loue in my breſt, that I may be contented to be crucified with thee here vpon earth, that I may be receiued by thee into thy kingdome of heauen.

And grant that I may ſo truely lament for my treſ-

paſſes

paſſes, and ſhead ſuch bitter teares for my ſinnes, that I may faithfully ſay with this penitent theefe, *Lord, remember mee when thou ſhalt come into thy Kingdome:* For I confeſſe, O Lord, I haue beene no better then a Theefe, for I haue robbed thee of thy honor, I haue beene vntrue vnto thee concerning thy glorie. My lips are defiled with lying, my hands haue wrought the workes of deceipt, I haue often beguiled the widdow, and defrauded the Orphane. I haue ſought to make my ſelfe rich by oppreſſion. I haue beene diſobedient to my gouernours, and would not liue vnder their lawfull ſubiection. Oh Lord, remember not my great and grieuous offences, let thy mercie blot them out of thy memorie, that they may not be laid againſt me, when I ſhal be ſummoned

moned to appeare before thee: Remember me according to the multitude of thy mercies, as thou didst this late repenting malefactor, whom thou hast left vnto mee as one rare example of thy infinite mercy, that I should not despaire in regard of thy iustice, & that I should not presume to sinne in respect of thy mercie. Oh let me remember this rare example of thy extraordinary goodnesse, so that I may neither despaire with the heauie burthen of my sinnes, nor presume without feare to transgresse the bounds of thy holy Law: that although I haue run long the wild race of vnbridled iniquity, yet at last I may returne home vnto thee out of the way of impietie, with this faithfull and true repenting offender, and be a companion with him in thy Paradise of euerlasting felicity.

A Medita-

A Meditation, concerning the lamentation of the Virgin Mary, beholding her Sonne, lifted vp vpon the Crosse, standing by it; accompanied with *Iohn* the *Euangelist*, and *Mary Magdalene*.

MED. XVI.

The blessed Virgin standing by the Crosse — Iohn 19.25.
Of Christ our Lord; Behold thy Sonne, sayd he — Ibid. 26.
Vnto his Mother; Oh most grieuous losse,
That he must die, who from all faults was free! — Luk. 23.14.

NOw turne thy thoughts (Oh my sorrowful soule, from the blasphemous reproches, scornfull derisions, and malicious slanders of the wicked Iewes, insulting against my innocent Iesus.

And now thou hast heard how bountifull thy Sauiour was vnto the penitent Theefe.

that was ſorrowfull for his owne iniquity, and couragious to iuſtifie my mercifull Redeemer, for his vnſpotted innocency: Meditate a while on the Lamentation of his bleſſed Mother, whoſe heart was wounded with ſorrow, to ſee her Sonne ſo cruelly tormented, when hee had neuer offended in word, nor imagined any euill in thought.

How ſharpe was the ſting of dolour to wound her heart? How intolerable was the griefe that did trouble her minde, when ſhee ſaw his body bleeding with ſo manie wounds, before her wofull eies, and heard their bitter words and diueliſh reproches caſt out againſt him, in the audience of her doleful eares?

As ſhee had cauſe to reioyce at his bleſſed Birth, ſo now ſhee had good occaſion to mourne for his cruell death.

For

For though no doubt she was anointed with oyle of graces aboue her fellowes, yet we may not thinke shee was quite exempted from the passions of a woman, or void of the tender affections of a Mother, when shee saw the harmlesse head of her louing and beloued Sonne bleeding with a *Crowne* of *Thornes*, and his innocent hands, and blessed feete, fastened to the Crosse with iron nailes.

Certainely shee knew that his Conception was so sanctified by the holy Ghost in her wombe, that his most blessed body was alwaies free from the infection of impiety, and his flesh neuer tainted with the corruption of iniquity.

But yet shee knew hee did not suffer without sense of his paines, and although he was endued with a supernaturall

turall patience, yet ſhee knew that he felt the pangs of his bitter paſſion, ſubiect by his humane nature to many infirmities as we are: yet euer hauing a pure heart and clean hands, from the ſpots of ſinne wherewith our ſoules are polluted, and our bodies continually infected.

Wherefore thinke, oh my ſoule, that as her afflictions were grieuous, ſo her lamentation was great: ſuppoſe that thou doeſt ſee her face diſcoloured with paleneſſe, diſcouering her motherly ſorrow to thy outward eies, and that thou didſt heare her mournefull tongue, telling thisdolefull tale to thy attentiue eares, which ſhould cauſe thee to be a partner with her in her woe, and ſigh for thy ſinnes, which were the cauſe of her ſorrow, to ſee her beloued Sonne ſo cruelly crucified

fied by the Gentiles, and so disdainfully derided by the Iewes.

Thinke (I say) that thou doest see her watering her eyes with store of teares, and vttering these or the like words, with her sorrowfull lips to her dearely beloued Son, (which words should draw out teares from thine eyes, and driue out groanes from thy heart) which shee pronounced with a dolefull accent in this or the like manner:

Oh what medicine, (be it neuer so soueraigne) can asswage the rigour of my malady? what salue (be it neuer so precious) can heale the woũds of my bleeding heart? what words (be they neuer so comfortable) can cheare vp my dolefull minde, when I see thee my beloued Sonne, so cruelly tormented, and so ig-

nominiously taunted? Alas for me poore wretch thy sorrowfull Mother!

How intolerable is the paine? how grieuous is the punishment that is inflicted vpon thee? Thy death is not so bitter vnto mee, (and yet how loth I am to forgoe thee?) as these cruell torments which I see, doe torture thy innocent body, and doe greatly augment the sorrow of my perplexed minde. As thy blessed life was the cause of my chiefest felicity, so will thy bitter death be the beginning of my miserie.

Who shall afford mee comfort in the time of my calamity? who shall giue me counsell? who shall be my succour in the time of my necessitie, when I am separated from thee? How shall I spend the daies with sorrowing, and passe thorow the tedious nights

nights with mourning?

But thou, oh my God omnipotent, which art his eternall Father, who canst not shut thine eies of compassion from thine afflicted Sonne, comfort mee his sorrowfull Mother.

Thou seest the wounds of his body, thou knowest the sorrowes of my heart, and because thou art a Father of mercies, and a God of all consolation, looke downe vpon me out of thy holy Sanctuarie, and as thou hast proued me to be thy faithfull Handmaide, so let the sweetnesse of thy Fatherly loue, temper the bitternesse of my griefe, that although I be depriued from the humane societie of my Sonne, yet the wings of thy prouidence, may still ouershadow mee, and thy omnipotent arme safely protect me.

But as the Virgin *Marie*

did bewaile the cruell and bloudie death of her innocent Sonne, ſo *Marie Magdalene*, with many teares guſhing out of her eyes, began to lament the wofull caſe of him her louing Maſter, on this or ſuch like manner:

Oh my deare Maſter! oh my gracious Lord! oh my bleſſed and bountifull benefactor! I cannot liue without thy louing company: I cannot abide, without thy amiable Societie: what tongue, though it ſpeake neuer ſo dolefull, can truly relate my ſorrow? What words, be they neuer ſo rhetoricall, can eaſe my inward griefe, when I ſee I ſhall be ſeparated from ſo louing and ſo kinde a Maſter?

Oh how tyrannous are the torments wherewith the bloudy tormentors doe torment thine afflicted body? How ſharpe are the arrowes of

of their malice, wherewith they wound thy righteous soule? How grieuous is the sight of their cruell deedes vnto mine eyes? How odious are their dogged words vnto mine eares? Yet my constant loue vnto thee, will not giue mee leaue to leaue thee, (though it be a death vnto mee to see thy calamity) so long as mine eyes may behold thee.

The sight of the bitter *pangs* of thy Passion doth affright me with horrour: The signes of thy approaching death, doth confound my senses with continuall *terror*: I see thy head which I anointed with precious oyntment, cruelly piereed with Thornes, and pittifully bleeding with many wounds.

I see thy harmlesse hands pierced with iron nayles, and thy innocent feete stained

with bloud, which I bathed with the teares of mine eyes, and wiped with the haire of my head.

Oh how should I sufficiently bewaile the innocent death of my louing Iesus?

How doth my heart faint with sorrow, and my senses faile me for griefe, when I see the torments of his body, and when I thinke vpon the affliction of his soule? But alas, the waues of sorrow doe stop the passage of my words; my speech faileth, and my voice fainteth for griefe.

Now thou hast heard (my sorrowfull soule) the lamentation of the Virgin *Marie*, as a kinde Mother, sorrowing for the death of her deerest Sonne: and the pittifull mourning of *Marie Magdalene*, sighing for the losse of so louing and kinde a Master; Cease not thou to shead teares, with thy

thy weeping eyes, and to sob with a broken and contrite heart, for the cruel and shamefull death of thy louing Sauiour, who died for thy hainous sinnes, and suffered for thy horrible transgressions.

Grant me, oh my most gracious Lord, that my head may flowe with water, and that mine eyes may be turned into a fountaine of teares: For where shall I goe to draw water, but to the fountaine of my Sauiour?

Oh why should I cease to weepe for thy sake, when thou didst weepe so often, because of my sinnes? Thou hast told me, that they are happy, and blessed, that mourne for their sinnes, and lament for their offences, and that they shall be comforted in the day of their trouble, and receiue consolation at the houre of their affliction.

Draw

Draw me (oh Lord) vnto thee, that I may behold thee, and take such hold of thee, that thou maist neuer depart from me.

Receiue mee into the little number of thy louing and faithfull friends, who would not leaue thee in thy extremest miserie, but did weepe and sigh to see thy calamitie: so that being partaker with them of their sorrow, by my meditation of thy bitter Passion, suffered here vpon earth, I may be made copartner with them of thine vnspeakeable ioyes, in thy blessed Kingdome of heauen. Oh let thine eares be open to the petition of my lips, and let thy mercy grant the desire of my heart.

A

A Meditation concerning the obscuration and Eclipse of the Sunne about the ninth houre, and of the fourth speech which the Lord spake on the Crosse.

MED. XVII.

When Christ vpon the Crosse for vs was nail'd,
And that his Ghost was readie to depart:
The Sun asham'd his splendant beames ore-vaild,
As blushing to behold so vile a part.

Mark 15.20.
Math. 27.50. Luk. 23. 45.
Mat. 27. 27.45.

NOw call to mind, my sinfull soule, how the firmament was darkened, the Sunne eclipsed, and his beames obscured at the bitter Passion of thy Sauiour. And maruaile not that the brightnesse of the Sunne was dimmed, and that his golden beames did not shew forth their glorie, when as the Sonne of righteousnesse, my

ny innocent Ieſus had his beautie obſcured, and his glory darkened with the clowdes of his grieuous and bitter Paſſion. And if thou conſider the cruelty of his enemies, and the malice of his foes, ſo virulent in the diuelliſh cogitatiõs of their hearts, and ſo violent in the bloudy actions of their hands: thou maiſt thinke that the Sunne did as it were diſdaine to afford them his comfortable heat, or deny them his cheerefull light, that ſo their eyes might be ouerſhadowed with darkneſſe, as the light of their vnderſtanding was obſcured with malice.

But meditate not onely, oh my ſoule, on the horrible cruelty of the barbarous Gentiles, and on the execrable ſpite of the bloudy Iewes, and that their facts were ſo odious, and their deedes ſo deteſtable, that they

they seemed to deprive the Sunne of his splendant brightnes, and to rob the earth of her chiefest comfort: but more often thinke seriously of thy sins, and meditate sincerely of thy transgressions, which darken the light of thy minde, and eclipse the beames of thy vnderstanding, so that thou doest not see to tread in the path of harmelesse piety, but doest wander beside it, into the dangerous waies of damnable iniquity.

Wherefore let the light of thine eyes be obscured with weeping, and thy heart ake with groaning, as outward signes of thy inward sorrow, as faithfull witnesses of thy serious and true repentance: so that the bright beames of the comfortable loue of thy Redeemer may still enlighten thy heart, and the light of his cheerefull countenance euermore

more shine vpon thee. Oh let not the mistie vapours of my grosse offences, my mercifull Sauiour, so obscure the beames of thy mercy, but that their gracious influence may still haue their powerfull operation in my minde, and reuiue my dead heart with the liuely motions of feruent and true deuotion. Let the vertue of thy Spirit so dispell and disperse the thicke cloudes of my sinnes, that my soule may be cherished with the heat of thy loue, and see the brightnesse of thy glory.

But now cease thou, my soule, to behold the darkned Sun with thine amazed eyes, and attend to the voice of thy crying Sauiour with thine attentiue eares. What mournefull tongue can vtter the sharpnesse of his agony? what thought can conceiue the greatnesse of his paine? Oh how

how grieuous was the extremity of his pangs, which made him lift vp his eyes vnto heauen, and his earneſt and loud voice vnto his Celeſtiall Father, crying out in this wofull manner: *Eli, Eli, lammazabatani? my God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken mee?* Oh how vehement was the wrath of thy angry Father againſt thee my mercifull Ieſu, my louing Sauiour? how violent were the torments that vexed thy body? How grieuous were the afflictions that preſſed and perplexed thy minde, groaning vnder the heauie burden of our ſinnes, impoſed vpon thine innocent ſhoulders? Indeede our haynous ſinnes, our horrible tranſgreſſions, moued falſe-hearted *Iudas* to betray thee, and induced the ſtubborne-minded Iewes to reiect thee: they made thy Diſciples to flye for feare, and

to

to leaue their louing Maſter in time of danger: they compelled thy head to bee crowned with pricking thornes, thy face to be defiled with ſpettle, thy body to be ſcourged with whippes: they pierced thy hands, and nailed thy feete, they were the hammer and nailes that faſtned thee to the Croſſe. Theſe cauſed thy Father to puniſh thee with the ſeuerity of his iuſtice, that thou being innocent, mightſt make ſatisfaction for our treſpaſſes, ſuffering a ſhamefull and cruell death, to finiſh the great worke of our redemption, and to deliuer our bodies and ſoules from eternall deſtruction. Theſe made thy louing Father ſeeme to withdraw his cheerefull countenance from thee, becauſe thou didſt appeare ſo deformed to his eyes, and vgly in his ſight, hauing put on the filthy ragges of

of our iniquitie: although hee did alwaies loue thee, and could neuer leaue thee, being alwaies beautifull with the true ornaments of thy owne integrity. Oh how should mine eyes water my bed with flowing teares, and my heart labor with continuall grones, to weepe for the cruelty of my sinnes, and to lament for the tyrannie of my transgressions: which were such cruell tormentors, to torture thy body, and such furious tyrants to vexe thy soule? How great, oh my sweet Iesu, are the tortures which thou doest patiently endure for my sake? How painefull, how shamefull, and cursed was the death which thou didst suffer for my sinnes? The punishment was great wherewith thy body was afflicted, the anguish was grieuous, wherewith thy soule was affected,

the thornes were sharpe, that wounded thy sacred head, the whips were terrible that scourged thy naked body, the nailes were painefull that entred thorow thy hands, and pierced thy feete: nothing but markes of cruelty appeared to thine eyes, nothing but scornefull reproaches of thine enemies sounded in thy eares. But as thy outward afflictions were vnspeakeable, so thy inward sorrow was more intolerable, when thou didst thinke how forgetfull wee would be of thy mercies, and how vnthankfull we would be for thy benefits.

And as thou, my most deare Iesu, in the fiercest fittes of thine agonie, and sorest pangs of thy Passion, didst call, and crie to thy heauenly Father for succour, so teach mee to lift vp my deuout heart, pure hands, and a lowde voice, towards

wards the seate of mercy, when any outward affliction doth pinch my body, or any inward tribulation presse my soule: teach me oh Lord, in the stormie daies of my greatest persecutions, to meditate on thy wonted goodnesse, and when my soule is most perplexed with the horror of my guilty conscience, to thinke on the multitude of thy mercies.

But forsake me not, my sweet Iesu, when my strength faileth: vphold mee, when my feete beginne to slide, and raise mee vp when I beginne to fall: thou doest neuer leaue them without comfort in time of their trouble, who come vnto thee with confidence of thy promises, and faithfully craue thy succour: Oh suffer not my soule to be cast downe with immoderate mourning, or my mouth to be filled

filled with murmuring, when thy hand lieth heauie vpon mee. Comfort my drouping heart with some taste of thy heauenly consolation, when either the sword of *persecution* doth wound my body, or sorrow for my sinnes, doth afflict my minde. Let mee remember that thy children are in this world as the *Israelites* were in the desart: they shall haue many cruell foes, abide hunger and thirst, runne thorow many dangers, and drinke of the bitter waters of *Mara*, before they can come into heauenly *Canaan*, and chaw the wormewood of affliction, before they can eate of the fruit of the tree of life, more sweet then milke, and more delicate then hony. Let me remember, that *Abraham* the Father of the faithfull was often afflicted: that *Iacob* thy beloued, was constrained

strained to flie for feare of *Esau*, his rough-handed, and hard-hearted brother, and then vngently intreated, and vniustly rewarded for his faithfull seruice, by *Laban* his churlish Vnkle. That *Dauid* thy chosen was often in danger of his life, pursued and persecuted by furious *Saul*, before he was aduanced to his Kingdome. Oh let mee not forget the many miseries, and bitter afflictions, which tumbled in heapes vpon *Iob* thy faithfull seruant: Let their patience calme the turbulent motions of my repining minde, and let the remembrance of their deliuerance arme my heart with a confident and stedfast resolution, that the eye of thy carefull prouidence neuer sleepeth nor slumbreth, but continually watcheth ouer thy faithfull and beloued, and that thine

thine omnipotent arme is then ſtretched out to rid them out of perill, when they ſeeme to be in a deſperate caſe, paſt all hope, and fartheſt from ſuccour.

And let me know that affliction is the beſt hope that thy children may expect in this worldly Lotterie, but yet let the anchor of my hope take ſuch ſure hold on thy promiſes in the time of my miſery, that I may alwaies be aſſured, that thou art able, and neuer vnwilling to cure my *malady*, if I call faithfully vpon thy name, and waite thy appointed time with patience, abiding conſtant in thy loue, and confident in thy Word. Grant me, oh my Lord Ieſus, to crie out vnto thee in the daies of my trouble, and to craue thy ſtrong aide in the houre of my *tribulation*. O let mee drinke a deepe draught

draught of the fountaine of thy mercie, when my poore heart is parched with thirſt, in this world of miſerie: Heare me from Heauen, and let my voice ſound in thine eares, that I may receiue comfort when I am diſtreſſed, helpe, when I am oppreſſed, and peace of conſcience when my ſoule is afflicted; that when I feele the ſweet taſte of thy mercie, my lips may ſhew thy praiſe, and my tongue declare thy glory, ſaying: *With my voyce I cried vnto the Lord, with my voyce I prayed vnto the Lord, and hee heard mee.*

A Meditation, concerning the fift and sixt words, which the Lord Iesus spake on the Crosse; to wit, *I thirst*, and *It is finished.*

MED. XVIII.

Zach. 13.1.
Iohn 19.28.
Rom. 4.25.
Iohn 19.30.

When Christ our Lord the fountaine of all blisse,
Had said, I thirst; and that the houre was come,
That hee to Death must yeeld for our amisse,
He said: It's finisht now; and all is done.

HEere (Oh my soule) consider not onely the woes, but mark the *words* of thy dying *Iesus:* thou didst heare him cry vnto his heauenly Father, with feruencie of his affection, vttering the vehemencie of his affliction, and now heare thy wofull Iesus, speaking vnto the wilfull deafe-ear'd, and dead-hearted Iewes, saying, I *thirst*. And

And although enuie had so parched vp their hearts, that they had no sap of relenting pittie, yet let his words pierce so deepe into thy tender heart, that it may be wounded with true compunction, and stirre vp actiue and liuely motions of compassion within thy bowels, so often as thou dost thinke on his necessity, and so often as thou dost meditate on his calamity: but alas, thou dost seldome or neuer meditate on his humane misery.

Oh what grieuous infirmities, miseries, distresses, and calamities, did our fraile assumed nature bring vpon thee, my louing, sweet, and mercifull Iesu?

How many great and vnsupportable torments did our sinne, (yea my sinnes, made thine by imputation) compell thee to suffer?

What did cauſe thee to doe it, my bleſſed Sauiour, but the ardent feruour of thy exceeding loue? What worthineſſe of merit was there in vs, as a motiue to mooue thee? It was thine vnſpeakeable mercie, and nothing but thine ineſtimable mercie which did induce thee.

But canſt thou (oh my ſorrowfull ſoule) containe thy teares within the little caue of thine eies, and ſuppreſſe thy groanes, and repreſſe thy ſighes within the hollow corners and cauernes of thy heart, when thou doeſt thinke on the extreme thirſt of thy louing Ieſus, and of the ſmall compaſſion that was ſhewed vnto him by the vnmercifull Iewes? Wherefore cry out with the voyce of mourning, and lament in thy crying, and ſay vnto thy beloued Ieſus, Oh my moſt louing Lord, oh my

my most gracious Reconciler, oh my most mercifull Redeemer, how should my sad and sorrowfull soule be afflicted with heauinesse? how should all my sences be afflicted with mourning, when my minde doth contemplate the wounds of thy body, and meditate the sorrow of thy soule, afflicted with the deadly pangs of thy bitter passion, which inflamed thy heart with excessiue heat, and dried vp the moysture of thy bowels, with immoderate thirst? And how should mine eies swell with weeping, and my heart be wearied with groning, to bewaile my sinnes, which so sharpened the hearts of the Gentiles, with the eagernesse of crueltie, and so shortened the hand of the Iewes, with the malice of impiety, that they retained no sparke of pitty in their

hearts, nor would extend their hands to giue thee any comfortable refreshing in thy greatest extremity? But as their hearts and bowels were filled with sharpe, sowre, and malicious humors, so they giue thee a sowre and bitter drinke, compounded of Gall and Vineger.

Oh nefarious and horrible impiety! oh detestable cruelty of the perfidious Iewes, to be so stony-hearted, as not to afford so much as a draught of cold water to my dying Iesus, who is able to giue water of life, which shall so plentifully satisfie the longing desire of those that drinke of it, that they shall neuer after be molested with thirst, nor haue any necessity to drinke.

Oh would I had been there, my bountifull Iesu, that my weeping eies might haue afforded

forded thee ſtore of water, to haue ſlaked thy drineſſe, and quenched thy thirſt. Oh how extreme was the griefe of thy tender-hearted Mother! Oh how ſorrowfull was the ſadneſſe of *Iohn* thy louing Diſciple, who loued thee ſo tenderly, and was beloued of thee ſo intirely?

Oh how dolorous was the lamentation of *Mary Magdalene*, mourning for thee her kinde diſtreſſed Maſter, who had forgiuen her many ſinnes, becauſe ſhee had ſhewed thee much loue! Who all did behold thee with their wofull eies, and did heare thee with their dolefull eares, complaine that thou wert drie and thirſtie! and no doubt but they did all wiſh with ſighes, and deſire with heauie groanes, that they had beene able, (but alas, they might not be ſuffred) to giue thee ſome

comfortable refreshing.

When the Diuell our ancient enemy did tempt thee in the Wildernesse, thou wert pinched with hunger, and at thy death thou wert parched with thirst, thy moysture dried vp like a pot-shard, and thy tongue cleaned to the roofe of thy mouth.

Now what are these naturall wants and weake infirmities found in thy body, but strong arguments vnto vs of thy true man-hood, and true testimonies of thy humane nature, that we might know, that although thou wert indued with exceeding patience, yet that thou being man, wert subiect to our passions: but as thy sacred Conception was free from all carnall corruption, so thy pure Life was alwaies free from all sinnefull infection.

Thou hadst great cause (my louing

louing Sauiour) to be moleſted with drineſſe, and grieued with thirſt, when as thy body was diſtempered with *watching*, bruiſed with cruell blowes, and thy bloud exhauſted with thy *bleeding wounds*: yet ſuch as was the inhumanity, ſuch was the cruelty of the pittileſſe Iewes, that in this extremity they would not afford thee a cup of cold water. But is it credible, yea, is it poſſible, that my Sauiour ſhould be afflicted with thirſt at his death, who hath told vs (and it is true that hee hath told vs) that he hath the water of life?

Tell me, my bountifull Ieſu, how was thy moiſture conſumed? What cauſed thy thirſt? Art thou not hee which cryed, *If any man thirſt, let him come to me and drinke?* Iohn 7.37. Art thou able to ſatisfie

others that are thirsty, and art thou thy selfe oppressed with thirst? art not thou He my loving Sauiour, which said to the woman of *Samaria*, that thou hadst the *water of life*, and that he which *should drinke of this water, should neuer thirst any more, but that it should be a well of water in him, springing vp vnto euerlasting life?*

Thy speech (my Sauiour) is veritie: and thy words are truth: thou hast the water of life, thou art able, and as thou art able, so thou art most willing, to refresh our thirsty soules with this blessed water, if we will resort to drinke of thy pure and *Christall fountaine*: I will come vnto thee (my sweet Iesu) that thou mayest satisfie my soule with thine euerlasting *bread*, and quench my thirst with this *water of life*: for my soule thirsteth after God, which is a liuing

liuing Fountaine.

I will cry vnto thee, the Lord my God, my Sauiour, my protector, and I will say, I thirst, I thirst, my bountifull Iesu: Oh that I might haue but so much as a little taste of this Cœlestiall water! Oh how doe I long to drinke of this fountaine! Quench thou my thirst, oh my sweet Iesu, with this liuing Water, for thou onely art able to quench my thirst, because with thee there is the fountaine of life.

And graunt that my soule may still thirst with such a longing after thy *loue*, that it may make haste to these waters of comfort.

Oh how dangerous and deadly were my malady? how vnsufferable were my misery? how damnable were my state? how desperate were my case, if I should not drink of this *heauenly Fountaine?*

But

But as the ſpring of theſe bleſſed and wholeſome waters doth euer flow, and as thy vnſtinted bounty (oh my mercifull Sauiour) euer aboundeth: ſo thou doeſt neuer deny any thirſtie ſoule to drinke of this Liuing water.

Wherefore let the feruency of thy loue ſo inflame my ſoule, that it may thirſt, and thirſting, may runne vnto thee, to be refreſhed with this comfortable water.

I know, oh my bleſſed Redeemer, that thou wert not onely afflicted with thirſt in thy body, but that thou were more affected with thirſt in thy Spirit.

Heare thou, (oh my thirſty ſoule) the ſweet word of thy Sauiour! Oh with what exceeding mercy is it repleniſhed? with what ienſtimable Charity is it vttered?

He ſaith, *I thirſt*: but he ſaith

saith not, I am pained, grieued, or afflicted. And what dost thou thirst for so much, oh my louing Lord? Thou dost not thirst so much for wine which is pressed out of the grapes of the Vine: or for water which floweth out of the Riuer: but thy thirst is my saluation, thy meat is my redemption. Thou doest thirst for my faith, my saluation, my ioy: this spirituall thirst did more affect thy soule, then any naturall or humane thirst could afflict thy body: Therefore thirst thou (oh my soule) after thy louing and merciful Sauiour, as the *thirsty Hart desireth the water*. Oh how canst thou but thirst after him, who hath thirsted so much after thee? Let all things (be they neuer so sowre) be pleasant vnto thee for his sake: let all things (be they neuer so bitter) be most sweet vnto thee

for

for his loue. Refuse not to drinke of the bitter cup of affliction for his cause, and hee will not faile to refresh thee in the time of thy calamitie, his hand shall be stretched out to deliuer thee in thy necessitie.

Grant me, my Lord, that I may offer vnto thee the wine of my true deuotion, with the Myrrh of mortification, and Gall of hearty contrition. But as it might be dolefull vnto thee my soule, to heare thy louing Iesus cry out, *Sitio, I thirst*; so let it be ioyfull vnto thee, to heare him take his farewell with *Consummatum est*, It is finished, *Iob.* 19. 30. Oh let the Meditation of this word be more sweet vnto me, then the hony which *Samson* found in the carkasse of the Lyon, when he was hungry, *Iudg.* 14 8. and more delectable vnto mee, then the water which

which hee found in the Iawbone of the Asse, when he was thirsty, *Iudg.* 15. 19. For now had my blessed Redeemer fulfilled the sacred decrees of the holy Scriptures, concerning my saluation, and appeased the wrath of his Father, kindled against me for my sinnes.

Now he had cancelled the Obligation of my infinite debt, and not with siluer and gold, but with his owne most precious blood purchased my Redemption: And by his death, conquered death, hell and the deuill.

Oh happy death, that hath redeemed mee so eternall life! Oh glorious victory, although my Sauiour obtained it so dearely! Therefore let mee not be carelesse to sell that so cheape, which my Sauiour hath bought so deare. Let mee consecrate my soule and body wholly

wholy to him, for they are his owne, he hath dearely bought them.

Direct my spirit, oh Lord, by the lenell of thy perfect Word: let the meditation of my heart be day and night in thy sacred law, that I may offer vp vnto thee daily the calues of my vnfained lippes, speaking of thy marualous kindnesse early in the morning, and telling of thy manifold mercies late in the euening: send downe a gracious raine of thy holy Spirit into the furrowes of my heart, that the memory of thine innumerable benefits may perpetually flourish in my minde, and thine euerlasting praises euermore sound in my mouth: for thou alone art my Redeemer, oh Lord God of my saluation.

A

A Meditation how CHRIST gaue vp the Ghost, and of the wonders which were seene at his death.

MED. XIX.

Strange wonders at our Sauiours death were wrought, Mark 15.38.
The graues did open, and the dead came forth: Math. 27.52.
The Temple rent in twaine. Luk.23. 45.
Dumbe creatures sought Luk. 19.40.
To expresse to blinded lewes, their Makers worth.

LIft vp thine eies, oh my soule, and behold how the countenance of thy Sauiour is couered with a deadly paleneſſe, his ſight beginneth to faile, and his heart to faint, yet a little before the departure of his ſoule, and in his greateſt pangs, hee cried out with a lowd voice, as if he had felt no paine, ſaying: *Father into thy hands I commend*

my

my ſpirit: and when he had ſaid thus, bowing downe his head, and cloſing his eies, he gaue vp the Ghoſt, *Luk.* 23. 46. Now ſo ſoone as his bleſſed ſoule was diſſolued from his breathleſſe body, the vaile of the *Temple* was rent into two pieces from the top to the bottome, the earth did quake, the ſtones were rent, the graues opened, and many bodies of the Saints, which ſlept, aroſe out of their graues, came into the holy Citie, and appeared to many.

Awake thou now, oh my ſoule, lie no longer ſnorting in the bed of careleſſe ſecurity: what wilt thou ſay? What wilt thou doe, oh my ſoule?

Thou ſeeſt that the earth trembleth, and quaketh, that the ſtones doe cleaue in pieces, and that the beholders

are

are all amazed at the death of the Lord Iesus.

Oh! why art thou so senseleſſe, oh my ſoule, and as it were dead without motion, at the recordation of the death, and meditation of the Paſſion of thy Sauiour? Oh let the ſinneſull vaile of the temples of thy head rend into pieces, which couered the eies of thy vnderſtanding! Let thy earthly body tremble with horror, and thy ſtony heart cleaue in ſunder with terror of thine impiety: and now ariſe thou out of the graue of thine iniquity, let thine eies waſte and conſume away with weeping, and let thy heart melt away with ſighing, that thou mayeſt ſhew ſome ſignes of ſorrow for thy ſinnes, and ſome tokens of true repentance for thy tranſgreſſions, which cauſed the bitter Paſſion, and bloody procu-

procured the cruell death of thy innocent IESVS: and crie out with the astonished Centurion, *Verily this man was righteous, Hee was the Sonne of GOD*, Mat. 27. Lift vp thy hands and crie out with a faithfull heart, Oh my gracious Lord, my sweet Sauiour, and louing Redeemer, how terrible were my trespasses, how hainous were my transgressions, that nothing but thy precious blood could wash out the staines of mine iniquity? and nothing but thy death deliuer me out of the chaines of euerlasting captiuity? What shall I doe to gratulate the greatnesse of thy loue? How shall I perfectly tellifie the goodnesse of thy mercy? How shall I throughly taste the sweetnes of thy compassion? For how doth thy loue exceede in greatnesse? How doth mercy

abound

abound in goodnesse? And how doth thy compassion excell in sweetnesse, that thou being the true and naturall Sonne of God, shouldst be made man, that we being sinnefull men, should be made the sonnes of God? Yea, when wee were thine enemies, vessels of sinne, and vassals of Satan? And that thou being man, shouldest be made subiect to the same passions, to the same affections, to the same afflictions, that we are? Yea, *obnoxious* to death, to pay our debt: but yet thy life was never infected with any sinfull action: no, not so much as affected with any euill cogitation.

Oh my kinde Iesu! Oh thou innocent Lambe! Oh my most louing Lord! by how much the more I consider thy calamity, by how much the more I ruminate thy mercie, by

by ſo much the more cauſe I finde to be faithfully affected towards thee for the greatnes of thy loue, and to be afflicted with thee for thy grieuous torments. Oh let me behold in my ſerious meditation, and ſee with the eye of mine vnderſtanding, how thy moſt ſacred body is bruſed with cruell blowes, thy tender fleſh mangled with bleeding wounds, thy venerable head perfored and pierced with a Crowne of pricking thornes, thy beautifull forehead ſpotted, and thy comely haire knotted with congealed blood, thy noſthrils offended with ſtinking ſpittle, and thy bleſſed mouth diſtaſted with gall and vinegar, thy moſt bright eyes obſcured with a veile, thy amiable face buffeted with fiſts, and defiled with duſt, thy chaſte eares filled with reproa-

reproaches, thy naked body ſcourged with whips, thy weary ſhoulders ſhrinking, and thy weake knees failing vnder the heauie burthen of the Croſſe, thy moſt holy hands pierced, and thy bleſſed feet bored with ſharpe iron nailes, thy bleſſed ſide opened, and thy heart wounded with a ſpeare. Oh let the remembrance of thy grieuous torments, my louing Ieſu, let the memorie of thy bleeding wounds and ſcornefull reproaches, wound my heart with wofull compunction, and pierce into my hardned bowels, that they may relent with tender compaſſion, that I may feele ſome ſenſe of painefull ſorrow for thy ſake, ſeeing thou haſt ſuffered ſo much for my ſinnes.

But before thou paſſe any further, (oh my ſoule) doe thou not let it paſſe without earneſt

earneſt meditation, how that although the hearts of the tromentors of mine afflicted Ieſus, were ſo poyſoned with impiety, and their hands ſo polluted with cruelty, that they grieued his righteous ſoule with their ſcornes and reproaches, killed his innocent body with their tortures: yet that the fury of their malicious hearts was ſo reſtrained, and the violence of their cruell hands ſo repreſſed, that they could not breake one bone of his bleſſed body, as they did of the malefactors which were crucified with him, becauſe the ſacred Scripture had ſaid they ſhould not, and therefore their hands were fettered that they could not: *Exod.* 12. 46. *Num.* 9. 12. *Zach.* 12. 10. Wherefore let this meditation comfort thy drooping heart (oh my ſoule) and conſolate thy fain-

fainting spirits in the sowrest fits of any worldly misery, and in the sorest conflicts of any affliction that can betide thee: that no Tyrant, be hee neuer so mighty, or his heart neuer so malicious, can imagine more in his cruell thoughts, or act any more with his bloudy hands against thee, then the Diuine prouidence hath predestinated, and the counsell of the highest hath alwayes determined.

Let this resolution be as a precious Balme to heale the wounds of thy sorrow, and as a soueraigne Salue to cure thy sores, that they may not fester with despairefull repining, or rancor with impatient mourning.

Let no dread of danger throw downe the Fort of thy hope: let no Tempest of persecution shake the foundation of thy Faith, and let no waues

of affliction quench the flame of thy loue towards thy Sauiour, but let the oyle of his ſufficient grace ſo ſtrengthen the ſinewes of thy Faith, when it waxeth feeble, that thy heart neuer faile, nor thy courage quaile, when thou art moleſted with any ſickenes, or affliction of body, or moued with any malady of thy mind, being faithfully perſwaded, that no calamity can betide thee without his will, nor no danger can come neere thy dwelling, without his good pleaſure: and that no Tyrants, (although they be neuer ſo mighty) can do but ſo much, and no more againſt thee, then hee in his wiſedome knoweth to be profitable for thee.

For neither the prophane Gentiles, nor the ſuperſtitious Iewes, could doe any more vnto my innocent Ieſus, then he was willing to ſuffer, who came

came to die for the sinnes of the people: they could not do one iot more then was enacted in the highest Court of the Cœlestiall Parliament, determined by the secret Counsel of the Trinity, and confirmed by the euerlasting Statutes of the sacred Scriptures.

Confirme my mind (oh Lord) with a stedfast perswasion of thy power, and comfort my weake nature with a resolute confidence in thy Word, that in the time of my aduersitie, and day of my tribulation, yea, at the houre of my death, I may commend my spirit into thy hands, as thou didst thine into the hands of thy heauenly Father.

Oh what a consolation and comfort may it be vnto me in my greatest misery, to commend my soule into thy custody! for there it shall remain in the safe harbor of eternal tran-

quillity, no more ſubiect to miſery, no more obnoxious to vanity: the ioy that it ſhall poſſeſſe is vnſpeakable, the felicitie incomparable, the continuance of it neuer decaying, but alwayes durable without any change, or ending.

Receiue my ſoule (oh my louing Sauiour) into thy hands, that it may be ſafe, vnder the ſhadowe of thy wings: it is thine owne, it came from thee, and therefore let it returne vnto thee: receiue my gift, my bountifull giuer.

But becauſe (oh Lord) nothing that is impure may appeare in thy ſight, neither canſt thou behold any vncleane thing with thine eie, purge my ſoule with the fire of thy ſpirit, and waſh away the ſpots of it with thy precious bloud, that being beautified with the pure white robe of thy mercy, *Reu.* 12. 18.

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it may confidently approach vnto the Throne of thy Maiesty.

Oh let the affection of my loue be neuer defectiue towards thee, and infuse that into me, by the gift of thy grace, which I am not able to obtaine by my owne strength; captiuate all my sences, that they may be obsequious to do thy will, and frame all the members of my body, to performe thy law, that being partaker of thy death, by true mortification of my flesh, I may also be made partaker with thee of thy glorious Resurrection, by the viuification of thy blessed Spirit.

A Meditation, how the Lord Iesus was buried, and of the lamentation of his Mother, and other women, for his death.

MED. XX.

Mark 15.46. *Within a Tombe, which in a Rocke was wrought,*

Mat. 27.90. Luk. 23.53. Mark 15.46. Ioseph *enshrines the body of our Lord,*

Wrapt in a cloth, which hee of purpose bought.

Oh happy man, that did such loue afford!

AS there was a wicked and couetous *Iudas*, (oh my soule) amongst the faithfull Disciples of thy louing IESVS, to betray him to a cruell death, so there was a kinde *Ioseph* found among the Iewes, who brought him honourably to his graue.

Oh

Oh who is able to relate the lamentation, to expresse the sorrow, and vtter the griefe of the Virgin *Marie*, mourning for the death of her deare Sonne, and other women, who did behold him with their compassionate eies, when (like an innocent Lambe) he gaue vp the Ghost, and bewailed his departure from them, with floods of teares!

Now thinke that thou doest heare the Virgin *Mary* discouering the inward sorrowes of her heart, (of her grieued and wounded heart) vttered out of her dolefull mouth, passionate, as she was a tender-hearted woman, and more compassionate, as shee was a louing Mother, when shee saw the wounded and breathlesse body of her Sonne, taken downe from the Crosse.

Let her ſorrowfull words penetrate thine eares, and pierce thy heart, that thou maiſt bewaile the debts of thy ſinnes, as ſhe lamented the death of her Sonne, in this or the like manner.

Oh my moſt ſweet Sonne, what is my felicity, which I had by thee in thy life? Is it any thing elſe but extreme miſerie at thy death? How is my chiefeſt ioy changed into ſorrow? My mirth into mourning? How is my reioycing turned into lamenting, my cheerefulneſſe turned into heauineſſe? nothing can mitigate my calamity, nothing can eaſe my malady:

What hadſt thou done (oh my moſt deare Sonne) what hainous crime hadſt thou committed? What odious treaſon hadſt thou perpetrated, that thou wert condemned to die ſuch a ſhamefull and

and bitter death?

Thy pure hands were neuer defiled with any euill actions: and thy harmeleſſe heart did neuer harbour any wicked cogitations: thine eyes were neuer bewitched with worldly vanities, nor thine eares delighted with lewd diſcourſes: thy mouth did vtter forth wiſedome, and thy tongue ſpake nothing but the truth: thy whole life was a Mirrour of piety, thy words deſerued no reprehenſion, thy deeds were without all exception. Oh how bitter was the malice? how horrible was the enuie? how blinde were the eyes? how bloody were the hearts of the cruell Iewes, to crucifie my deare Sonne, my innocent Ieſus? how dolefull is it to mine eyes, and dolorous to my heart, to behold thy bright eyes obſcured with deadly darkneſſe! thy bleſſed

hand depriued of action, and thy beautifull feete ſenſleſſe without any motion! to ſee thy cheerefull countenance couered with an aſhy paleneſſe, thy skinne blacke and blue with blowes, and thy fleſh mangled with wounds!

This ſpectacle is ſo wofull, that I can no longer behold thee with mine eies, and the waues of ſorrow doe ouerflow my heart ſo faſt, that they ſtop my words, and ſtay the current of my mournfull ſpeech.

Now as *Marie Magdalene* did behold the bleſſed body of my Sauiour with his mourning Mother, ſo ſhe did not ceaſe to lament his death, who had beene ſo kinde a Maſter vnto her in his life: What a plentifull ſtreame of teares ranne downe her cheekes? What a-ſpring of ſorrow aroſe in her heart?

How

How did her ſorrowfull ſighes ſecond her heauie ſobs? How did her dolefull ſobs preuent her lamentable ſighs? Thinke, thou doeſt ſee her kiſſe his ſenſleſſe hands: thinke thou doeſt ſee her kiſſe his breathleſſe feete, ſpeaking vnto her louing Maſter, with her trembling voice being dead, as if he did heare her, and were aliue, bathing them with her teares, and giuing a little eaſe to her ſore diſeaſed heart, by vttering theſe or the like words, with her feeble lips:

Mary Magdalens lamentation for loſſe of her Maſter.

Alas (my ſweet Maſter) alas my moſt louing Lord, the ſtaffe of my ſtay, the onely ioy of my heart, the ſole comfort of my perplexed ſpirit; Alas for me, how comfortleſſe doeſt thou leaue mee? How ioyfull was I made by thee? How ſorrowfull ſhall I bee by being without thee?

To

To whom ſhall I haue recourſe for comfort in the ſtraightneſſe of my ſorrow? To whom ſhall I goe for ſuccour in time of my trouble?

How lamentable is the view of thy wounded head vnto mine eies? How grieuous is the view of thy ſacred hands and feet vnto my ſight, pierced with iron-nailes, and depriued of ſenſe, which I ſo carefully anointed, bathing them with the teares of mine eies, and drying them with the haires of my head? *Iohn* 11.2. and 12.3. *Mat.* 26.7. But now alas, in ſtead of odoriferous oyntment, they are mangled with wounds, and ſpotted with blood: Oh wretched woman, oh miſerable creature, becauſe I am depriued of ſuch a louing and welbeloued Maſter.

Where ſhall I find one who will

will loue me ſo dearely, and regard me ſo entirely ? Thou art hee which didſt often vouchſafe to come into my cottage, and to ſit downe at my Table, and didſt vouchſafe to honour my poore houſe with thy gracious preſence, when alas I was not able to afford thee any ſuch entertainement as might in any ſort requite thy kindeneſſe, or recompence thy loue, *Iohn* 11. 28. Oh my moſt ſweet Ieſu, thou didſt defend me from the Phariſe who diſdained me for my treſpaſſes, and loathed me for my ſinnes. Thou didſt kindely excuſe mee, ſpeaking in my cauſe, and pleading my caſe, when my ſiſter began to be angry with me, and to conceiue diſpleaſure againſt mee : Thou didſt commend me when I did anoynt thee with a precious oyntment, waſhing thy feete with my teares, and wiping

wiping them with my haire, thou didſt mitigate my ſorrow, thou didſt remit my ſins, thou didſt kindely aske for mee when I was not preſent with thee, and commanded my ſiſter to call me vnto thee.

Oh what great and how many demonſtratious of thy loue, how many tokens of thy kindneſſe, how many ſignes of thy charity, how many arguments of thy mercie, Oh my moſt ſweet Lord, haſt thou ſhewed vnto mee? what a rich treaſure of thy bounty haſt thou conferred vpon mee? When thou didſt ſee my mourning for the death of my Brother, thou didſt comfort mee in my ſorrow, thou didſt aſſwage my griefe, thou didſt weepe with me: ſuch was thy kinde affection towards my louing brother, ſuch was thy tender compaſſion towards mee his ſorrowfull ſiſter: and thou

thou didst not onely shead teares, as signes of thy loue, but thou didst raise my dead brother out of his graue for my consolation, and restored him to life againe for my comfort: *Iohn* 11. 35. *Ibidem*, 43. As nothing was more sweet and pleasant vnto me, then to enioy thy blessed company, so nothing can be more sowre and sharpe vnto me, then want of thy comfortable societie.

But alas, sorrowfull words are too weake a medicine to cure my maladie: and although I haue cause to say much, yet extremity of griefe will suffer mee to say no more.

Now thou hast heard, oh my soule, the lamentation of a tender Mother, deploring the death of her Sonne, and also the pittifull mourning of a faithfull seruant, bewayling the want of him, who was

was her louing Master, and bountifull benefactor: canst thou be so stonie-hearted, that thou art moued with no feeling compassion? Is thy heart so hard, that it cannot giue a groane? Are thine eyes so dry, that they will not yeeld a teare, at the meditation of the death and buriall of thy Sauiour, who died for thy sinnes, and was slaine for thine iniquities?

I flie vnto thee, my most mercifull Lord, that thou maist mollifie and moysten my hard, and dry heart with plentifull showres of thy graces: turne my head into a spring of water, and change mine eyes into a fountaine of teares.

I know not how to excuse my selfe, because I haue beene so vnthankfull for thy benefits, so forgetfull of thy mercies, and so vnkinde vnto thee

thee for thy loue.

What ſhall I ſay but woe and alas fot me, a moſt wretched and wicked ſinner? Who can meaſure the quantity of mine infelicity? Who can deſcribe the horrour of my miſerie? Who can quiet the troubles of my minde? Who can pacifie my troubled conſcience, becauſe my hard heart hath not beene touched with any compunction, nor my bowels moued with any compaſſion, when I did thinke on thy cruell death, and meditate on thy bitter Paſſion?

Oh wretched man thut I am! Oh miſerable creature! For when others doe mourne at the meditation of thy Paſſion, ſhed teares, and ſend forth ſighes at the remembrance of thy death: my heart is ſo ouer-growne with hardneſſe, that it cannot be touched

ed with ſorrow, and mine eies are ſo dry without moiſture, that they will not ſend forth a teare. Oh why doe I not ſigh, ſob, and weepe in my Meditation of the bitter Paſſion of my Sauiour, my gracious and bountifull benefactor, who did abide ſo many paine-full torments and reproachfull taunts for my ſinnes, and ſuffered a moſt ſhamefull and cruell death on the *Croſſe* for my tranſgreſſions? How can I excuſe the coldneſſe of my loue? How ſhould I cleare my vnthankfull minde? If Death take away my Father, or depriue me of my Mother, I water my cheekes with teares, and weary my heart with groaning. I can weepe for the death of a Brother, and wring my hands for ſorrow at the buriall of my ſiſter: I cannot but mourne when I follow my friend

friend to his graue, my teares doe testifie my loue, my voice doth vtter words of lamentation, my heart is sadde with sorrow, and all my sences are disordered with griefe.

But alas, how is the moisture of mine eies consumed, that they cannot yeeld one teare! How obdurate is my heart, that it will not groane, when I thinke on the deadly pangs of my Sauiour, and when I meditate on the grieuous passion, and bitter death of my Redeemer, who hath beene more beneficiall vnto mee then any louing Father, and more kinde then any tender-hearted mother! what kindnesse of a Brother, or mild affection of a Sister, can equall his loue? What friend can be so glad for my prosperity? Who of miue acquantance can be so sad for my aduersity? Who can be so constant

vnto

vnto me in affection? Who can be so faithfull vnto me in compassion, as my mercifull Sauiour? My Parents gaue me my flesh, polluted with sinne, and defiled with vices: I receiue from my Sauiour, Memory, Will, Vnderstanding, and Reason: yea, what is there in me which is good, but it commeth from my GOD? My Parents haue beene an occasion to throw me downe into hell, but my Redeemer did shed his precious bloud to bring mee into the Kingdome of Heauen: therefore why doe I not sigh and lament for the death of my Lord my Sauiour, my Redeemer, who is my solace in time of sorrow, my consolation in my mesery, and my refuge in the houre of my necessity? But oh my most bountifull Iesu, father of mercies, I mourne with sorrow, and

and lament with teares, when death doth rob mee of my Parents, or depriue mee of my friends: becauſe I loue them without meaſure, and affect them without any meane. Therefore becauſe I did neuer loue thee faithfully in all my life, I am not able to be grieued for thee when I meditate on thy death. Wherefore oh my ſweet Ieſu, enflame my heart with thy loue, that my ſoule may make haſt to come vnto thee, which art the Liuing Fountaine which can quench my thirſt. Blow vp the ſparkles of mine affections with the breath of thy ſpirit, which lie ſmothered in my breſt, that they may begin to burne with thy loue: let the meditation of thy loue, be the ſweeteſt pleaſure of my minde: let it be the beginning, let it be the ending of all my deſires. Looke downe vpon

vpon me from heauen, oh Lord, and visit mee from thy Sanctuarie: Teach me to bewaile my sinnes: touch my heart with true sorrow for my transgressiõs, which made thee to descend from heauen out of thy Fathers bosome, to die a shamefull and cruell death on the Crosse for me a most wicked and wretched sinner.

Oh what hast thou done for mee, my most bountifull Iesu? Let my heart be still rauished with the admiration of thy loue: let my minde still feede on the sweetnesse of thy mercy: let my memory keepe a perpetuall Register of thy exceeding bounty.

Teach mee to meditate fruitfully on thy bitter Passion: teach mee to thinke comfortably on thy blessed Resurrection and glorious Ascension, that I may daily wish

wiſh for thy comming to Iudgement, that I may be freed from all worldly miſery, and be made partaker with thee of eternall felicity. *Amen.*

A Meditation of the Lord Ieſus his Reſurrection; of his appearance to his Diſciples, of his Aſcenſion into heauen, and of his comming to Iudgement.

MED. XXI.

Mark 16.12.

Math. 28.56. Luk. 24.56. Mat.28. 9,10,20, 14.

Two Maries *come to ſeeke their Lord in graue:*

To whom an Angell bright appeares, and ſaith,

Amongſt the dead your Lord you cannot haue:

Then Chriſt himſelfe appeares to arme their faith.

AS yet (my ſorrowfull) ſoule, thou haſt had matter to draw out ſtreames of teares from thine eies, and lamentable motiues, to driue out deepe groanes from thy heauy heart, when thou didſt meditate in thy troubled minde, and ponder in thy ſecret

secret thoughts, on the malicious enuie of the bloudy Iewes, the horrible Treason of desperate *Iudas*, the wrongfull and cruell sentence of death, pronounced by cursed *Pilate*, the bitter taunts and brutish torments breathed out against, and inflicted vpon my louing Iesus, by those murthering tormentors, and cruell Tyrants.

But now, oh my soule, be cheerefull, cast away pensiue thoughts, consolate thy perplexed minde, and comfort thy troubled spirit: let thy sorrow be turned into solace, thy mourning into mirth: let thine eies cease to shead teares, and thy heart to yeeld forth any more heauie groanes: let thy tongue be a *Herauld*, to proclaime the excee ding ioy of thy reioycing minde, and lift vp thy voice, to sing ioyfull songs

of thy great deliuerance, when thou doeſt meditate with a zealous cogitation, and ſerious affection, on the powerfull Reſurrection, and triumphant Aſcenſion of thy bleſſed Sauiour. For although he willingly died on the *Croſſe* for thy ſinnes, and felt the bitterneſſe of a heauie curſe for thy ſake, yet as he had a deſire to lay downe, ſo hee had a power to take vp his life againe. And though the cruelty of the Iewes had put him to a curſed death, and afterwards vſed what policie they might to containe his body ſtill in the graue: yet their policy proued but folly, their ſealed Sepulchre could not hold him one minute beyond the appointed houre, but the ſtone was remoued, the earth trembled, and the Souldiers were amazed, that watched the Sepulchre, at the time of his Reſur-

Reſurrection. But not onely the vnbleeuing Iewes, though they ſaw many ſtrange wonders at his death, doubted of his ſpeedy riſing againe vnto life: But alſo thoſe tender-hearted women, who beheld him hanging on the *Croſſe*, with their weeping eyes, and did lament his bitter *Paſſion*, with ſorrowfull hearts, did thinke to haue found him enclоſed in the graue, *Matth.* 28. 1. and therefore came earely in the morning, after the *Sabbath*, to embalme his bleſſed body with precious oyntments after his death, whom they loued ſo dearely, and eſteemed ſo highly in time of his life.

I am perſwaded, they could hardly ſuffer their eyes to entertaine any ſleepe, or the temples of their heads to take any reſt, but that ſometime in the night they thought on the

pittifull wounds they ſaw in his body, and the grieuous afflictions he had felt in his ſoule: ſometime they thought on the hardneſſe of their hearts, and bloudie cruelty of their hands, that without any ſparke of pittie, or motion of mercy, did cruelly naile him to the *Croſſe*.

Sometime they doe meditate on the incomparable meekeneſſe of his minde, and admirable humility of his heart: they did no doubt often thinke vpon the excellencie of his pacience, and extremity of his *Paſſion*: they thought it long till the morning appeared, they might performe ſome kindeneſſe of loue, vpon his bleſſed body laid in the graue after his death, who had ſhewed ſo many tokens of extraordinary fauour towards them

them in time of his life.

But alas, how were their hearts ſurpriſed with ſorrow, and their mindes ſuppreſſed with griefe, when they came early to ſeeke, and could not finde the body of my Sauiour in the graue? *Ioh.* 10. 12. But the Lord, who often trieth, but neuer tireth his children, with greater afflictions then they are able to beare, did comfort them in their amazed thoughts, and cheare vp their ſorrowfull hearts, by their ioyfull tidings, that his heauenly Ambaſſadors did declare vnto them, ſaying: *Why ſeeke yee the liuing among the dead? hee is not heere, but he is riſen, Luk.* 24. 5. *Ioh.* 20. 12.

Oh how did theſe comfortable words eaſe their heauie hearts! How did that welcome newes driue away the clowdes of ſorrow from their

affrighted mindes ! For now they began to remember what my Sauiour had told them, (while he was in *Galile* with them) concerning his Paſſion, and what hee ſpake vnto them, concerning his Reſurrection the third day, *Mat.* 17.23.

But when they reported to his eleuen Diſciples what they had ſeen with their eies, and heard with their eares, the matter ſeemed ſo ſtrange vnto them, that they were doubtfull of their ſpeech, and gaue little credit vnto their words, vntill the Lord Ieſus did appeare himſelfe vnto them, and opened their eyes, that they might know him to be their true Lord and louing Maſter, *Iohn* 20. 19. *Mar.* 16. 14. *Luk.* 24. 36.

Oh how ſhould I, my ſweet Sauiour, which am of ſuch groſſe and dull vnderſtanding, perceiue

perceiue the truth of thy powerfull Reſurrection, vnleſſe thou open mine eyes, confirme my faith, and take away my vnbeliefe? Oh let mee neuer ceaſe to admire thy greatneſſe, teach mee to comprehend the goodneſſe, and taſte of the ſweetneſſe of it. Oh how comfortable may the meditation of it be vnto my ſorrowfull ſoule, when I am caſt downe vpon my bed of ſickneſſe? what can better aſſwage my paines, or mitigate the horrour of my deadly pangs, when death approacheth, then faithfully to hope, and conſtantly to beliue, to be made partaker of thy ioyfull Reſurrection?

But how ſhould I reape any profit by thy pittifull Paſſion, or receiue any benefit by thy powerfull Reſurrection, vnleſſe I die, and be crucified with thee by mortification of

my ſinfull fleſh? Let my ſoule (oh my ſweet Sauiour) lie no longer buried in the graue of iniquity: quicken me by thy ſpirit, and raiſe me vp by thy power, that I being made partaker of thy death, may alſo be raiſed vp with thee vnto euerlaſting life.

Oh let me remember, that as by the tranſgreſſion of *Adam*, I was made ſubiect to death, 1 *Cor.* 15. 22. ſo by thy Reſurrection I am reſtored to life. Thou art a God, not onely *Omni-ſcient*, that knoweth all things, but alſo *Omnipotēt*, that can do all things. For, as thou wert able to forme the firſt man out of the earth, and to breathe into him the ſpirit of life, *Gene.* 7. 2. ſo I am now reſolued, and certainely beleeue, that thou wilt, and art able, to reuiue and raiſe my dead body out of the graue, though it be rotten, and conſumed to duſt:

Oh

Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh graue, where is thy victorie? For now my Saniour hath subdued your forces, my powerfull Redeemer hath conquered your Kingdome.

Wherefore (oh my soule) let this Meditation be as a medicine to cure thy miserie, as a salue to heale thy sorrow, as a precious Balme to medicate thy wounds, and as a soueraigne Lenitiue, to ease thy woes: for though the world entertaine thee with frowns, and many bloudy Tyrants be thy cruell foes, yea, though death separate thee from my body, thy louing companion, with whom thou hast liued so long, and from whom thou art so loth to depart, yet the ioyfull day will come, when ye shall both be reunited together, with the bands of perpetuall amitie, and with a league of an euerlasting soci-

etie : then ſhall thy loſſe be changed into gaine, thy pouertie into plentie, thy want into wealth, thy ſorrow into ioy, thy deformity into beautie: thou ſhalt be no more ſoyled with ſinne, nor ſpotted with the ſtaines of iniquitie.

For then, the body ſhall no more be a receptacle of vices, or a cage of vncleannes, no longer a Vaſſall to impietie or a Veſſell of impuritie : no more ſubiect to varietie: nor obnoxious to vanity : no more obiected to miſerie: no longer ſubiected to mutabilitie : yea, no more allured with baites of Satan, nor caught with the ſnares of ſinne : the minde ſhall be no longer afflicted with feare, or affected with hope. For thou, oh my ſoule & my body, ſhall be both poſſeſſed with a bleſſed fruition of an euerlaſting inheritance.

My fleſh ſhall no more be ſub-

subiect to corruption, the beauty of it shall neuer faile, it shall enioy health without any sickenesse, strength without any weakenesse, pleasure without any paine: for it shall be combined together againe with thee (oh my soule) and liue for euer with the God of Eternity, in the glorious mansion of his *magnificent Maiestie*, and *euerlasting Tabernacle* of his infinite glory.

For as my blessed Saiiour did once descend downe vpon the earth, so hee is now ascended vp into heauen, *Act.* 19. 10, 11. where hee sitteth vpon the Throne of Maiestie, at the right hand of God his Father: hee is our faithfull aduocate, he is our louing mediator, and maketh continuall intercession for the remission of our sinnes. Hee craueth no golden fee for his paines, nor any reward for his labour, if

we

we sue vnto him with an humble heart, and a lowly minde: his eares are alwayes open to our peticious, hee is neuer vnwilling to graunt our requests, if wee faithfully call vpon him, confidently trust in his Word, and constantly beleeue his promises.

Wherefore oh my louing Redeemer, what reason; yea, what treason is it against the diuine Maiestie, for vs to supplicat and beseech thy Mother to sue vnto thee for our pardon, when she hath no facilitie to heare vs, nor faculty to helpe vs in the time of our necessitie, or day of our misery? Why should we sue vnto any of the departed Saints, to be earnest sutors for vs, who haue no possibility to heare our petitions, nor power to graunt our request, nor merit to saue themselues? Oh that such doltish folly should possesse our hearts,

hearts, or any ſuch blockiſh ignorance blinde our mindes? For haſt thou not commaunded vs to come vnto thee? Haſt thou not promiſed to eaſe vs, whenſoeuer any heauy burthen of ſinne *doth preſſe our ſoules, or any outward affliction oppreſſe our bodies? Mat.* 11. 28. Why ſhould wee be ſuch timorous perſons, or rather ſuch trecherous Teaytors, as to attribute that vnto men, which is onely due vnto God? to honor an impotent creature, and to diſhonour our omnipotent Creator, when we haue libertie to draw neere vnto his ſeate of vnmeaſurable Mercie, without any hopeleſſe feare of his infinite Maieſty? wee beleeue, oh my ſweet Sauiour, and bountifull Redeemer, that thou art aſcended, and locally ſeated in the higheſt Heauens, in reſpect of thy humanitie: but that thou art euery where,

by

by the vertue and power of thy diuinitie. And that none of the departed Saints, be they neuer so holy, can haue any feeling of our wants, or compassion of our woes: no, no, it is onely thou that canst heare vs, it is onely thou that must helpe vs.

Oh happy were thy disciples, that did see thy glorious Ascension with their eies! *Act.* 1, 9, 10, 11. Oh happy are they also that doe faithfully beleeue it in their hearts. Wherfore, let the morning and euening dew of thy graces descend downe vpon vs, that we may lift vp pure hearts, and cleane hands, toward thy holy Sanctuary. Now, oh my penitent soule, as the remembrance of the powerfull resurrection, and admirable Ascension of my Sauiour (who when he ascended led *Captiuitie* captiue, and gaue gifts vnto men) may com-

comfort thy heart with hope, that thou shalt once againe be knit vnto the body, though death for a while make a separation betweene you and it, & lie couered in the womb of the earth, and not in the graue: so the expectation of his glorious comming to iudgement, when as he hath promised in his sacred Word he will reward euery man according to his workes, may animate thy minde with patience to fight courageously vnder his standerd: for though hee was content to take vpon him the forme of a seruant for thy sake, and then to suffer a cruell and shamefull death for thy sinnes here vpon earth; yet hereafter hee shall appeare with such vnmincible power, and exceeding Maiestie, that the Sunne shall be darkned, and the Moone obscured with the brightnesse of his glory.

But

But how dreadfull, how dolefull, how darke and gloomy ſhall the great day of his comming be vnto the wicked and vngodly, when the ſecrets of all mens conſciences ſhall be diſcloſed, and the very thoughts of their hearts openly diſcouered? Then ſhall traiterour *Iudas*, who treacherouſly betrayed him, curſed *Pilate*, that wrongfully condemned him, and the vnrepenting *Ieues* that cruelly crucified him, ſtand trembling at the Barre, before his Maieſty, deſpairing with terrour, and confounded with horrour, when ſentence of euerlaſting death ſhall be pronounced againſt them: then it will be too late to wiſh that the Mountaines might fall vpon them, or that the Hils might couer them: then they ſhall finde no couerture wherewith to ſhrowd their ſinnes, nor flie

flie into any corner, wherein they may hide their heads. Oh how terrible shall the glorious countenance of my Saviour appeare to their eyes? how dolefull shall his words sound in their eares, when he shall say vnto them, *Depart ye hence, ob ye wicked, into the lake of brimstone, which burneth with vnquenchable fire!* Then shall their eyes, which haue roued after worldly vanities, see nothing but hideous sights that may affright them, and burning flames that do afflict them: then their eares, which haue beene delighted with pleasant melodie, shall heare nothing but most sorrowfull sighes, lamentation and howling, they themselues crying out in their misery, and hearing others mourning, which are tormented with the like extremitie.

Their dainty pallate which could

could not be pleased without varietie of delicate dishes for their meat, nor without choyse of delicious wine for their drinke, shall then be so scorched with burning, and inflamed with fire, that faine they would, if they could, giue the possession of a kingdome for one drop of cold water: but the Ocean is not able to slake their heat, nor the water of all the Riuers in the world, sufficient to quench their thirst.

But how should my tongue fully vtter one iot of these infernall tortures? yea, how should our thoughts conceiue the greatnesse of those hellish torments? The number of them is innumerable, the weight of them insupportable, and the paine of them intolerable: neuer ceasing, without any one moment of intermission, alwayes vnmeasurable,

ble, without any hope of mitigation. But how doe thy faithfull seruants desire, oh my sweet Sauiour, how doe they long for thy comming? for then they will lift vp their heads to behold the glory of thy face, their hearts shall bee filled with ioy, and their toungs shall neuer cease to sing ioyfull songs for their deliuerance: then shall they triumph ouer their foes, and see the destruction of their enemies: For thou shalt come vnto them, not as a Iudge to condemne them, but as a louing Father to embrace them: thou shalt wipe away all teares from their eyes, and take away all heauinesse from their hearts: they shall neuer any more be pinched with hunger, or pined with thirst; for thou wilt receiue them to dwell in thy Cœlestiall Citie, which is stored with all abundance:

dance: But who can describe the beauty, or demonstrate the glory of this heauenly Hierusalem? for it is made of *pure gold, the foundation of precious stones, the walles of Iasper, and the gates of pearle. In needeth no Sunne to giue light vnto it in the day, or any Moone by night: for the glorious presence of the Lord doth fill euery place with his shining brightnesse,* Reuel. 21. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

What eye hath seene one sparke of the glistering cleernesse? what eare hath heard one tittle of the greatnesse? what heart can conceiue so much as a graine of the goodnes of this eternall Citie? Oh happy are the people that shal enter into thy beautifull gates! Oh happy are the Citizens that shall dwell within thy precious walles! for they shall line with the Angels in eternall peace and security, and see God

God in his glorious Maiestie! Entertaine me (oh Lord) into thy gracious seruice, and graunt me grace, that I may serue thee all the dayes of my life in feare, and honour thee with my loue: that whin I haue serued out my time as thy faithfull seruant here on earth, I may be incorporated into this heauenly Citie, and admitted into the freedome of this blessed societie. Come (oh my Lord Iesu) come vnto vs quickly, and receiue vs to dwell with thee eternally, *Amen.*

FINIS.

Soli Deo gloria.

MOST DEVOVT and Diuine MEDITATIONS OF Saint BERNARD:

Concerning the knowledge of humane Condition:

Seruing as ſo many Motiues to MORTIFICATION.

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